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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

THE BEST GOVERNMENT IS THAT WHICH GOVERNS LEAST.

VOLUME SIX.

CONTAINING THE POLITICAL AND LITERARY PORTIONS OF THE NUMBERS PUBLISHED IN JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, AND DECEMBER, 1839.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PUBLISHED BY LANGTREE AND O'SULLIVAN.

1839.

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THE
UNITED STATES MAGAZINE
AND
DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. VI. JULY, 1839. NO. XIX.

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CONGRESSIONAL HISTORY.

The Second Session of the twenty-fifth Congress. The Senate. Concluded. With an Analytical Table of the Yeas and Nays.

*** The present number commences another, and the sixth volume of the Democratic Review. A new, and somewhat finer, type has been employed, so as to give as much matter as possible without increasing the size. The portrait of Mr. Leggett not being finished by the engraver, will be given in time to bind with the present volume.

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SO FAR.

As, at no period of its history had the Democratic party to contend with such solemn and momentous embarrassments as during the past two years—so, never did it occupy a firmer, a nobler, a more gratifying position, than at the present time. We have emphatically passed through a crisis, in the progress of our principles, of the most dangerous character, and passed it not merely with safety, but with renewed vigor.

The crisis was, indeed, solemn and dangerous. To the accustomed opposition of our adversaries was superadded an unparalleled defection of former friends, and the intensest enmity of alarmed prejudice. The force of the latter, the most dangerous enemy that political doctrine can possibly encounter, was increased to an animosity that seemed to bode a long and disastrous overthrow of our party, and the inexpressible calamity of a correspondent retrogression of the great principles for which we are contending, by the prevalence of a commercial disaster so profound as to be classed with the most serious national calamities—a state of affairs that has always been found to operate more injuriously against any attempted popular reform than the most strenuous opposition in prosperous times. Its own principle was found omnipotent for the salvation of the Democratic party in that crisis. By a resolute effort it was disencumbered of all the corrupting influence engendered by a long course of political ascendency. A voluntary self-purification was effected, which has at once regenerated and re-invigorated it. With calm resolution the Democracy, in all the States, prepared to go at once from their accustomed position into a minority rather than forsake principles that were vital to their cause; and already does it reap the reward of that uncalculating disinterestedness, by seeing, on all sides, victory return to its ranks on its own terms.

The political campaign for the next Congress is now nearly over, and what do we see? Why, the loss of false friends has been more than made up already by zealous, sincere, and pure recruits. In that we have gained a more than victory—and cheaply earned for our cause the noblest lesson of all political experience; while in every direction the combined exertions of our own deserters, and the reanimated efforts of our habitual opponents, have been unable to retain even the old ground occupied by the opposition, much less to produce the slightest impression on our own impregnable position. We have not merely held our own against fearful odds—but we have gained solid ground, they never can re-occupy, from the strong holds of our adversaries. Far from the prospect of being a hopeless and lean minority in the Twenty-Sixth Congress, the Democratic party will stand nearly equal, if not superior, in numbers to their opponents of every creed, and have the additional and triumphant consolation of reflecting that every member of their representation will be found a true and faithful professor of the original, broad, and simple principles of American Republican Democracy. The noble phalanx that will rally under that sacred banner in the next Congress—even should they be in a minority—will not appear there as a defeated, but as a regenerated party. Our representatives have been elected on clear, ascertained, and defined principles, and will form a nucleus, certain of powerful and permanent increase in succeeding elections. It is on this ground we see the brightest and proudest cause of hope in the future. Democracy in this country cannot be put down if the people are but true to themselves, and the signs of the times assuredly portend a more certain and universal success to its cause than the condition of parties ever permitted it to attain before.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. VI. JULY, 1839. No. XIX.

PHILADELPHIA BANKING.*

SUCH of our readers as have turned their attention to the social and political condition of France during the last few years, must be aware of the influence exercised upon the temper of that mercurial people by the *Charivari*—a satirical periodical embellished with caricatures. Its malicious wit became so formidable to the Government, that the famous September laws against seditious publications owe their origin in a great measure to its success. Repeated prosecutions and convictions at last compelled its conductors to confine their talents to the illustration of the social profligacy with which Paris abounds in common with other great cities.

The most amusing scenes of the *Charivari* are composed of only two characters, who are exhibited as the heroes of all kinds of speculations and adventures. These are Robert Macaire, and his friend Bertrand, who have both served under the penal laws. Equally knaves, in accordance with the uniform practice of combined rascality, the ingenuity of one of these worthies is continually devoted to the contrivance of schemes, of which the other becomes the victim.

Among the most characteristic interviews between Robert and Bertrand is one, where the former, with ringlets of seducing luxuriance around his face—his green coat ornamented with alternate patches and perforations—his red inexpressibles similarly embellished—and his hat carrying unquestionable evidence of time and hard usage, knowingly perched on one side of his head;—presenting to the spectator that air of complacent swagger and indescribable consequence, which we frequently witness in those distinguished personages in our cities, who, with more ample means bestowed with greater taste and refinement upon their external appointments, manage to derive immense profits from the industry of individuals of more humble pretensions by similar schemes;—

* The highly interesting and important trial of Dr. T. W. DYOTT, THE BANKER, for fraudulent bankruptcy, with the speeches of counsel, &c., Philadelphia, 1839.

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Robert thus undertakes to explain to Bertrand his projects for becoming a Banker solely for the public advantage:

"Bertrand," says our ingenious financier, "J'adore l'industrie. Si tu veux, nous creons une Banque—mais la, une vraie Banque; Capital cent millions de millions, cent milliards de milliards* d'actions. Nous enfonçons la Banque de France, les Banquiers, les Banquistes; nous enfonçons tout le monde."

"Oui," replies Bertrand, with some misgiving after his experience of the genius of his friend, "mais les gendarmes!"

"Que tu es bête, Bertrand, est ce qu'on arrête un millionaire?"

In the case which has recently attracted so much public attention, the principal fact referred to by this shrewd operator, as affording the most perfect indemnity against unpleasant results, unfortunately was wanting. It seems that Dr. Dyott's means of information had not been so extensive as that of his neighbors engaged in the same line of business in the city of Brotherly Love. While they took John Law as the model in their measures for regulating both the currency and commerce of the nation, he contented himself with endeavoring to ape *their* manœuvres. He accordingly issued paper money in abundance—speculated largely in real estate—established manufactories on a great scale—bought merchandise in enormous quantities—purchased newspaper establishments, hired editors and patronized brokers—but, unluckily for his success, did not fully learn the great secret of the traffic in which he had embarked his fortunes. Vulgar minds are prone to overlook the importance of the secret and concealed springs of action. Had Dr. Dyott, instead of clumsily grasping at the immense fortune which the unlimited manufacture of paper money presented to his excited fancy, only obtained a charter, and adopted the liberality of the members of *good society* towards each other, by erecting a nominal capital stock for his bank, and divided it into shares, judiciously distributing a suitable number among the *élite*, there seems to be no reason for doubting but his bank would have been sustained until he could have robbed the public to his utmost content. At any rate, he would have been secure from all indictments for fraud. A corporation has no soul, and cannot be guilty of an offence. Under the shelter of a corporate name, his newspaper puffs might have enabled him to embark to any extent in the cotton and stock markets. Whenever he should contemplate a suspension, by adopting which his credit might become endangered, he could easily have sent an agent with an ample salary to London, where paragraphs suited to that meridian might have been constantly presented to newspaper readers there for the purpose of sustaining his operations in that great emporium. But unfortunately for the credulous, who relied upon the fashionable doctrines of Philadelphia

* A milliard denotes a thousand millions. Those of our readers who are acquainted with the bubbles which have been blown for operation in our stock markets, will not fail to appreciate the genius manifested in organizing an "institution" upon the basis of one *franc* of capital to ten thousand shares of stock.

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—that gold and silver were mere *humbugs*, and that *shin-plasters* are the true currency for the industrious classes—Dr. Dyott wholly overlooked these measures of necessary precaution. His nearest approach to such strokes of financial skill seems to have been an extensive counterfeit of Swaim's Panacea!

But in all soberness—the system of banking introduced into this country by the genius which has long been so abundant in Philadelphia, has become a subject of the most vital importance to the public safety. Having entwined itself completely into all the commercial and industrial transactions of the country, no man of reflection can bestow his thoughts upon the probable consequences without dismay. It has been the source of most of the calamities which, during a long series of years, have continually shaken the comfort and security of wide circles of society by its sudden and destructive revulsions, and bids fair at no distant period to produce an extent of suffering and distress by its convulsive struggles, far beyond any thing lately witnessed. The managers and supporters of this system of banking, flushed with their immense profits and uncontrolled power, now appear to regard the people—the industrious producers of the country—as their actual property, only to be fed and fleeced as may best subserve their views of advantage. Not satisfied with the monopoly with which their absolute power over the currency has invested them—enabling them to control the subsistence and commerce of the Union—they now claim the right to compel the people to elect such legislators as shall perpetuate their tyranny, and only act in blind and implicit subservience to their immediate and direct profit.

This subject has, therefore, reached a magnitude and importance which forces itself upon the notice of every individual who appreciates the blessings which equality of rights, laying at the very foundation of our Republican System of Government, is intended to diffuse and perpetuate, and which can only be secured and enjoyed by an untiring vigilance directed towards the preservation of the original principles of our political institutions. We shall attempt to offer some remarks upon the fundamental departure from those principles, which has repeatedly produced the very consequences which the Framers of the Constitution were most anxious to guard against, as leading to a perversion of the great object they had in view—the security and comfort of the people at large.

From the final prostration of the continental paper money in 1780, until about 1793, gold and silver coin formed by far the largest portion of currency employed in ordinary transactions throughout the United States. Had the use of metallic currency been continued by a rigid abstinence, in accordance with the precepts of the Constitution, on the part of our legislators, both State and National, from all measures sanctioning the circulation of a false and factitious currency, what an example of security, both of personal rights and political institutions, would this nation have now presented! Possessing a territorial extent of vast magnitude and unrivalled fertility—producing in the greatest abundance the neces-

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saries of life, with a profusion of some of the most important commercial staples—enjoying almost the entire carrying trade of Europe during a general war of more than twenty years duration—nothing can be more certain than that, under these circumstances, the energy, enterprise, and industry of our citizens would have increased our national and individual wealth to an extent unparalleled in the history of mankind, but for the continual disasters growing out of the false and delusive stimulus of paper money.

The article upon the "Credit System," in our number for November last, contained a brief notice of the intrigues by which the first Bank of the United States, like a parasitical plant attached to the trunk of a young and vigorous tree, was fastened upon the country, and made to thrive at the expense of the productive energies of the people. Throughout the several criticisms which have been published from time to time upon some of the positions taken in that article by the Philadelphia paper money school, not a syllable can be found expressing the slightest doubt or question as to the accuracy of our statements relative to the establishment of the bank. The individuals whose doctrines and practices in the debasement of the currency of the country it was our main object to expose, have not, in various formal replies to that article, ventured to gainsay our explanations of the corrupt views with which that charter was carried through Congress in despite of the opposition of the leading members of the Convention which formed the Constitution, nor of the circumstances under which the reluctant assent of Washington was obtained. We may, therefore, consider them as admitted facts. Here, then, was a machine created for the purpose of controlling the industry and commerce of the country, and regulating its financial and political affairs wholly independent of the people. Its control was exercised as Omnipotence alone can employ power justly, because inseparable from Omniscience. The naked *fiat* of the irresponsible managers of the bank were enabled to call into existence, from nothing, that which possesses the greatest influence and estimation among mankind. By the laws of the land, a few individuals, wholly exempted from personal liability, were empowered to acquire at once objects of the highest value without industry, and to control the proceeds of the labor of the whole community. Was an extent of power so awful, placed by general acclamation in the hands of the wisest and most disinterested citizens, to be employed under the most solemn sanctions for the general benefit? Alas! no. It was a partizan measure carried through Congress by appliances of a similar character to those by which the re-charter of the late bank was carried through the Legislature of Pennsylvania. Its design was to invest a small number of active individuals belonging to the speculating class with authority to choose twenty-five persons, who were clothed, for their own profit and aggrandizement, with plenary power over the lives and fortunes of the rest of the community—since the complete control over the currency and means of subsistence of the whole people necessarily includes an absolute power over their lives and fortunes.

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Nothing could be more absurd than to suppose that the Founders of our Republic contemplated placing such vast powers, for good or for evil, in the hands of any individuals, to be exercised without supervision or personal responsibility. The greatest monsters in human shape described in history sometimes manifested kindness and good feeling—the most absolute monarch may always act with a paternal regard for the welfare of his subjects. However praiseworthy the motives of irresponsible Government, the highest interests of the people of the United States were not intended to be placed upon that tenure. The Framers of the Constitution required a strict accountability to the people, the source of power, from all clothed with public trusts—in order that support and dependence should be strictly correlative. They accordingly refused to authorize Congress to create artificial irresponsible bodies. In case of an abuse of power the most flagrant, committed by a corporation, it is not subject to the ordinary penal laws. To transfer the highest political functions to a private corporation, wholly free from accountability to the people, was most clearly a palpable violation of the whole spirit of our form of Government. In doing this, the first Congress equally disregarded the rights and the permanent interests of the people. The fundamental doctrine of the Federal party was then, for the first time, fully carried into execution—that representative power is not a trust, but the property of the individual delegate, who may sell it in the market to the highest bidder. Hence, the contempt with which the right of instruction has always been held by politicians who owe allegiance to the banks, paramount to their accountability to the people. To such pitch has their fealty been recently carried, that they have contended that the right of using the public money for their own profit belongs to the banks. All endeavors on the part of the present Administration to procure the passage of laws for securing the public credit, and to protect the money raised from the people by taxation for the support of our political institutions from plunder and peculation, have been resisted as invading the peculiar rights of the banks. Indeed, so far have the supporters of irresponsible privileges carried their views, that they seem to regard the appointment to office of individuals, who do not profess to consider the authority of private corporations as transcending that of the people, to be a personal wrong—claiming by a kind of divine right the monopoly of all public offices, and determined to place, if possible, both rulers and people, all under the same absolute and irresponsible dominion.

The creation of currency from nonentity is an act of power infinitely more important in its consequences than the mere prerogative of coinage. The latter was never intended to *furnish a currency*, according to the definition recently given to that phrase. Coinage only affixes the public guarantee to gold and silver belonging to individuals, showing at once to all, into whose hands they may come, that they possess those established degrees of weight and fineness, required by law, to form the measure of value in the interchanges required in civilized society. The Constitution

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no more contemplated that the Government should furnish the people of the United States with the materials out of which currency is formed, than that Government should furnish the commodities to be exchanged for currency. They are alike articles of commerce, the property of which belongs to individuals. But to prevent frauds, both the regulation of weights and measures, and the exclusive privilege of coinage, by means of which commodities are interchanged, were given to the Government by the Constitution. *The duty of furnishing currency* was performed by the Government during the Revolutionary war, as well as by most of the States antecedent to that event—and with what effect upon commerce, and the security of property, our history affords but too many striking proofs. Most of the governments of Europe have undertaken the same duty. The results are hardly such, as to lead us to suppose that intelligent men can be anxious that our Government should undertake to rival them in its execution.

By erecting a corporation, and clothing it with the privilege of making a currency out of nonentity, wholly independent of the people, which is receivable by law in all public payments, a power was conferred wholly beyond the scope of the Constitution. However clearly this power might be abused, the corporation exercising it cannot be punished for misfeasance like a responsible public officer. Though the operations of every branch of the public service must depend, whenever such currency is received into the Public Treasury, upon the integrity and fidelity with which this transcendent power is executed, any violation of the public rights is wholly beyond the efficient reach of the law. Within the last two or three years, we have experienced a melancholy exemplification of this fact. The whole fiscal and commercial movement of the Union was paralyzed at once by the universal dishonor of the fictitious currency created by corporations, in consequence of its enormous redundancy, from the criminal cupidity of those who exercised the irresponsible power of creating it. The loss and inconveniences were incalculable—to say nothing of the public ignominy of such an occurrence; but what punishment could by law be inflicted upon those who produced this awful visitation upon all our productive interests? None whatever. This *experiment* may be repeated with perfect impunity whenever the interests of the irresponsible managers of paper currency shall render it expedient in point of profit.

This power, so absolute as to be equally beyond the reach of accountability in its exercise, as of punishment in its abuse, was given to the Bank of the United States. It has been our fortune to hear many declamations upon the arbitrary power of the Executive—as well as to witness eloquent denunciations of the tyranny of Congressional majorities. What trifles are both, compared with such a tremendous engine of fraud! No other term expresses with so much distinctness the false pretexts by which sound currency was expelled from general circulation, in order to place all the productive powers of the Union entirely subject to the control of a few irresponsible individuals.

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Most men are so ready to imitate devices for acquiring wealth without industry and economy, that a single great example like the Bank of the United States would inevitably corrupt, in a short time, the moral sense of a community. Private corporations were accordingly chartered by the States. A paper medium, costing nothing, being brought into use by the public authorities, in the course of a few years filled all the ordinary channels of circulation; and the precious metals, being no longer required for currency, were exported to countries where they possessed a higher value. To suppose that a currency intrinsically and universally valuable can be retained in circulation in competition with one which costs nothing, so long as the latter can be successfully imposed upon the people, is too ridiculous to require comment.

The clamor which has been recently raised by the Philadelphia school relative to the exportation of silver, resembles that of the wiseacre who flung away the spiggot with which the fluid was confined within the cask, and then rent the neighborhood with lamentations at the loss of the liquor. Silver coin has been of late exported to a considerable extent, because it is no longer needed here for currency—and not because it is undervalued with respect to gold—the proportion fixed by law being similar to that of those nations where the two metals are most generally used as currency. The expulsion of silver is to be ascribed to the revival of the use of small notes by authority of law in all the States north of Delaware. Should this policy become permanent, those States will find themselves able to preserve little or no silver currency. Laws, which permit and encourage the circulation of *shin-plasters*, are entirely equivalent in their operation to enactments requiring coin to be sent where it is wanted for currency.

The introduction of the paper money policy into this country, but for the peculiar condition of our commercial relations with Europe, in consequence of the wars of the French revolution, must have soon manifested one of its most formidable consequences upon the internal prosperity of all countries where it has prevailed. This was clearly understood by the talented individuals who projected the bank. A scheme for countervailing this consequence was accordingly presented to Congress about the same time with the plan for chartering the bank, in Hamilton's famous Report on Manufactures. He fully comprehended the effect of debasing the practical measure of value, in discouraging and destroying domestic manufactures. The experience of the country previous to and during the Revolution had shown, that whenever prices are artificially raised by the inflation of fictitious currency, it becomes preposterous to attempt any competition with foreign producers whose commodities may be brought to market at less cost, unless this difference of cost can be counterbalanced by restraints on foreign commerce. A protective tariff was therefore inseparable from a National Bank. The fraud perpetrated upon the Constitution by the Charter of the Bank, rendered another fraud indis-

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pensable,—namely, the taxation of all the consuming classes of the community for the support of the manufacturers. Free trade is wholly at variance with the great principle of monopoly, on which paper-money banking rests. The ordinary transactions of business under this system can never be permitted to regulate themselves in their natural channels, under the control only of the fundamental laws of commerce. The whole community, throughout its vast variety of interests, are inevitably thrown into that false, constrained, and perilous condition, often resulting in the most terrible disasters to the industry of the country, such as we endeavored to describe in the Second Article upon Cotton, when explaining the progress of its manufacture in the United States, in our Number for April, 1838.

Deeply as the cotton interest has suffered from this artificial policy, the produce and manufacture of wool has been still more frequently and more deeply plunged into distress, by the complicated monopolies which the paper money system has created and sustained. Its situation in this respect has not attracted so much general sympathy throughout the Union, because its extent is greatly inferior to that of our great commercial staple—Cotton. As an article of the highest importance to the health and comfort of our citizens of all classes, Wool deserves to be relieved from the suicidal experiments of protection which have placed both the producers of the raw material, and the manufacturers, wholly within the power of a small number of individuals. By commanding the currency, they are able to excite production to the highest pitch of activity at one moment, and to paralyze it the next, whenever their immediate profits may be enhanced by such sudden fluctuations. Control over currency has, in all ages, given unlimited power over the laboring and producing classes. One of the most striking and instructive illustrations of this fact, which is to be met with in modern history, may be found in the preamble of an English statute, the thirteenth chapter of 25th Henry VIII, entitled "*concerning the number of sheep one should keep.*" So clearly is the influence of a superabundant currency upon the great staple of England shown in this authentic detail of the manifold grievances arising from the power of monopoly which a small number of individuals were able to exercise by "their great abundance of moveable substance," which the vast increase of money, within a few previous years from the discovery of America, had brought within their control, that we make no apology for giving it at large.

"For as much as divers and sundry persons of the king's subjects of this Realm, to whom God of his goodness hath disposed great plenty and abundance of moveable substance, now of late within few years have daily studied, practised and invented, ways and means how they might accumulate and gather together into few hands, as well great multitude of farms as great plenty of cattle, and in special sheep—putting such lands as they can get to pasture and not to tillage, whereby they have not only pulled down Churches and Towns, and enhanced the old rates of the rents of the possessions of this Realm, or else brought it to such excessive fines that no poor man is able to meddle with it; but have also raised and enhanced the prices of all manner of Corn, Cattle, Wood, Pigs, Geese, Hens, Chickens, Eggs and such

other, almost double above the prices which have been accustomed; by reason whereof a marvellous multitude and number of the people of this Realm be not able to provide meat, drink and clothes, necessary for themselves, their Wives and Children, but be so discouraged with Misery and Poverty, that they daily fall to Theft, Robbery and other Inconveniences, or pitifully die for Hunger or Cold; and as it is thought by the king's most humble and loving subjects that one of the greatest occasions that moveth and provoketh those greedy and covetous People so to accumulate and keep in their hands such great portions and parts of the Grounds and Lands of this Realm from the occupying of the poor Husbandmen, and so to use it in pasture and not in tillage, is only the great profit that cometh of sheep which now be come into a few Persons' hands of this Realm in respect of the whole number of the king's subjects, that some have 24,000, some 20,000, some 10,000, some 6,000, some 5,000 and some more and some less; by the which a good Sheep for victual that was accustomed to be sold for two shillings and four pence, or three shillings at the most, is now sold for six shillings or five shillings, or four shillings at the least; and a stone of clothing wool that in some shires of this Realm was accustomed to be sold for eighteen pence or twenty pence, is now sold for four shillings, or three shillings four pence at the least; and in some countries where it hath been sold for two shillings four pence or two shillings eight pence, or three shillings at the most, it is now sold for five shillings or four shillings eight pence at the least, and so are raised in every part of this Realm; which things thus used be principally to the high displeasure of Almighty God, to the Decay of the Hospitality of this Realm, to the Diminishing of the king's people and to the let of the cloth-making whereby many poor people have been accustomed to be set on work; and in conclusion, if remedy be not found it may turn to the utter destruction and desolation of this Realm, which God defend."

This statute then proceeds to enact that after Michaelmas, 1535, no individual shall keep more than 2,000 sheep; and contains a great variety of provisions in a string of sections to enforce this prohibition by the forfeiture of all above that number owned by one person. Far from proposing the imitation of this ancient example, one must regret that since the adoption of the Constitution, and in defiance of its provisions and principles, laws have been imposed upon the productive interests of this country, of which the inevitable results must be, if the system is persisted in, to involve the mass of the community in evils similar to those depicted with so much force in this preamble. A superabundant currency suddenly thrown upon a scale of prices solely arranged by the action and re-action of the great principles of demand and supply, enables those who control this currency, by selecting particular commodities for their operations, to push them up to almost any rate they may choose. In the case of a new and sudden supply of metallic money which has occurred but once in modern times, the consequences in a single country are described in this preamble; but they were not less appalling in the other producing countries of Europe at the same period; for gold and silver, possessing universal value, always tend, by flowing from the dearer to the cheaper countries, to produce equalization of prices. But the most destructive efforts of a superabundance of currency is always visited upon those countries which have tolerate da factitious and local measure of value. In countries where the currency is solely metallic, those individuals only can exercise the oppressive monopoly which the command of money gives, who are men of property—the real proprietors or *bona-fide* bor-

rowers of the actual results of accumulated labor, which alone constitutes capital. Where paper currency is permitted to circulate as money, this monopoly may be exercised with equal power by any adventurer like Dr. Dyott, who, by newspaper puffing and other artifices practised upon a credulous community, may be able to swindle the industrious out of their hard earnings to an immense amount—and who, in his turn, generally becomes the prey to some overgrown capitalist or institution, by whose countenance and support he was enabled to carry on his high-handed impositions. These evils are aggravated in a tenfold degree when a few individuals are permitted, by law, to manufacture such paper currency to any amount they may please, wholly freed from personal liability or responsibility. In this case, should the monopolies which the command of currency enables them to impose, turn out profitably, they quietly pocket the gains—should they prove disastrous, the community must bear the loss—for no individual is bound to redeem such currency. This system affords, therefore, not only a high premium, but perfect indemnity for gambling of the most profligate kind. The gains become the property of the individual managers of paper currency—the losses fall upon the industrious and unprotected. The calamities imposed upon any people by paper currency may be readily understood by the simple enunciation of these principles, had this country been so fortunate as to be exempted from their sad experience. A few individuals are enabled to realize great fortunes, while the rest of the community are empoverished in a corresponding degree. The rich are made richer, and the poor reduced to misery and degradation. A nation—which, to gratify the short-sighted cupidity of the few, authorizes them to create a false and fraudulent measure of value, for their own profit, and which profit is enhanced by its depreciation, they not being made liable for its redemption—must be regarded as strangely blind to its highest and most permanent interests. In the article on the "Causes of Poverty," in our last May Number, we endeavored to show that the all-absorbing evil which now threatens to overthrow the existing state of things in England—pauperism—owes its origin to the superabundance of currency, and not to the cause to which it has generally been ascribed—the dissolution of the monasteries. The statute, of which we have given the preamble, passed several years before this dissolution, and affords conclusive evidence of the correctness of the view we had there taken of this subject. Spain, which attempted to command the exclusive monopoly of the precious metals, brought by her subjects from the New World, first felt the influence of the superabundance of currency. Her extensive cotton manufactures, carried on in Catalonia, and along the coast of the Mediterranean—Barcelona having been the original seat of that manufacture in Europe—were soon destroyed by the greater cheapness with which the similar products of other countries could be afforded. The great woollen manufactures of Segovia and of Seville were overthrown in the same manner. It was found impossible to sustain them in competition

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with the cheaper products of England and the Netherlands. That a self-governing nation, in an enlightened age, should impose laws upon itself for the express purpose of reducing the bulk of its people to the condition of those of Spain, must seem marvellous to reflecting men. No human passion is so short-sighted as avarice. From the wretched needle-grinder, who, for a few additional shillings a week, seeks an employment which destroys him in three or four years, to the lordly speculator who embarks in gambling enterprises, which jeopardize his own comfort and the permanent welfare of his family—the votaries of this grovelling passion are equally blind to the future. Whether their children are reduced to pauperism and the lowest condition of degradation, seems a matter of pure indifference, while in the eager pursuit of immediate gratification.

Our views of the principles upon which the necessity for the protection of American industry, as the tariff laws have been plausibly called, is based, are stated in connection with the Philadelphia System of Banking, somewhat in advance of the period of time when the protective policy will become the great and absorbing topic of political discussion throughout the country, because this policy, and the currency which renders it essential, had the same origin, and are in fact inseparable portions of the same scheme of Government, through which it was intended to pervert the doctrines of the Constitution, by making the soil, the labor, and the enterprise of the whole people tributary to the aggrandizement of a privileged few. Those who may be disposed to trace and consider the various devices concerted to consummate this grand design, will be able to determine whether it was not intended to cheat the people of the United States out of the equality of rights guaranteed by the Constitution, under the pretexts of encouraging commerce and domestic industry, and to make them hewers of wood and drawers of water to the paper aristocracy, like that of England, whose Government was held up as the most perfect system the world ever saw. They have recently adopted the very phraseology of the English aristocracy—calling themselves Conservatives, and stigmatizing the friends of popular rights as Destructives.

While the various means and devices for bringing about this result were in most active operation, public attention was mainly directed towards the lawless measures of the belligerant powers of Europe, as a ready explanation for the fluctuations of property and the disastrous failures which continually occurred in all parts of the Union. During the whole of that period, the manœuvres of the paper-money managers were concealed in impenetrable secrecy. No returns or data of any kind, showing the movement of currency, excepting such as are afforded by the effects upon public and private security, were, during these times of bank domination, afforded to the scrutiny of vulgar impertinence. Every revulsion which occurred could be easily ascribed to Jefferson and to the Jacobins. While an enormous tax, in the shape of interest upon fictitious capital, was levied upon the productive interests of the country, the slightest shock of adverse fortune toppled the most extensive transactions. The system

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could not be made the foundation for an equal, secure, and profitable commerce, during that period of its glory, any more than it has recently proved in a time of general peace.

At the period when the original charter of the Bank of the United States expired in 1811, more than a hundred banks had been chartered by the several States. Gradually, the whole monetary transactions of the community had become centered in these channels. So dependent upon bank facilities had the merchants in the principal cities become, under the prevailing system of credit for duties upon imports, which formed the principal—indeed, almost the exclusive—revenue for the support of Government, that an immediate and rigid execution of the original plan of Mr. Jefferson for the separation of public money from that of private corporations and individuals, and faithfully guarding it through the medium of responsible public officers, to be expended only in pursuance of appropriations made by law in obedience to the Constitution, could hardly have been enforced. Twenty years practice under the reign of the Bank of the United States had established the course of business throughout the country too firmly to admit of a sudden change, without producing consequences which any popular Government would be anxious to avoid. To obviate many inconveniences which might be apprehended in the existing state of public affairs, banks continued to be employed as depositories of the public money. From the extent of their credit on the occurrence of the war in 1812, they readily took the greatest portion of the loans negotiated to meet its expenditures, payments being made on public account in their paper currency.

Towards the close of the war, this connection between the Government and the paper-money power proved most disastrous to the public faith—at a period, too, when its preservation was of the utmost importance. The whole resources of the Public Treasury, at a time of unprecedented expenditure, were held within the practical control of these institutions. Whenever they determined that public creditors should be paid in nothing but depreciated paper, the great principle of the Constitution, that only gold and silver should be made a tender, became mere waste paper. By making these banks depositories, the Government had invested them with absolute power over the currency—and this arbitrary power, like most irresponsible authority, had unfortunately been exercised, solely for the advantage of those who wielded it.

The course taken by the New England banks, at this time, added greatly to the embarrassments which prevailed in other quarters of the Union. Little foreign commerce being carried on during a period of war, had the citizens of every section of the country agreed to accept paper currency, however depreciated, as money for the purchase of commodities and the payment of debts, great apparent prosperity might have existed for the time being, notwithstanding the banishment of specie. But the New England banks prevented the country from falling into the flattering slumber which encourages such dreams. Whether they main-

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tained specie payments for the purpose of fomenting opposition to the war, or from a due sense of their obligations, we do not propose to discuss—but nothing can be more certain, than that the rate of exchange of from fifteen to thirty per cent. in favor of New England throughout the rest of the Union, kept public attention alive to what would otherwise have been so likely to be disregarded—and which, in fact, was denied by many leading individuals in the Middle States—the absolute depreciation of their paper currency to that extent. It also revealed the important fact, which has since been so little considered—that the rate of exchange since the paper system has predominated, between the different sections of the Union, is wholly governed by the local expansion of paper currency. Great complaints have been made within a few years at the exorbitant rates of exchange. Was no currency recognized in mercantile transactions but gold and silver, the rate of exchange between the various parts of the United States could never exceed the cost of transporting specie—say, at the utmost one or two per cent. But in consequence of the variety of conflicting sectional schemes of the paper money managers for making profits out of the enterprise and industry of the country, the merely making collections at distant points, without advancing any capital, has frequently varied from one to ten per cent. in the course of a few weeks. This is inevitable from the discordant values of the same denomination of currency in different sections of the United States. A nominal dollar is made to bear every possible variety of actual worth in the various cities compared with the lawful standard, proportioned to the scarcity or profusion of paper currency in those places professing to represent specie. How long the commercial and manufacturing interests will remain so insensible to that true and permanent security resulting only from a solid and equal currency, as to support a system which inflicts upon them such enormous and unforseen sacrifices, the future only can determine.

During the progress of war, various attempts were made to retrieve the public finances from their deplorable condition, resulting from the fatal connexion between Bank and State. The disease had become so deeply seated, and the whole system so corrupted by the general diffusion of paper throughout all the channels of circulation, that direct remedies were not thought of. Palliatives and expedients for relief, in the homœopathic form were only attempted. A bill chartering a National Bank passed Congress, but received the veto of Mr. Madison. Peace was afterwards proclaimed in 1815.

The immediate effect of this event was greatly to aggravate the fiscal and monetary difficulties of the country. Paper having become the universal medium of all public and private transactions south of New England, metallic currency was not required for circulation, and was bought up at exorbitant nominal rates for exportation. The vast profusion of bank currency had inflated prices to such enormous rates that the nominal profits realized by the merchants were unprecedented. But the great imports of foreign merchants were introduced into the country in direct

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violation of the provision of the Constitution which declares that taxes on imports shall be equal throughout the United States. A cargo brought into Boston was required to pay upon similar articles of merchandise, thirty per cent. more actual duty than in some of the Southern ports. Such flagrant injustice could not long be sustained among a people where any shadow or pretence of honesty and good faith was preserved.

When the first Bank of the United States was chartered, not the slightest discordance existed in our public currency. A nominal dollar possessed the same actual value from New Hampshire to Georgia. The necessity for its charter was argued upon grounds diametrically opposed to those now assumed as the strongest reason for sustaining private speculations with the public money. Those who have been deluded by the recent declamations against the Union of the Purse and Sword, will be surprised to learn that the charter of the bank was carried in spite of the conscientious scruples of Washington, upon the express ground of the necessity of increasing the influence of the Executive. Hamilton and the Philadelphia paper currency school then regarded the Executive, with only the responsible Treasury recognized by the Constitution, under the strict supervision of Congress at his command, as the weak point of the Government. For the purpose of strengthening the Executive power, a body irresponsible to Congress was created, and invested with absolute control of the national resources, in the manner we have described. The present disciples of Hamilton are now importunate for a National Bank; mainly, for the professed purpose of limiting the influence and patronage of the Executive! If a bank cannot be obtained, they are anxious to compel the Executive to elect State banks, who shall be empowered to use the public money for their own profit, in order to lessen the corruption of the Government!

The operation of national banks and those chartered by the States, managed according to the Philadelphia system, have fully realized the most sanguine expectation of their supporters in either respect. They have practically subverted that political equality which it was the principal design of the Constitution to preserve. To such an extent had the paper money power obtained the ascendancy, that, though Congress refused in 1811 to recharter the bank, because its privileges were an unconstitutional usurpation, in 1816, the same body was compelled to create a similar bank to carry on the Government.

We shall endeavor, hereafter, to explain the organization of this bank, and to show its management in regulating the currency, in view of the principle taught by the highest authority—"*By their fruits you shall know them.*"

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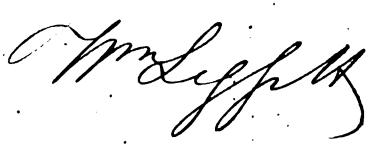
Engraved by J. Sealey from a Painting by T. P. Cummings, N.A.



For the U.S. Magazine and Democratic Review

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POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

NO. XIII.

(With a Portrait engraved on Steel.)

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

Towards the close of the last month a *profound* impression was produced on the public mind by the untimely death of William Leggett, almost at the very moment of his appointment to a diplomatic situation in a foreign country, where his friends had fondly hoped that the influence of a genial climate might have had the effect of long preserving an invaluable life for his country—a life that had too surely become endangered by a self-martyring advocacy of the universal, practical, application of the broad uncorrupted principles of Democracy in every measure of legislation, the most ardent, the most unflinching, the most able, and the most successful, ever pursued by a journalist in our country.

The following biographical sketch, though it will be perused with heightened interest since the melancholy occurrence of his death, has not been occasioned by that sad event, but had, in fact, been prepared as the highest tribute in our power to the integrity and genius which, in his case, had been so signally exerted in the promotion of the great principles of political economy embraced in the creed of American Democracy; and it has been for some time awaiting only the opportunity of obtaining from the artist a satisfactory portrait of its subject, with the "pencil" as well as the "pen," to appear in this series of "Political Portraits." The subjects of the former numbers of the series have in general been selected from the individuals elevated, by a long course of distinguished public service, to such conspicuous official eminence, as served, at the same time, naturally to attract the public interest to their personal biographical sketches—especially of the party of which their position has proved them to be the recognized chiefs and favorites—and so far to identify them with the history of principles and of parties, as to add a more general value to the narratives of their lives, than the mere private interest of individual biography. In the case of Mr. Leggett, although unknown to the country at large by any such official passport to distinction,—his name probably being unfamiliar to most of our readers in sections of the Union remote from that which has been the scene of his public life—yet the latter title to eminence, namely, an intimate and interesting connection with the history of principles and parties, Mr. Leggett's name possesses in a degree equalled perhaps by no other that could be selected at the present time. This narrative of his life—more brief and general in its outline than, in common

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with his numerous friends, we could have desired—is from the pen of an intimate friend, well competent to estimate rightly the rare worth, moral and intellectual, of such a character, and is now published with the slight alteration of phraseology rendered necessary by his death.

The subject of this memoir, as a journalist, was one who did much to exalt the character of the profession he had chosen. During a brief and brilliant career, Mr. Leggett, as the editor of a daily print, acquired a strong hold on the minds of men, gave a direction to their discussions and opinions, and won a reputation such as few are permitted to enjoy.

The class of men who figure in this country as the conductors of newspapers, are not, for the most part, in high esteem with the community. It is true that they are courted by some and dreaded by others,—courted by those who are fond of praise, and dreaded by those who are sensitive to animadversion,—courted by those who would use them as the instruments of their own purposes, and dreaded by those whose plans may suffer from their opposition; but, after all, the general feeling with which the men of this vocation are regarded, is by no means favorable. Contempt is too harsh a name for it, perhaps, but it is far below respect. Nor does this arise so much from the insincerity or the frivolousness of their commendation or their dispraise, in the thousand opinions they express in matters of art, science, or taste,—concerning all which the writers of the newspaper press are expected to say something, and concerning many of which they cannot know much,—as from the fact, that, professing as they do one of the noblest of sciences, that of politics—in other words, the science of legislation and government—they, too, often profess it in a narrow, ignorant, and ignoble spirit. Every journalist is a politician, of course; but in how many instances does he aspire to no higher office than that of an ingenious and dexterous partisan! He does not look at political doctrines and public measures in a large and comprehensive point of view, weighing impartially their ultimate good or evil, but addicts himself to considerations of temporary expediency. He inquires, not what is right, just, and true, at all times, but what petty shift will serve his present purpose. He makes politics an art rather than a science—a matter of finesse rather than of philosophy. He inflames prejudices which he knows to be groundless, because he thinks them convenient. He detracts from the personal merits of men whom he knows to be most worthy. He condemns in the other party what he is ready to allow in his own. In short, he considers his party as a set of men who are to be kept in office if they are already in, or placed in office if they are not, instead of making it to consist in the support of certain doctrines and measures which are to be recommended to the people by reason and argument, by showing their beneficial effects, and the evils of opposite doctrines and different measures. We do not, by any means, intend to say that all the class of newspaper editors answer the description we have

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given, but we think it cannot be doubted that the resemblance which so many of them bear to it is the cause of the comparative disrespect into which their profession has fallen.

Yet the vocation of a newspaper editor is a useful, an indispensable, and, if rightly exercised, a noble vocation. It possesses this essential element of dignity, that they who are engaged in it are occupied with questions of the highest importance to the happiness of mankind. We cannot see, for our part, why it should not attract men of the finest talents and the most exalted virtue. Why should not the discussions of the daily press demand as strong reasoning powers, as large and comprehensive ideas, as profound an acquaintance with the principles of legislation and government, an eloquence as commanding, and a style of argument as manly and elevated, as the debates of the Senate of our Republic? It is the province of the press to act as a check upon the political leader. It is the duty of the journalist to assist in forming and propagating the opinions by which the political leader must submit to be tried; he is one of the speakers of that great constituency to which the public agent is responsible. Instead of following the chief of a party he should walk by his side.

It is because they neglect the philosophy of politics, because they forsake the true for the plausible, that so many persons of fine endowments disappoint the expectations that are formed of them when they become conductors of the newspaper press. Their profession, with its multifarious topics, tempts them to a sort of dissipation of their intellectual strength. They find it easier to assume a position to be true, and to show some ingenuity in speciously defending it, than honestly to investigate its truth. It is easier, they find, to carry on the warfare of personal politics than that of political principles; it is easier to call names than to argue; it is easier to declaim than to think, and sometimes, for the moment, seems to answer the purpose nearly as well.

The secret of Mr. Leggett's reputation lies in his having slighted these temptations, and addressed himself strenuously to the true duties of a political editor. He boldly and invariably brought public measures to a rigid comparison with first principles. He scouted the specious doctrine of expediency, which leads to so many abuses, and sanctions so many departures from a consistent and conscientious course of conduct. He would not tolerate any of the pretexts by which the timid and selfish excuse themselves from carrying an admitted principle into practice. He inquired only what was true, and what was right; what was true he held should be declared without reservation, and what was right should be done, without regard to consequences.

Besides their sincerity and directness, his political discussions were recommended by other qualities. Mr. Leggett possessed many fortunate endowments for controversy,—vigorous reasoning faculties, a clear perception of the dependencies and connections of his argument, a perspicuous and forcible style, great fertility of illustration, an extreme tenacity

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of purpose, and an ardor of mind, never chilled, but rather kindled, by the most formidable opposition. An earnest and manly eloquence gave an interest to every thing he wrote. The reader found himself seized and carried forward by something of the same warlike enthusiasm which courageous and high-spirited men may be supposed to feel in the heat of battle.

William Leggett was born in the city of New York, where his parents yet live, in a green and venerable old age. After passing through a course of preliminary studies, he was sent, while yet very young, to Georgetown College, in the District of Columbia. During his stay at this institution he mastered the prescribed studies with such ease that they seemed rather a pastime than a task. He did not, however, remain long enough to take a degree; his father meeting with ill success in business, and finding himself no longer able to defray the expenses of a college education for his son, he was withdrawn. In 1819 he accompanied his father and the rest of the family to the State of Illinois, of which they were among the early settlers. In the fertile and beautiful region between the Mississippi and the Wabash, the rich prairies of which were then first turned by the plough,—among emigrants from Kentucky and Western Virginia, he gathered that knowledge of western life and manners, of which he afterwards made so good a use in his story of "The Rifle."

In 1822 he returned to the Atlantic States, having been appointed a midshipman in the United States Navy. He was constitutionally fond of adventure, and fearless of danger, and it may naturally be supposed that the life on which he now entered was well suited to his temperament and disposition. It was his misfortune, however, to serve under a commander of harsh temper and imperious manners, who was accustomed to give capricious orders for the mere pleasure of seeing himself obeyed, and who, observing signs of impatience at his behaviour in the young midshipman, delighted in tormenting him with those severities which the discipline of a vessel of war permits; nor does it appear that he even confined himself within that limit. The arbitrary and cruel conduct of this commander led to Mr. Leggett's retirement from the navy in 1826, under circumstances, however, which reflected upon him no dishonor.

The vexations to which he was subjected during the period that he was in the naval service, undoubtedly had great influence on his future character. There are some minds which despotism crushes and breaks; stronger natures find in it a discipline from which they gain new hardihood and energy. The oppressions suffered by Schiller from the Duke of Wurtemburg exalted his dislike of tyranny and his love of freedom to the fierceness of a passion. The hatred which Mr. Leggett has shown to tyranny, in all its forms, was rendered the more intense by his having tasted its bitterness.

While Mr. Leggett was in the navy he amused himself with occasion-

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ally writing verses. These he collected shortly after he left the service and published in a volume entitled "Leisure Hours at Sea." They are the experiments of a very young man, possessed of vigorous intellectual faculties, but who had not yet discovered the province in which they might be exerted to most effect. They contain, however, a few pieces of much beauty, some of which, preserved in selections, and republished, from time to time, in miscellanies of light literature, are still read and admired. About this time he wrote for the Atlantic Souvenir, one of the ornamental annuals which has since become so numerous, the tale, already-mentioned, entitled "The Rifle," which attracted much attention on account of the spirit and truth of its sketches of the manners and dialect of the western settlements. The success of this tale led to the publication of others, which, though evidently dashed off in haste, showed so much ingenuity in the construction of the narrative, so much observation of life and character, and so much power of representing actions and events vividly to the imagination, as to leave no doubt of the eminence he might have attained as a novelist, had he chosen to addict himself to the composition of fictitious narrative. Some of his tales were sea stories, and these perhaps are the most favorable specimens of his powers. They were collected and published with the title of "Tales by a Country Schoolmaster."

In 1828 he married, and in November of the same year established, in the city of New York, a weekly literary periodical, entitled "The Critic," which, at the end of six months, was discontinued. In this work, the reviews, the notices of the drama and the arts, the essays, the tales, the biographical sketches,—all the contents, in short, with the exception of half a dozen pages of verse,—were written by himself, an extraordinary instance of literary industry and fertility. In this work, too, might be perceived the dawnings of that fervid and eloquent style of discussion which afterwards, transferred to subjects in which he took a deeper interest, was wielded with such vast power and effect.

Two or three months after the discontinuance of "The Critic," Mr. Leggett, in the summer of the year 1829, became one of the editors of the Evening Post. That journal was then contending for the freedom of trade in our intercourse with foreign nations, and assailing the protective system, or as it was called, the American System, with arguments, the force of which is now generally acknowledged. In this discussion Mr. Leggett soon engaged with much zeal, as well as in the question of internal improvements, in regard to which the Evening Post took the side of a rigid construction of the powers granted by the Constitution to the Federal Government. Finally arose the great question of renewing the charter of the Bank of the United States. In the tug for life which that powerful institution, year after year, maintained with the Administration of the Federal Government, the Evening Post was its active and sleepless enemy; and when the orators and presses of the Whig party, in alliance with the bank, had succeeded in raising a groundless panic, a blind

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enthusiasm of terror, which brought over to their side the mercantile community, that journal, though principally depending on the mercantile class for its support, only fought the battle with the greater ardor, contended the more zealously against the necessity and utility of a national bank, and denounced the more indignantly the foul practices to which it resorted to preserve its existence.

He was, at length, in June, 1834, by the departure of his associate, Mr. Bryant, for Europe, left sole editor of the Evening Post. He now applied himself with new spirit and diligence to the conduct of that journal. The quarrel between the friends and adversaries of a national bank was then at its greatest pitch of exacerbation. The controversy was hotly kept up through the summer, and the autumnal elections of that year, like those of the spring, were contested with a zeal which almost rose to fury, and some disorders took place at the polls. Meantime the Evening Post, under the conduct of Mr. Leggett, stood forth as the stern champion of public order; attacked the delusion to which the opulent classes had yielded, and vindicated the right of the laboring man to his independent, unbiassed vote, a right which then began to be questioned by the employers of the Whig party. Day after day eloquent discussions of the highest political questions, in which the noblest principles of right and of morals were kept in view, proceeded from his pen, and were read with interest by multitudes. The Democratic party remained masters of the field in the city, and throughout the State, and the friends of the bank, after this desperate and fruitless struggle, seemed to abandon all further hope of renewing its charter.

In the controversy concerning the utility of this institution, and its compatibility with the rights of the people, Mr. Leggett was led to consider the question of the incorporation of companies by the State legislatures for the purpose of banking. He soon came to the conclusion that the business of banking ought to be permitted to every man in the community under precisely the same conditions that every other occupation is permitted. He maintained that special charters for business purposes are an invasion of the equal rights of the people, inasmuch as they create a class of men distinguished from the mass by peculiar rights, powers, and prerogatives. He held that they are as prejudicial to the interests of commerce as they are hurtful to liberty. These views he unfolded and enforced in his journal with remarkable boldness, and great breadth of argument and illustration, contending for the divorce of Bank and State as completely in the State governments as in the Federal, and maintaining that each should conduct its concerns without intermeddling in the business of banking. These views, sound as they are, and deducible from the strictest premises, both of political economy and of civil liberty, were derided, at the time, in all the Whig, and many of the Democratic papers, as the dreams of a visionary.

They gave occasion, however, to a great division in the party bearing the name of Democratic, not only in the State of New York, but in

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many other parts of the Union. The Democrats of stricter notions, the friends of reform, and the mass of the young men, espoused with zeal the doctrines maintained by Mr. Leggett. On the other side were arrayed the men who were attached by personal interest to the existing system of banking, the timid, who dread innovation because they cannot foresee all its consequences, and the friends of whatever is established, who dread innovation because it disturbs their customary ideas. The Democratic party in the State of New York, long in the ascendency, had become full of men who found it for their interest to keep with the majority, who had the art to persuade it to their purposes, who stood stiffly in defence of their cherished monopolies, and intimated that if the party chose to become too democratic—*ultra-democratic*, the phrase was—in its doctrines and measures, it must prepare itself for the desertion of its adherents and its own downfal. Great was the fermentation of opinions, fierce the strife between the friends of the old system and its assailants, and great the officiousness and anxiety of those who desired to pursue a middle course, to compromise, to reconcile, and, as they said, "to keep the party together." The result is now before the public. The opinions put forth by Mr. Leggett, visionary and impracticable as they were then deemed, have since been in part adopted by the whole community, and now form a portion of received political truths. The position, that banking ought not to be a monopoly, is almost universally admitted, and the general banking laws passed in several of the States, those half-faced and equivocating measures, are an expressive homage to the truth of the doctrines first proclaimed with so much boldness by Mr. Leggett, and so long maintained by him singly against the fiercest opposition.

In the midst of these disputes sprung up a new subject of controversy. We have already noticed the disorders which took place at the popular elections in New York. The encouragement which these riotous and violent proceedings received from those who are sometimes styled the better part of the community, led to their repetition on other occasions. In the year 1835 the question of slavery began to be agitated with much zeal by the friends of abolition in New York and other parts of the Northern States. A mob in New York, instigated by certain of the public journals, interrupted and broke up their meetings, silenced the public lecturers, attacked their very houses, and obliged them to flee for their lives. The Evening Post instantly raised its voice against these cruel and cowardly enormities, denounced their instigators, condemned the apathy of the civil magistrates, who neglected to put them down by the most prompt and strong measures, and being determined to give them the liberty of discussion which they claimed, opened its columns to their remonstrances against violence, and even to their attacks on slavery. Still further, to carry its defiance of lawless force, and to vindicate the right of discussion, it engaged with great ardor in the controversy respecting the lawfulness of slavery, which was controverted in some of the most eloquent articles that ever proceeded from Mr. Leggett's pen.

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The champions of disorder were awed and confounded by this boldness; they muttered some idle threats; they loaded the journal and its editor with obloquy; but beyond threats and obloquy they did not venture to proceed.

At the same time, however, that Mr. Leggett's impetuous and uncompromising abhorrence of lawless violence, and of any attempt to impose the slightest restraint upon the widest and boldest freedom of discussion, thus led him, a certain extent, in a direction much deprecated for its indiscretion, by most of his friends, he never treated the subject in any other than an abstract point of view; while his opinions in relation to the powers of the Federal Government, over the institution of slavery, have always been those naturally belonging to the political school of State-Rights Democracy, of which he was so powerful and devoted a champion.

In October, 1835, Mr. Leggett was overtaken by a severe and dangerous illness, occasioned by the intensity of his labors as a public writer. He recovered at length, after a relapse still more dangerous than the original attack; but it was not until a year had elapsed that he was able to join his associate, then returned from a residence abroad, in contending for the entire separation of banking and politics, both in the Federal Government and the government of the States. He continued, however, but a short time longer connected with the Evening Post. In December, 1836, he withdrew from that journal, and established a weekly political and literary paper, entitled "The Plain Dealer," in which he resumed, with all his former boldness and vigor, the discussion of the great questions which had occupied him before his illness. It soon obtained a large and increasing circulation; but at the end of ten months, in consequence of the failure of its publishers, was discontinued. Its editor, however, had the satisfaction of perceiving, from the interest taken in his periodical, and the general regret which was expressed when it ceased to appear, that he could address the understandings of his countrymen with more effect than others could address their prejudices, and that it is a gross error to suppose that the full, able, and independent examination of matters relating to public policy is not to their taste.

For more than a year past Mr. Leggett was not engaged in any of the public controversies of the time, his health being too precarious and enfeebled to admit of much exertion. He latterly resided at New Rochelle, about nineteen miles from New York, a charming spot on the Long Island Sound, the shores of which, in sight of his dwelling, are beautifully indented with coves, and the waters gemmed with woody islets.

At the election of last November, in the city of New York, Mr. Legget came very near receiving the Democratic nomination on the Congressional ticket; having lost it, in favor of the present mayor of the city, Mr. Varian, after a protracted balloting in the general nominating committee, only from a vague anxiety that prevailed on the occasion, that his uncompromising and "impracticable" boldness, in the advocacy of his opinions, without regard to the temporary expediences of time and place,

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(with particular reference to the question of slavery) might make his election to the floor of Congress, liable to misapprehension by our southern neighbors, and injudicious at the actual delicate crisis of affairs, notwithstanding the general acknowledgment of his signal merits and claims.

An attempt has also recently been made to revive "The Plain Dealer," the discontinuance of which was regarded as a serious public loss. It was temporarily abandoned solely on account of Mr. Leggett's impaired health, which rendered it impossible for him to undertake its editorial charge.

Mr. Leggett's success in acquiring a high reputation and great power over the minds of his contemporaries, has shown that the walk of the journalist is not unworthy of the choice of minds governed by an honorable ambition. The man of clear reason, a richly furnished mind, elevated principles, and an eloquence which can stir men's hearts within them, should not disdain a vocation in which these qualities can be rendered so useful, and, as the example we are now contemplating has shown, so productive of fame. The influence of the journalist is even greater than that of the orator, inasmuch as it is constant and perpetual, at the same time that it is more widely diffused—he is the daily counsellor of his reader, and of thousands of readers. Mr. Leggett's example has shown how much he can effect in propagating salutary truths, exploding hurtful errors, resisting selfish and dangerous schemes, and hastening necessary reforms.

In the midst of the proud and bright hopes inspired by his character and career—while the vast success of that purity and sternness of principle which he had espoused in advance, and advocated with such single-hearted and disinterested energy, was infusing new strength and power into the great party of American Democracy, giving to its cause a resistless armament of truth and righteousness which carried it from victory to victory in the most momentous crisis of its history, and animating it for new conflicts in the keenest warfare of principles our country has ever known;—honored in a rare degree with the respect and confidence of the party professing the principles which that warfare and that success had thus signally tested and sustained; in the midst of all this—perhaps the most gratifying homage ever won by a public writer—was Leggett himself suddenly called from the scene of all mortal honors and interests. He died at his residence in New Rochelle at 9 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, the 29th of May last, from one of the severe attacks of bilious colic, by which his valuable life had been frequently endangered for years past. The following article from the same pen that traced, while he was alive, the generous and discerning sketch of his character, which we have just given, thus announced the melancholy event in the New York Evening Post of May 30th. Alas, that before its publication, it should have been found necessary to complete that sketch by such a sequel.

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"It is with sorrow that we announce the death of William Leggett, formerly one of the editors and proprietors of this paper. He expired at his residence in New Rochelle at nine o'clock last evening, in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

"As a political writer, Mr. Leggett attained, within a brief period, a high rank, and an extensive and enviable reputation. He wrote with great fluency and extraordinary vigor; he saw the strong points of a question at a glance, and had the skill to place them before his readers with a force, clearness, and amplitude of statement and illustration rarely to be found in the writings of any journalist that ever lived. When he became warmed with his subject, which was not unfrequently the case, his discussions had all the stirring power of extemporaneous eloquence.

"His fine endowments he wielded for worthy purposes. He espoused the cause of the largest liberty and the most comprehensive equality of rights among the human race, and warred against those principles which inculcate distrust of the people, and those schemes of legislation which tend to create an artificial inequality in the conditions of men. He was wholly free—and, in this respect, his example ought to be held up to journalists as a model to contemplate and copy—he was wholly free from the besetting sin of their profession, a mercenary and time-serving disposition. He was a sincere lover and follower of truth, and never allowed any of those specious reasons for inconsistency, which disguise themselves under the name of expediency, to seduce him for a moment from the support of the opinions which he deemed right, and the measures which he was convinced were just. What he would not yield to the dictates of interest he was still less disposed to yield to the suggestions of fear.

"We sorrow that such a man, so clear-sighted, strong-minded, and magnanimous, has passed away, and that his aid is no more to be given in the conflict which truth and liberty maintain with their numerous and powerful enemies."

Few men of his years have been more widely and deeply regretted than Mr. Leggett. In his case, the political regard naturally felt towards the bold and eloquent champion of favorite popular truths appeared, in a remarkable degree, to be quickened and warmed into an enthusiasm of personal attachment and admiration. Nor will this be a subject of wonder when we consider the striking prominence of the position in which he had so long stood almost alone as a public political writer; the fearful odds, of numbers, wealth, and power, against which he had unshrinkingly sustained, as it were, a single-handed struggle—the truly popular character of the principles he advocated, so broad, so simple, so harmonious;—the generous and elevated nature of the sympathies to which he addressed the fervid vehemence of his eloquence—and the transparently noble, true, and manly spirit in which he wrote. His most ardent admirers—his peculiar *party*, we may say—were chiefly found among *the young men* of his native city;

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because it was chiefly to the unsophiscated and uncorrupted mind of generous youth, that his mind addressed itself. No man can attain an extensive and deeply rooted popularity in this country, but as the representative, more or less truly and rightfully, of certain leading popular opinions or sentiments. Mr. Leggett's fearless energy, as a public writer, made him not only the representative of a certain set of opinions in political economy—he was not only the first that raised in New York the flag, round which we now behold the whole country rallying, inscribed with the motto of hostility to chartered monopoly and to the union of Bank and State—he was not only the leader and master-spirit of that gallant crusade of reform against the dangerous abuses of a too old and too absolute party ascendency, to which was at first attached in derision the name, now recognized as a badge of honor in all parts of the Union, of *Locofocoism*;—but he came also to be regarded as the representative of that freedom of thought and boldness of speech, of that noble impatience of the palsying conventionalism with which the time-serving expediency of the hour loves to gird and guard itself against the dangerous contact of first principles, and of that generous abhorrence of tyranny, and scorn of the corruption and cant too widely prevalent in the purest of political parties—which all felt and recognised as being, indeed, worthy of the *true American Democrat*, and as being a something long-needed and long-craved for. He was not only Leggett the Locofoco, but Leggett the *Plain Dealer*. And even though he might sometimes be impelled, by the noble enthusiasm which was necessary to make him what he was, to injudicious extremes, and even to a harsh and seemingly bitter asperity, calculated almost to bring *plain dealing* itself into disrepute, from too roughly shocking the prejudices and feelings of men—yet, throughout, all felt that it was a failing that leaned to virtue's side; and that such occasional *abuse* was but an insignificant drawback from the inestimable benefits of the much, and long needed *use* of the pen, which he wielded so vigorously, so searchingly and so unsparingly.

In private life, Mr. Leggett was warmly beloved by his friends. He was honorable, frank, fearless and true; of a strong natural flow of animal spirits, and of great simplicity and directness in his manners and conversation. He has left no other family than his widow, having never had any children. We understand that a collection of the principal of his published writings, together with several posthumous MSS., is shortly to be made for the benefit of Mrs. Legget. It can scarcely fail to command a very extensive sale. It has also been stated that the Young Men's Committee of Tammany Hall are about erecting a monument to his memory. A resolution which does them much honor.

But a few days before his death, Mr. Leggett received a tribute of respect to his personal and public character, alike honorable to the recipient and the giver. We refer to his appointment as Diplomatic Agent to the Republic of Guatemala. And we may, in conclusion, cite as a remarkable instance of the power of such a character, to extort a reluctant admi-

ration and sympathy, even from the fiercest of opponents, the fact, that virulent and embittered as had been his ancient feuds as a public journalist, with almost all the Opposition journals of the time, the announcement of his appointment was received with general satisfaction and approval, by foe as well as friend; and all united with apparent cordiality in the hope, so gladly cherished by the latter, that a more genial climate would repair the ravages that all regretted in his shattered constitution, and restore him in renovated vigor of mind and body to the honorable career of public life, which now at last seemed to stretch so promisingly before him.

This unconscious tribute of respect was still more apparent when his decease became known. Rarely has the death of a citizen, never placed prominently before the community by the adventitious influence of public or official station, called forth more general and generous tributes of sorrow, admiration, or regret, even from that portion of the press distinguished for the most bitter condemnation of his principles when living.

ODE TO THE SUN.

A FRAGMENT BY A DECEASED CLERGYMAN.

Sun! mighty orb of thought-surpassing glory
  And wonder of all wonders! though the sweep
Of rolling centuries hath made thee hoary,
  Still in thy aged mightiness, the deep
  Where million satellites their vigils keep,—
That awful deep, no height, no bottom knowing,
  Too vast for any thing but Godhead's step,
Lit up with thousand lamps intensely glowing,—
Hath all that light and majesty from thy bestowing.

Though but a speck, a worm, beneath that arch
  Of empire worlds that coronate the sky,
Yet with a soul as daring as their march,
  It is my aim, on soaring wing to fly,
  Up, up, o'er things terrestrial, and to try
Both what thou art, and what thy caverns hold;
  To stand beneath thy burning canopy,
And through thy atmosphere of living gold
Thy monarchy of dread magnificence behold.

Oh! could I soar up to thy burning disc,
  And bathe my spirit in that sea of fire,
Armed in immortal intellect I'd risk
  Each earth-bound feeling in the proud desire,

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Within thy radiant light to steep my lyre;
To see thy dazzling wheels career along,
And to their awful music tune its wire;
For first thy beams—drunk in while gazing long—
Called from this marble heart its Memnon voice of song.

My flight may be preposterous and vain—
The fate of Icarus may be my doom;
And e'er I rise above this low terrene,
Languid and shrivelled be my daring plume,
And earth may laugh that I should so presume;
My soul perceives all this, but now thy beam
Doth all her panting energies illume,
And this provokes her to th' illustrious theme,
Ev'n now she springs away;—thou Sun art all her aim!

Unhand me, Earth! lay not thy gelid finger
Upon a soul that burns for regions higher,
'Tis Death within thy frigid bounds to linger
While full before me is that orb of fire,
Intensely glowing on Creation's spire:—
Oh joy! thy fetters now are snapped asunder,
And the full music of the heavenly choir,
Sweet as a cherub's voice and loud as thunder,
Wakes every dormant power to range those plains of wonder.

What art thou, Sun? Oh! that a voice were thine,
To answer my high cravings; if that sound
Be *Fire*, oh! let its glow divine
This moment thrill me with electric bound?
Oh speak! Nor will that voice sublime astound
The soul expanded by a world's divorce,—
The soul, contemning meaner glories round,
That pants, that swells, to urge its dizzy course
Through yonder blazing streets, to beauty's native source.

Thou art the grandeur of the universe,
Of all things visible, the brightest, best,
And throned majestically dost rehearse
Peans of light to Him, whose finger prest
That brilliantness, most matchless on thy vest;
And oh! thy song is exquisitely sweet,
Nor sweeter than sublime—for all the breast
Of Nature doth delicious transport beat,
And seems in loveliness to spring its lord, its life to meet.

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Wrapt in the magic of this holy spell,
  In fancy's glow my soul inspired hears,
Great golden harp of Heaven! those numbers swell,
  Whose awful harmony attunes the spheres,
  As each along its burning path careers;
I hear the tremblings of that song sublime
  Pealed forth melodious through uncounted years,
While echo, lightning-winged, conveys the chime,
To ring its sweetness forth in many a starry clime.

Thou art above my most adventurous thought,
  A hieroglyphic of th' Almighty God!
Thy surface like a burning mirror wrought,
  Sends the bright image of his face abroad,
  Through gorgeous plains by fancy's step untrod.
Thou shin'st an emblem of his nameless might,
  Who teachest worlds to tremble at his nod;
Learn what HE is, who with thy colors bright
Wrote his own glorious name—and that is *Light*.

Now I have gained thy summit, and mine eye
  O'erlooks a vast empyreal wilderness,—
Isles filled with immortality float by,
  And glittering millions in the distance press;
  'Tis all one boundless range of loveliness;
Yonder thy planetary minions roll,
  And in the sparkling mass, I well can guess,
Are countless orbs that know not thy control,
Of tributary worlds themselves, the living soul.

Here the rapt muse of Jesse's sainted son
  Might clap in ecstacy her cherub wing;
And there, high seated on his pearly throne,
  Amid the throngs around the awful King,
  The sweetest of the sweet is heard to sing;—
His eye this wond'rous theatre surveys,
  And through the chrystal halls his lyre doth ring,
Peals of devotion to Jehovah's praise,
Who in the void immense hath kindled such a blaze.

Newton magician of this dizzy spot!
  From this high stand I hail thy giant soul;
Which here ensphered didst fix her vent'rous foot,
  Then sprang away, away, to grasp the whole

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Domain of congregated orbs that roll
In majesty magnificent along:
To stretch her greedy arms from pole to pole,
To make them meet around the countless throng
Of comets, suns and moons, that to these fields belong.

Oh, come up here, Immortal, from that den
Where now thy heaven-born spirit is confined;—
Here is a stand above the strifes of men;
Here, where no frost can chill, no fetters bind,
In uncontrolled enfranchisement of mind,
Can we unite our burning hearts in one;
Forget the treachery of human kind,
And from this radiant, beauteous, godlike Sun,
Start off through boundless space our happy course to run.

Great brilliant sparkling in Creation's breast!
Thou art the admiration of all eyes—
From thee the richest thoughts in words exprest
Derive their sovereign magic to surprise:
All the great Genii of the earth arise,
To drink in inspiration from thy ray;
Thy fount the pure Castalian dew supplies;
'Tis thy soft breath inspires the rapturous lay,
Fills Tully's breath with fire, and gives his words their sway.

Thou splendid Sultan of prodigious power!
I ken thy glory from thy princely train;
Obsequious at thy beck, like slaves to cower,
Worlds bounding with high majesty are seen;
Sublime o'er all, thy royal head doth tower,
Thy empire is o'er empires;—thrones are piled
Upon thy footstool—where sceptred kings devour
Each other, and battling ranks are filed
To lick the dust, that tracks thy meanest servile child.

* * * * * *

No more in temples, such as ruinous now
In Balbec or in proud Palmyra rise,
Immortal spirits worship thee, and bow
Before thee as their God; no more the cries
Of human victims, pierced in sacrifice
As homage to thy power, for vengeance call;
Satanic rites no more insult the skies:—
Apollo, Hercules, Osiris, Baal,
Have seen before the cross their blood-stained altars fall.

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Years far remote saw our forefathers raise
  And dedicate unchiseled piles to thee:
The ancient hills have echoed to thy praise
  'Mid rites involved in awful mystery,
  And there the traveller trembles as his eye
Marks the huge Cromlech once with gore besmeared;
  And fancy to his shudd'ring view brings nigh
The hoary Druid with his knife upreared,—
A moment, and the victim bleeds, his dying groans are heard.

But so no more; the lands that once were cursed
  By superstition's reign of moral gloom,
Have seen at length their fitful state reversed:
  Glad tidings to their cheerless shores have come,
  And beams of light and truth their minds illume;
The Sun of Righteousness appears; the soul
  A mien of deathless dignity assumes,
And millions hail his beam, and onward roll
The glorious sound, "he comes," from Gambia to the pole.

* * * * * *

Now I have gazed upon thee, Sun, until my brain
  Is dizzy with the overwhelming theme,
And I can dwell no longer on a strain,
  Where languid is conception's richest dream—
  Where nameless images in torrents stream.
I was but sporting with thee, Fount of Light!
  Father of Motion! Source of Beauty's beam!
Thy name is excellent, commanding, bright,
And I can see no more, confounded is my sight.

Great self-existent, world-controlling God!
  To whom the dazzling Sun is but a blot;
Long as his lamp shall fling a ray abroad
  Thy endless glories shall not be forgot;
  Oh! when his majesty hath sunk to nought,
Great *Sun of Suns!* ten thousand lyres shall tell
  Thy praise in anthems of sublimest thought.
Dawn, Morn of Bliss! sink Sun! I burn, I swell,
To grasp the highest good, and Light Ineffable.

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THE CRUISE OF THE ENTERPRIZE.

A DAY WITH LA FITTE.

We were running down in the latitude of Galveston bay; as it was laid down on our charts—to which place our brig had been ordered by Commodore Patterson. This was in the year of our Lord, 1819, and our particular errand was to ascertain what progress had been made in carrying into effect certain engagements entered into by the redoubtable Captain La Fitte with the United States. This noted leader, whose character and exploits have furnished matter for so much romance, had, after evacuating Barataria, established a sort of rendezvous at Galveston; where he had, it was reported, a fort and flotilla, and, as his neighborhood was not accounted a very desirable location for any god-fearing, money-saving people, certain arrangements, a detail of which is unimportant here, had resulted in a promise on La Fitte's part to betake himself to some other haunt.

Fancy us then, one fine morning, all on deck, enjoying the glorious breeze before which our tight little vessel bowled along, every inch of canvass drawing like a double team of elephants. The hands have been piped to breakfast—a few youngsters are idling on deck, and our skipper Capt. Larry Kearny, hailing the lubber who has been sent aloft to clear the pennant, with an affectionate request that he would quicken his motions.

'Tis a pretty picture is'nt it? and he who "has sailed upon the dark blue sea," as Byron has it, may sail many a league without seeing a gallanter sight, than the little Enterprize with all her kites out.

And now step below and take a peep into the officers' berth. That good natured looking stout gentleman who is engaged in a very dingy looking volume with half a back is our doctor. One of the lieutenants is apparently with the aid of a guitar and music book, elevated against two forks stuck into the table, persuading himself that he is executing an accompainment to "O pescator," which at the same time he whistles with great gravity and perseverance. Two others are playing chess, while one of them is trying to aid his powers of combination with a sort of *sotto voce* recitative, of which we can catch something like this:

> "In Barataria Bay,
> We served with bold La Fitte,
> How we did earn our pay,
> Who cares' the devil a bit.

"Stop that, Toby, you put me out," said the musician with the guitar.

"Put you out!—well I like that. Why! you dont mean to insinuate that you are really getting a tune out of that unfortunate banjo. Poor

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thing, its complaints would soften the heart of La Fitte himself. Talking of him—I'm curious to see that fellow."

"I've seen him," said the Doctor, turning his eye from his novel.

"Well come let's hear about him: Where did you see him?

"It was just before he quitted Barataria:" the Doctor answered; "he behaved nobly there by the way."

"What was the truth of that story, Doctor, about Packenham's offering to enlist him?" the gentleman of the banjo, enquired, pausing for a moment, from "O pescator."

"Well, I'll tell you, as I heard it, *then*, from one of our officers."

"The British were moving up the river toward New Orleans, and one night, a small boat rowed into the landing in Barataria bay; you know where La Fitte had his fort. He had one or two schooners anchored there, and the watch on deck hailed the boat. Somebody in the stern sheets asked for Captain La Fitte. Well, they sent a small boat from the schooner, to announce the new arrival, and one of the schooner's men, with the leader of the other party of whom, in the shadow of the bushes and mangroves, nothing could be seen but a boat cloak and tarpaulin—set off for the Captain's quarters, leaving the rest to watch one another on the beach.

"A few minutes brought them to a low building. It was too dark to distinguish whether it was a fort or house, and after a knock at the door, and the exchange of a countersign, they were shown into La Fitte's homely apartment. The stranger intimated to La Fitte that he had important matters for his private ear, and upon the conductor withdrawing from the room—threw off his cloak, and appeared in the uniform of a British naval officer. He was authorized by General Packenham to offer to La Fitte a large sum of money, and rank in the British service, for the aid of his force in the attack on New Orleans; a tempting offer they supposed to a man branded as a Pirate."

"Well, Doctor, what did La Fitte do?"

"Why I was going to say. He told the officer that he must have a little time to consider, and also to sound his followers, and that for mutual security, the officer must meanwhile lie snug, and so he ordered supper and grog, and beds; and before the officer had half finished his first nap, a messenger to General Jackson was going for life and death, through swamps and bayous—with a full account of all that La Fitte had been able to get out of the Englishman, of Packenham's force and plan of attack."

At this moment, from the mast head, the always welcome "Land O" started us all upon deck, and shortly a blue undulating line was seen on the horizon gradually assuming form and distinctness. The breeze blew merrily, and the water changed to the delicate tint of aqua marine. Mother Carey's chickens fluttered in our wake, and a single white "long tail," swept round our vessel as if to welcome our arrival.

Shortening sail, and putting a man in the chains with the lead, we ran

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on until afternoon, and at about six bells entered the mouth of a large bay, between two long sandy points which ran out at the distance of about a mile on each side, and which were covered at the time with hundreds of water fowl of every size and species.

As we had been told that the bucaniers were in some force at Galveston, the wild and solitary appearance of the coast struck us with surprise. Wild ducks and geese rose in clouds as we approached. Alligators were basking in the sun and creeping among the mangroves. On every side appeared a wild desert strand, without any appearance of human visitation.

The sun was still more than an hour high when the order was given to let go the anchor. The sails were furled and the brig swung round and remained stationary. As soon as the necessary arrangements had been made on deck, the Captain ordered a boat to be manned, and entering her, we went ashore to reconnoiter. Landing upon a white sand beach, we looked in vain for any sign of habitation. The prospect as far as we could see was desolate in the extreme; a succession of low sand-hills, and a scanty growth of coarse grass, and here and there thickets of beech plum-trees bounded our view—no trace of man was observable any where, and a clumsy looking bird, apparently of the buzzard species, hardly gave himself the trouble to fly lazily a dozen yards at our approach.

"There is a mistake somewhere," said the skipper. "This is'nt Galveston."

"It ought to be here, according to the chart," answered the Luff.

"We are to the southward of it," the captain continued. "This must be the bay, they call here Metagorda. Call the men if you please Mr. M'Kenny, we'll get on board."

Just then our coxswain came running from behind a range of bushes, which were scattered among the hillocks, and said, touching his thrum cap:

"If you please sir, we've found tracks here in the hollow."

Following him, we came presently to a little nook, sheltered on all sides by heaps of drift sand, where some one had built a sort of shelter, consisting of the remains of two hatches set up on end, as children build card-houses, under which one or two could have crawled to sleep; beside this were the blackened remains of a large fire, and by it a deer's hoof, and other evidences of company having been before us. Our predecessors, whoever they might have been, had left no other card: neither initials carved into the trees, nor inscription on the shore, and so after guessing ourselves into a perplexity as to the probability of their having been Pirates, Indians, or Christian men, we returned on board none the wiser; to satisfy ourselves by demonstration, that the brig's chart was all wrong in its whereabout of Galveston bay. At daylight we weighed, and stood out into the offing until seven bells, and then, hauling our wind, stood along the coast to the northward. Towards meridian, our

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light breeze had "dwindled to a calm," and we lay rocking some tedious hours under a most intolerable sun, whose rays made most of us wish ourselves either "where truth is; in a well," or playfellows with the dolphins and baracoutas, whom we could see "disporting adown the blue deep." I envied Old Brunswick, the cook or doctor, the feeling of enjoyment with which he warbled over his coppers, a melody unknown, I dare say at La Scala, ever and anon turning his sable nob, as if to court the full warmth sufficient to have fired the brains of any other than a full blooded *Gold coast.*

Some people there are (regarded, to be sure, by the world at large, as sour misanthropes; *behind* the age,) who doubt something the goal of what we are wont to call "the march of improvement." These labor-saving machines (say they) end in making a mere machine of man himself. Your railroads, by which the viator is shot from post to pillar, with no more exercise of volition than a bullet would require;—your steamships, annihilating space and distance, laughing at wind and tide, are detrimental to the moral strength of human virtue. They have rendered the philosophy and patience, which travellers once packed up with their other preparations for the contingencies of a sea voyage, as useless as a battering ram or an investigating committee. In short the result of these innovations, say our modern Cato's, is to be a general decline in the cardinal virtues; neither faith, constancy, nor long suffering will be needed any more.

There may be truth, as well as poetry in this. What can a traveller, counting milestones by minutes, or trying to catch the outline of Anthony's nose as he puffs past it, like an enchanted blacksmith shop; imagine of the slow torments of a week's calm in the horse latitudes; the stupid prospect of what has already been described as "a motionless bark, in a sea of wax."

This time, however, we were not severely tried. We had assembled at dinner, and the Doctor was in the very act of receiving a smoking plate of that scarce luxury pea soup, when a sudden lurch deposited a respectable portion of scaldings in his breeches' pockets; while he was swearing and we laughing, the officer on deck popped his head into the cabin to report that we should presently have it strong from seaward. The Captain looked to windward—the royals were handed—and, by the time we were on deck again, the brig was careering to a smacking breeze; hands aloft taking a single reef in the top-sails, and a sharp lookout kept for the land.

It was nearly dark when the white line of surf was discernible from the mast head. At dusk we could see the low lands of Galveston, and, shortening sail, we ran on until nine o'clock, with the lead going, and at ten, were anchored on the outside of the bar.

The alternation of hardship and leisure, danger and enjoyment, add a charm to the sailor's life. To you who waste a plethoric existence in cities, and know not what excitement can be found in mere existence, nor how

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the dangers of yesterday, and the uncertainty of to-morrow, can spice the cup for present enjoyment, it were worth ten years of peaceful life to have made one of our mess. With one exception (a New Yorker) our officers were all Southerners. Two played upon the guitar; several were counted on for a song at any notice, and all were ever ready, whether for a Spanish waltz or a Jim Crow reel; so that the ward-room of the Enterprise when time and place permitted—though limited in its dimensions was the scene of "a deal of fun," and I still remember with pleasure amidst all the hubble bubbles which I have blown around me since, the lively don't-care-a-sous-for-any-body hours, that I passed in that merry little world. "Come, Portem, give us—'*She wore a wreath of roses.*'" And Portem sang with taste. Then, Ballston screwing up a dilapidated instrument, as near concert pitch as the delicate constitution of its strings would bear, gave us a Port Mahon waltz, and Bacheville and Hand essayed "a round" in defiance of space and spittoons. "Steward." "S Sar." "Go mix me a lemonade." This rather unwonted order of the Doctor's attracted the attention of all. "Hallo. Why Doctor are you sea-sick?" "Ah, never mind boys, you'll wish some day, may be, that you'd taken more o' the wather and less of the crathur." As the little man had not earned with us any particular character for abstemiousness, I continued to watch his motions until the steward appeared with the lemonade. He sipped once or twice. "Boo—ooh—What's this in the water?" "Nothin, sir," "B'dam; but there is tho' Bah. Here you, sir—it's d—— bad. There's something in the water; throw it overboard. Stay, I wont waste the lemon. There, fill it up with brandy—see if it will kill the taste."

Early in the morning the captain's gig was ordered; and taking a reefer and four oars, we pulled into the bay. At the entrance, a long sand-spit, some half a mile in length, and about a pistol-shot across, extended from the edge of the bar up the channel, and as we neared it on one side, we were aware of a barge full of men rowing towards us on the other. "Steady, men," said our skipper, and added, in an under tone, "that must be one of La Fitte's." They evidently were reconnoitering, whoever they might be; and when opposite us, put up their helm and rowed in with us, divided from us as before by the sandspit. In this way both boats proceeded in silence; our men, as I could observe, scanning the strangers with the same suspicion with which two strange mastiffs will approach each other. The other boat, we could observe, was well armed, and for that matter, so were we, but they had the advantage of large odds in point of numbers, and, as Le Baláfre with reason observes in Quentin Durward, "Few men care to fight more than three at once."

As, however, no hostile manifestation was apparent, our helm was shifted, by the captain's directions, so as to bring us within hailing distance as soon as we had passed the point which separated us. To his hail, "Is Commodore La Fitte in the harbour?" a tall, goodlooking

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personage in a palmetto hat, and bushy whiskers and mustaches, who appeared to command the barge, answered in good English, "*Captain* La Fitte (with a marked emphasis on the 'captain') is."

"I wish to see him."

"You'll find him on board that brig yonder;" and, as if satisfied with having ascertained our errand, we heard him give an order to his men, who laid out with a will that soon left us far in their wake.

The brig that the officer mentioned lay at anchor right ahead of us. She was a vessel of about two hundred tons and sixteen guns, a pretty model and apparently ready for sea, although, as near as I could judge, she was too much by the head to be in proper train. Not far from her lay a long, black, clipper-built schooner, with low black hull and lofty fishing rods of masts, the very beau ideal of a pirate.

We pulled first to the brig—she was full of men; all sorts of faces, white, yellow, black and dingy, in thrum caps, sombreros, Mexican hats, with every variety of expression, reconnoitered us from the bulwarks and ports, and seemed to look with but little love at the cocked hat and epaulettes of the regular man-of-war.

"Is Captain La Fitte on board?"

"No, Signor," a hardy-looking, grey-headed old fellow answered, taking his cigana from his mouth and proceeding to light a fresh one. He gave us some direction in Spanish which I did not understand; the amount of which was, however, that "Il Capitano" might be found on board the schooner; and to the schooner we rowed accordingly. To our enquiry Captain La Fitte answered himself, with an invitation to come on board.

My description of this renowned chieftain, to correspond with the original, will shock the preconceived notions of many who have hitherto pictured him as the hero of a novel or a melo drama. Instead of a half sentimental, half savage sort of impersonation of Charles De Moor—with an eye at once fierce and tender—a manner daring, yet so fascinating—a form of matchless symmetry set off by a whole haberdasher's assortment of silk sashes, party-colored ribbons, gold lace and worked buskins—I am compelled by truth to introduce him as a stout, rather gentlemanly personage, some five feet ten inches in height, dressed very simply in a foraging cap and blue frock of a most villainous fit; his complexion, like most creoles, olive; his countenance full, mild, and rather impressive, but for a small black eye, which now and then, as he grew animated in conversation, would flash in a way which impressed me with a notion that "Il Capitano" might be when roused, a very "ugly customer."

His demeanor toward us was exceedingly courteous; and, upon learning Captain Kearny's mission, he invited us below, and tendered, to use an aldermanlike phraze, "the hospitalities of the vessel;" and here, while I recal the flavor of that shrub and water, I will observe, what I once heard from the lips of an experienced sea-dog. "It is not at all wonderful that so many embrace the calling of a bucanier, when one has an oppor-

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tunity of witnessing the manner of life which these rovers lead. Instead of four-water-grog, salt junk and pork soup; your free traders of Cape Antonio will mess upon all the luxuries of life—real chateau, burgundy, West India preserves and real havanas, ad libitum. The spoils of all nations are enjoyed and squandered with reckless profusion. Free license for all indulgences, and the influence of a never-failing summer, tempt the idle and dissolute with pleasure unbought, and luxury without toil; and the strictest discipline is needed on board vessels stationed in those seas, to guard a crew from the enervating and corrupting tendency of climate and example."

"I am making my arrangements," La Fitte observed, "to leave the bay. The ballast of the brig has been shifted. As soon as we can get her over the bar, Captain, we sail."

"We supposed that your flotilla was larger," Captain Kearny remarked.

"I have men on shore," said La Fitte—not apparently noticing the remark, "who are destroying the fort, and preparing some spars for the brig. Will you go on shore and look at what I am doing?"

All this was said with the slightest possible accent. Our skipper assenting to the proposal.

We returned to the deck, and La Fitte pointed us to the preparations which had been made on board the brig for getting her to sea. The schooner on board which we were mounted a long gun amid ships, and some six nine-pounders a side. There were, I should think, fifteen or twenty men on deck, apparently of all nations, and below I could observe there were a great many more. There was no appearance of any uniform among them, nor, to the eye of a man-of-war's-man, much discipline. The officers, or those who appeared such, were in plain clothes, and La Fitte himself was without any distinguishing mark of his rank. Having ordered his boat he pushed off, and we followed. Landing, as before, on a white sandy beach, beyond which we had the uninteresting prospect of a flat extent of country, diversified with a stub growth of cedar, and black, stagnant-looking bayous. It was a desolate looking place, and, as I then thought, good for nothing but to make a lithographic city of.

On the shore, we passed a long shed under which a party were at work, and round which junk, cordage, sails, and all sorts of heterogeneous matters, were scattered in confusion. Beyond this we came across a four-gun fort. It had been advantageously located, and was a substantial looking affair, but now was nearly dismantled, and a gang were completing the work of destruction. I observed a number of English or Americans among the men at work; their fair complexions, although embrowned by constant exposure, contrasting strongly with the swarthy visages of the Spanish and French.

"You see, Captain, I am getting ready to leave; I am friendly to your country, Captain; I know New Orleans well; I have good friends there.

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Ah," continued he, shaking his head significantly, "they call me a pirate, but I might have done them some good service when I lay at Barataria. But I am not a pirate. You see there?" said he, pointing suddenly toward the point of the beach.

"I see," said our skipper; "what does that mean?"

The object to which our attention was thus directed, and which we had previously observed with any thing but admiration, was the dead body of a man dangling from a rude gibbet erected on the beach.

"That is my justice. That vaurien plundered an American schooner. The captain complained to me of him, and he was found guilty, and hung."

"These look like graves," said Captain Kearny, pointing to two equivocal looking hillocks in the sand.

"Carambola Captain, yes; that was a terrible villain; he was caught in a plan to murder my steward, who then had in his hands almost all my people's money; we gave him court-martial fairly, and he was sentenced to be shot by the steward, and so *he was*. A very great villain. Will you go on board my brig?"

On board this vessel there was evidently a greater attention paid to "the shipshape," and more of discipline. La Fitte led the way into his cabin, where preparation had already been made for dinner; to partake, which we were frankly invited, and which invitation (I can answer for one) most willingly accepted. Sea air and exercise are proverbial persuaders of the appetite; and Monsieur La Fitte's display of good stew, dried fish and wild turkey, cured in the sun, as he told us, were more tempting than prize money,—that is, just at that time. There was, however, a surprise in store for us that, hungry as we were, made us almost oblivious of our dinner. Forth, from a state room, issued—*A Lady*—one of the most glorious specimens of the brunette ever dreamed of. A full and voluptuous form of faultless outline—beautiful features, and sleepy black eyes, with the blackest and most luxuriant hair that ever curled, made up a "tottle," as Joe Hume says, to drive a squad of sentimental youths like ourselves to poetry or suicide.

She was evidently a Quatroon; and, as La Fitte did not introduce us, we did what our timidity could, and, taking advantage of a rather courteous gesture in answer to a proffer of some boiled yam, I commenced an acquaintance by some very apposite remark, the precise context of which I have forgotten, and, judging from her manner, should have acquired some footing in her good graces, had she understood my vernacular, which, alas! she did not. Our intercourse, therefore, was carried on through the medium of signs, and limited to reciprocities in turkey and French wine. Meanwhile M'Kenny had remarked to La Fitte our mistake of the day before, and our visit to Matagorda. He listened with attention, and answered briskly: "It is lucky you did not meet them; they are Camanches; I know them; those very fellows killed and ate two of my men."

"Ate? said I."

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"Yes, ate; ay, ate; they are cannibals; stay while I tell you; I send one of my people one day there to hunt; in the evening he does not come back; next day I send more to look for him, but nobody finds him; I think then that he has fallen into some pit, or has run away; some days afterwards two more of my men go to hunt; in the evening they are missing; then I do not know what to think; I take a party and search every where, but find nothing of them; as we return we hear a shout; we return it, thinking it may be our people; directly we hear another shout, and we see a man running for his life to us, and half a hundred of the devils after him; when they saw us they stopped, and in a moment they all vanished; when the man came to us it was Juan Perez, our carpenter; he was so frightened and breathless at first that he could not speak, but presently he told us; that the Indians had killed the man who went out first, and eat him; and Perez, with his companion, had been also captured; that very day they were to have been a feast for the savage villains, and one of them had been knocked in the head; Perez had slipped his hands from the rope which confined him, and ran for life, and, lucky for him, we were near enough to save him; I afterwards took as many men as we wanted for safety, and went to the place from which Perez escaped; the Indians had gone, but we saw the remains of their fire, and the blackened bones of their victims; I assure you there is no doubt.

The quatroon had been, during this time, flirting dreadfully with our Mid, as far as dividing oranges into quarters and drinking silent healths could go. All at once she placed the glass, which she was raising to her lips, on the table, and, rising hastily, left us without further leave-taking. Glancing my eye at La Fitte, I intercepted one single look of that black eye directed towards her, so concentrated and severe in its meaning, that I did not wonder that it frightened the poor girl away from the table.

We afterwards became quite sociable, under the influence of the most generous and racy wines, honestly come by, no doubt, all except the skipper, who kept a bright look out upon all that was going forward, and allowed us, I suppose, to be as communicative as we pleased, in the hope of hearing something in return which might be useful to Government.

Meanwhile our conversation ran into the various topics which a sailor's experience can suggest, and La Fitte spoke unreservedly of his hazardous and adventurous life. He was evidently educated and gifted with no common talent for conversation; and, while listening to many a tale of shipwreck and storm, peril and daring, it seemed to me that I had realized some of the romances which had whiled my school days, and had heard from his own lips the exploits of one of the sea kings. "Come gentlemen," at length La Fitte observed, after a pause, at the end of a thrilling story of Cape Antonio, which I have at this hour perdu in my port-folio—

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"You do not like my wine;—Fernan," (speaking to the steward) "*Caffe!*"

"I should like very much to hear your life, Captain," I remarked.

He smiled, and shrugged his shoulders. "It is nothing extraordinary," said he. "I can tell it you in a very few words. But there was a time—and he drew a long breath—when I could not tell it without cocking both pistols. Bah—come, I'll tell you my life.

"Eighteen years ago I was a merchant in San Domingo. My father, before me, was a merchant. I had become rich. I had married a wife She was rich and beau——," he stifled a sigh, and went on. "I determined to go to Europe, and I wound up all my affairs in the West Indies. I sold my property there. I bought a ship, and loaded her, besides which, I had on board a large amount of specie, all that I was worth, in short. Well, sir, when the vessel that I was on board had been a week at sea, we were overhauled by a Spanish man-of-war, commanded by Senhor Chevalier D'Alkala. Yes, I remember *his* name, for I settled my debt to him afterwards, at any rate," he continued, with a thoughtful kind of chuckle. "The Spaniards captured us. They took every thing—goods, specie, even my wife's jewels. They set us on shore upon a barren sand key, with just provisions enough to keep us alive a few days, until an American schooner took us off, and landed us in New Orleans. I did not care what became of me. I was a beggar. My wife took the fever from exposure and hardship, and died in three days after my arrival. I met some daring fellows, who were as poor as I was. We bought a schooner, and declared against Spain eternal war. Fifteen years I have carried on a war against Spain. So long as I live I am at war with Spain, but no other nation. I am at peace with the world, except Spain. Although they call me pirate, I am not guilty of attacking any vessel of the English or French. I showed you the place where my own people have been punished for plundering American property. At New Orleans I refused to be the enemy of America." "Captain, will you take coffee?"

This ceremony over, we went on deck, and made our adieu to the gallant rover. The fair—no, not the fair, but the beautiful Lindamira, did not re-appear. With feelings far more interested for the gallant rover than either would have chosen to confess, we shook hands, as for the last time in this world; and, by the glorious light of a summer moon, we rowed back to the brig. No sounds broke the silence, save the occasional blowing of the porpoise at his unwieldly sports. The stars sparkled with a brilliancy unknown in more northern climates. The breeze from the land was redolent of fragrance; and what, with La Fitte's story and his dinner, so little disposed did our party seem for conversation, that the first proof of animal life among us was the boat's thump against the brig's counter, and our coxswain's order "Up Oars."

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THE IDEAL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

By the Author of "Pocahontas."

And wilt thou, then, forsake me, at the last,
  Replete with glorious fancies as thou art?
Alike thy joys and gentle sorrows past,
  Deaf to my yearning pray'r, wilt thou depart?

Can nothing win thy fleeting hours' delay,
  Thou, of my early youth the golden prime?—
In vain the wish! Thy waters who shall stay,
  Gushing to swell th' eternal tide of time?

Extinguished now the brilliant suns, that shed
  Above my morning path their cheering light;
Th' IDEAL gone, the lovely visions fled,
  That filled my swelling heart with warm delight.

Ah me! the sweet belief has passed away
  In beings gendered in my dream alone;
All—all, to stern reality a prey,
  The beautiful, the godlike forms are gone!

As erst, with fond desire, th' enamored Greek
  Embraced the statue which his chisel wrought,
Until the marble's cold and tintless cheek
  Kindled with feeling, blushed with glowing thought.

So, with the clasp of love, my youthful arms
  Entwined themselves round Nature's beauteous form,
Till, on my poet-breast, her kindling charms
  Awoke to life, fresh, animate and warm.

Then lived for me the tree, the shrub, the flower;
  The streamlet's silver-fall was music then;
From lifeless things, from hill and vale and bow'r,
  An echo answered to my thoughts again.

How rich the buds of promise, that put forth,
  Along my life's path, as I wander'd on!
How few of these have 'scaped the chilly North!
  How soon the freshness of these few is gone!

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With bounding courage winged, through fairy land,
  Happy in dreams that cheat the fleeting hours,
Untouched as yet by sorrow's fetter-hand,
  How sprang the youth along that path of flowers!

Aloft to ether's furthest, palest star,
  His checkless wishes bore him, in their flight;
No thought so high, no enterprize so far,
  But on their soaring wings he reached its height.

How lightsome was he borne through ambient air!
  What task seemed weary, in that joyous day!
How graceful swept, before his triumph-car,
  The airy heralds of life's summer way!

Love, with her sweet reward, I ween, was there,
  And Happiness, with golden wreath bedight,
Glory, in crown of stars that blazed afar,
  And Truth, resplendent in her garb of light.

Alas! midway th' inconstant troop divide;
  The fair companions of his path are gone;
Faithless they turn their devious steps aside,
  Faithless forsake the wanderer, one by one.

Light-footed Happiness, the foremost, fled;
  And Truth was lost, amid a brooding storm;
The lowering clouds of Doubt arose, and shed
  Their sable influence o'er her radiant form.

Around unworthy brow I saw the wreath,—
  The holy wreath, conferr'd by Glory, shine;
And ah! I felt the soul-entrancing breath
  Of Love's own spring-time all too soon decline.

Lone and more lone the dreary path did seem,
  And more forsaken still, and darker aye;
The lingerer Hope scarce shed one flickering gleam
  Athwart the rudeness of the murky way.

Of all the clamorous attendant train
  Who yet remains, where'er my footsteps roam?
Who lingers still, to comfort and sustain,
  And follows, even to the last, dark home?

Healer of ills, with which the world is rife,
  Thou, Friendship! of the soft and gentle hand;
Thou, who dividest all the cares of life,
  Whose love, unchang'd, all ordeals can withstand;

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And Thou, who by her side hath constant stood,
  And who, like her, the soul from grief can sever,
Thou, Industry! who wearieth not in good,
  Creating evermore, destroying never:

Thou, who to rear the Sempiternal Pile,
  But grain, indeed, on grain of sand doth cast;
Yet from the debt of Ancient Time, the while,
  Days, years, a life-time striketh off, at last.

12th May, 1839.

ANTHON'S SCHOOL CLASSICS.*

First colonized at a period when the spirit of chivalry, and the laws of feudalism, were on their wane among all nations of the earth, and more especially throughout Great Britain, from which we have inherited all the most striking and distinctive features of our national physiognomy, having succeeded in establishing our independence in an age yet more practical than that of our foundation—and having achieved a high degree of wealth and power, in a space wonderfully short, as compared with the growth and eminence of every older empire, by means entirely practical and common-place—it is not to be wondered at that the especial genius of our people, as displayed in their laws, their habits, their pursuits, nay, in their very literature, and in their luxuries, should be unromantic and utilitarian to the last degree. That owing to this tendency we may not have arrived at a point of national and mercantile prosperity, which, under other circumstances, we might as yet have only seen foreshadowed through the perspective of a dim futurity, we are not now about to assert; nor have we in this light any remarks to offer on the operation of the *Cui Bono* principle, which has unquestionably been carried in America to a far greater length than in the mother country, or indeed any other land that boasts a high degree of civilization. As, however, this same principle regards the growth and culture of the intellect, we have much to observe; nor, after mature and long consideration of the subject, do we hesitate to assert that it has been of most material injury to the cause of letters, to the propagation of the higher branches of science, and to

* American School Classics.—A series of the principal Greek and Latin Authors, with Grammars, Prosodies, &c., of the respective languages. Edited by Charles Anthon, LL. D., Jay Professor in Columbia College, New York, and in course of publication by Harper & Brothers, New York.

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the polite education of our people. With that portion of our remote progenitors, who being mostly sprung from the middle classes of society—the burghers, yeomanry, and mechanics of the mother country—colonized the Eastern States of our Union, it was a first step to establish schools, and even colleges, for the instruction of all classes; and from that day forth New England has been the great nursery of teachers for the whole space contained in the wide limits of our twenty-six republics. With the yet earlier colonizers of the Southern States, this duty was far less attended to, inasmuch as being generally of easy circumstances, and attached to the public schools and universities of England, whence they had drawn their early education, the planters of the South were in the general habit, down to the period of the Revolution, of sending their sons "*home*"—as the mother country down to the very period of the Revolution was affectionately called,—to be instructed, in a style more perfect than could be then effected on this side the Atlantic; nor is this practice, although long since fallen into disuse, altogether extinct, even at the present day. It is, then, with the habits of our own portion of society, that we have now to do, and it is on them, of consequence, that our remarks have a special bearing. The first point, then, to which it is our aim to call attention, is the very general carelessness pervading every class of our society, as regards the higher grades of education—the very prevalent doctrine that no species of knowledge, not *directly* applicable to profit, is worth the labour of its acquisition! This, we are well aware, is a right heavy charge; but it is one, we fear, which will be but the more apparent, as more research is made into the facts. That our community are, from one end of the Union to the other, as a whole, possessed of a high degree of education is notorious; and few, indeed of native citizens are to be found who are not conversant with the principles at least of the three rudimental branches of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Nor can it be at all doubted that a very considerable portion have made advances far beyond this point, and have acquired a superficial knowledge of many languages, of many sciences, and of much multifarious information. Nevertheless it must, we are convinced, be granted, that we possess but an incalculably small minority of men, entitled to the name of perfect and accomplished scholars. Of this fact, for such we hold it, beyond doubt, to be, the cause is, we think, self-evident—that hitherto men have been either unwilling or unable to devote sufficient time to the purposes of education—and have, in consequence, turned their attention to the merely practical branches, neglecting the higher grades so long, that there have really been times when the cultivation of the dead languages has been deemed nearly useless by the great majority. That the cause of this neglect is the inapplicability of the Greek or Latin languages to purposes of gain, may be fairly deduced from the fact that—while we are very far behind Europeans in the general cultivation of these tongues—we are as far before them in the diffusion of other languages, which to us, though not to them, are almost necessary items of a commercial edu-

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cation. We would particularize the Spanish, which here, from our relations with the Southern continent, is understood and spoken with more fluency than French, while, in the other hemisphere, it is a rare accomplishment even with the most accomplished. It is not, of course, without an object, that we have fallen into this train of thought; far less is it with a desire of dispraising either the institutions of our country or the habits of our countrymen—for discreditable as the facts, which we have stated, would be to an older and more wealthy community, there are many undeniable reasons to be adduced, whereby to show not only that to us they are not discreditable, but that they are the necessary and unavoidable consequences of our social condition and our political institutions. In the first place—the absence of any class hereditarily rich, and therefore hereditarily men of leisure, renders it necessary that a vast majority of our citizens should, at an early age, direct their energies to the fabrication of their fortunes, or at least to the support of their families; secondly, the fact that the most numerous of our men of wealth are fabricators of their own fortunes, who have themselves acquired riches, and proportionate consideration with their fellows, without possessing the advantages of a liberal education, too often and too naturally leads them to consider those elegant and high accomplishments—the lack of which has been no stumbling-block to them—as mere frivolities and pedantry; and, thirdly, the equal division of all property, established by our law, among all the co-heirs, must make it rare indeed, that any man, however rich, should possess sufficient wealth to leave a numerous family all independent, and all at liberty to follow out the bent of their own inclinations, untrammelled by the need of labour.

Taking the fact then for granted, we would for a short space call attention to the effects, which this neglect has had on our institutions for the purposes of education!—to the dangers arising, or likely to arise, from these effects, and of the best means of obviating such dangers. In the first place, then, the effect is necessarily this, that pupils in our colleges and schools, not remaining sufficiently long, or if remaining, not devoting their attention to classical studies, except superficially, there has not been a sufficient demand for teachers to render it worth the while to our younger students to qualify themselves for acting as instructors in the dead languages, except on a scale wretchedly narrow and deficient—the number of *young* men capable of teaching, *thoroughly*, even the rudiments of Grammar, and Prosody, whether Greek or Latin, being far from great! While of those, who have a perfect and scientific knowledge of the more uncommon metres—of the choral measures more especially—or even of the structure of the ordinary senarian and trochaic systems, it is so very inconsiderable, as to render it almost absurd to speak of it. The primal danger of this effect is this, that if the present tendency continue, we shall soon arrive at such a pass as to render the acquisition of a really high and perfect classical education, impossible to the next, if not to the present generation. The secondary and more important—because

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more common and sensible peril—is one, which we fear has already begun to operate; namely: a gradual decline in the capacity and qualifications of teachers *generally*, even of those professing merely to impart the principles of an ordinary English education. When it is once taken for granted, that the niceties and delicate shades—elegances, if we choose to call them so, and luxuries,—of the higher branches are superfluous, and to be neglected with impunity, it soon will follow that correctness, force, and perspicuity, will be overlooked even in the vernacular; and with sorrow, but with truth we say it, we fear even now that many of the mere English teachers—the common-school instructors of the United States—are utterly unfit for their professions, as teaching the language superficially, and with corruptions no less barbarous than frequent; so that it appears to us a contingency by no means impossible, that to understand our native tongue—as every educated man ought to understand it—so thoroughly and purely as to render an offence against the rules of Grammar or pronunciation wholly out of question, may in time be deemed a needless and effeminate, if not a pedantic and overstrained refinement.

Under these not unfrequent circumstances, and with these apprehensions before our eyes, it was with particular gratification that we noticed some considerable time ago, the announcement of a series of school classics, of a higher grade than any thing of the kind previously published in America, to issue from the press of the Harpers in New York, under the supervision of Jay Professor of the Greek and Latin languages of Columbia College, a gentleman whose name afforded, in itself, an ample and abundant guarantee of excellence in any works which should be ushered to the public, under his auspices and sanction. Up to this time the elementary books, used in our schools and colleges, have been almost exclusively reprints of English works, often abridgements of more voluminous editions curtailed, or garbled, injudiciously by the American reviser, for the purpose of enabling him to procure a copy-right in the United States. It is not difficult to comprehend, that these school-books never, under such circumstances, could be really suitable to learners in this country; the very general and very extraordinary ignorance prevailing throughout Europe; but especially in England, whence from the similarity of tongue, the most part of these works were borrowed; with regard to the character of our institutions and our people, the natural tendency of authors, living under monarchical or aristocratic forms, to lean toward the same side of the question, as presented by the histories of the old republics; and yet more, the constant overpassing in the advanced classics of all those minor points which it is taken for granted are generally known in Europe, as they certainly are not here, render it peculiarly desirable that a class of American publications should be prepared for the use of the American schools and colleges. It was, therefore, with much gratification that we observed the first announcement of the intention of Dr. Anthon to devote his attention, for some time to come,

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of the reliques left us by the Poets, Historians, and Philosophers of olden times. Another cause of our satisfaction is the strong presumptive evidence, afforded by the fact of so experienced and prudent a house as that of the Harpers, undertaking a series of so elevated and extensive a range, going to prove that the time had at length arrived when the market was calling for books, which had been so long a *desideratum*, and that the population of America were becoming aware of the deficiencies in their method of education, and desirous of supplying their wants; that the pursuit of knowledge, of literary eminence, of elegant acquirements in the liberal arts, was at length about to take the place of that *auri sacra fames*, which, while it has crowded our quays with argosies from every clime, and decked our towns with sumptuous and stately buildings, has left to its deluded votaries neither the inclination nor the time to deck the nobler human edifice with those adornments, which not only beautify it during its allotted time below, but fit it for that other sphere, toward which, in mystery and doubt, all men are travelling alike.

Of the classical series to which we have alluded, seven works have been already given to the public as an earnest of what is to follow, and the remainder are, we understand, in a state of such forwardness as promises with certainty that their publication will continue at brief and rapidly recurring intervals. The high favor which they have already acquired has been quite sufficient to prove their claims to it, and to render their success indubitable. The works already published are as follows: First Latin lessons, comprising the most important parts of the Grammar of the Latin language. First Greek lessons, containing the most important parts of the Grammar of the Greek language; Sallust's Jugurthine War, and conspiracy of Catiline, with an English commentary, and Geographical and Historical Indexes; select orations of Cicero, with an English Commentary and Historical, Geographical, and Legal Indexes; Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War, with the first book of the Greek Paraphrase, with English Notes, critical and explanatory plans of battles, sieges, &c., and Historical, Geographical and Archœological Indexes. The works of Horace, with English Notes, critical and explanatory; a Grammar of the Greek language, for the use of schools and colleges. A system of Greek Prosody and metre, for the use of schools and colleges; together with the choral scanning of the Prometheus Vinctus of Æscylus, and the Ajax, and Oedipus Tyrannus, of Sophocles; to which are appended remarks on Indo-Germanic Analogues, by Charles Anthon, LL. D. The number of these works, and the narrow limits, within which an article of this nature must of necessity be circumscribed, will, of course, prevent the possibility of our examining thoroughly, and in complete detail, each one of the works before us; which, in fact, are of sufficient importance and weight to merit, each for itself, such a number of pages as we are able to give to the examination of the whole. It is, therefore, our intention to give but a cursory notice to the five works, which stand at the head of the above list, not as

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being altogether of less importance, but as being more easily to be dealt with, from their very nature, than the Greek Grammar and Prosody, to which we shall principally devote our attention, as works the merits or demerits of which can hardly be treated briefly, and at the same time with justice. The first lessons, both of Latin and Greek, are, as their titles indicate, mere elementary books for education in the very earliest branches of translation and composition in these important tongues. In these books, however excellent they may be, it will be evident to all our readers, that, there is no great room for the display of erudition; but to some it will, perhaps, be new to see it asserted, that the greatest fault such books can have, is that display; many works, which would be otherwise valuable, being rendered wholly useless for the specific end to which they are intended, by the simple fact of their being too learned for those minds which in order to profit by them, must first comprehend them. Indeed it is but rarely that those men, who have attained to vast proficiency in letters, are the best calculated either to publish school-books, or to give oral lessons, for the instruction of the young. The very fact that *they* know all the earlier steps at a glance, and as it were intuitively, leads them too often to forget the obscurity in which those same steps are involved to the beginner, to overlook the difficulties which exist, and to hurry over, or altogether omit, those first but all important branches, which they are deceived into imagining familiar, or at least easy to all, because they are so to themselves. Nor is this all, men of this kind are very naturally apt, even when seeking to explain, to use as explanatory terms English words, which though perfectly understood by the lexicographer and philologest, are quite beyond the reach of the boy's mind, who is thereby compelled to learn by rote, that which he ought to understand as perfectly as his alphabet, and which, if he do not so understand it, he will most certainly forget. These faults in school-books, heavy enough wherever they may be found, are more grievous in the United States than in Europe; for the reason, that *there* few if any attempt to teach, who are not themselves perfectly well acquainted with the inferior parts at least of Latin and Greek literature,—who, of course, form a link as it were in the chain between the author and the scholar, a good deal higher than the one, yet a good deal lower than the other,—and who, being more familiar with those very parts of the subject slightly or carelessly treated in the text, are able to supply the steps omitted, to explain the hard terms injudiciously applied, and in short to make that clear by oral teaching, which, if merely learnt from a book, would be entirely incomprehensible. This great aid is, in America, for reasons which we above alluded to, denied to the writer of school-books, for comparatively few of those who *teach* having thoroughly *learnt* the very branches in which they profess to give instruction, and the great mass only acting as teachers for the double purpose of supporting themselves while studying some other profession, and of learning something themselves of that which they are supposed capable of imparting to others—it

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follows that a teacher, himself struggling to comprehend and acquire, will be unable to explain; and will be too apt, in order to conceal his own deficiency from his pupils, to ascribe that to dulness or obstinacy, which his own case should teach him to assign to the true cause of incompleteness in the manual; a cause, however, which though he may suspect, his own uncertainty and doubtful standing, prevent him from daring to assert.

The great advantages then to be derived from the use of the First Greek and Latin lessons of Professor Anthon are these: first, that the pupil will find little indeed which his own unassisted comprehension will not be able to embrace; and secondly, that the tutor, however slightly he may be fitted for his duties, will be able to take in the whole design so readily, that he cannot possibly be at a loss as to giving what small portions of explanation may be needful. The plan of these works is, as it should be, vastly simple; commencing with the first rudiments of grammar, accompanied, step by step, with examples of the relation, agreement, and government of words; beginning by the shortest and most easy nouns connected together according to the simplest forms of Syntax, and gradually advancing, accompanied by grammatical rules, declensions, and conjugations, until it has arrived at a point which, once reached by the scholar, will render his future progress alike pleasant and rapid. The principal merit of these two works is the very thorough manner in which they provide for the laying of a sound and solid base of education. No step, however brief, is overleaped—no link, however seemingly unimportant it may be, is omitted; and this fact, if this alone, should be sufficient to procure for them a passport into every school and college; for the great bane of scholarship is a careless and slovenly grounding. If the foundation have not been truly laid at first, it will be a vain effort, a mere waste of time and toil, to strive to raise on it a fair and even superstructure. If the pupil have not thoroughly and perfectly acquired the declensions of his nouns and adjectives, and the conjugations of his simple verbs, at least, before he be set to work upon the text of authors, he is immediately involved in a maze, to him wholly inexplicable; he becomes dispirited in the first instance; and in the next is found either utterly careless and indifferent to the dull task forced down by rote, or else working out the sense by English translations, and faulty keys, in a manner so lazy and superficial, that, though it may save him from disgrace and punishment, it will have no effect whatever toward rendering him a scholar. The farther he persists, the more complete becomes this sense of his own utter inability, till at last he flings aside his books in hopeless disgust, never to turn to them again. On the other hand, if the first base be laid correctly, as by the aid of these admirable school-books it may be with the greatest ease, every step will be firmly acquired. And here let the teacher remember that it matters not how *long* the learner is in gaining the few first degrees, provided that he in truth does gain them, and understand what he has learned; every step firmly acquired leads as easily

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and naturally to the next, as the problems of Euclid to the corollaries arising from them; so that the progress, after the first start is fairly made, is neither slow nor painful; and like a well-built arch, the greater weight that is imposed upon it, the firmer will be the base, and the steadier the whole edifice of the cultivated mind.

Next in order to these, we come to the three classical authors, which, only have as yet been given to the public. The commentaries of Cæsar; the Jugurthine War, and Catiline of Sallust—and the select orations of Cicero. The text of these indispensable classics is such, as we should have expected from the able scholar, who has superintended them with so much labour and research. It is invariably correct, lucid, and elegant; always adopting the best and purest readings, yet never running into the common fault of editors, that straining after emendations which, so generally conjectural and rash, detract much from the merit of many an elaborate edition by many a studious and ingenious scholar. A dissertation precedes each of these works, in the form of a conversational discussion of the character, intentions, style and beauties or defects of the author, and is in every case well managed and useful, conveying the facts clearly, and not the facts only but the matured opinions of the editor as founded on them. This mode, however, of imparting such instruction we cannot but think inferior to a direct easy narrative style, and we regret that in works of this description such a style was not adopted. The simple language of truth will be found the best always to convey information to the minds of youth. The principle is not correct which prefers imparting it under a guise of fiction, that impairs the healthy tone of the mind, and after all has not half the interest which unadorned facts intrinsically possess,—and in a degree for the adult as the youth. The commentaries on the text are really invaluable. Written succinctly, but at the same time at sufficient length to obviate all danger of obscurity in pure, terse English, comprising much of history, much of explanatory matter, and many critical and philological remarks of the highest order, yet couched in terms so simple that the early student's intellect cannot avoid perceiving their drift; these notes are, we conceive, the very best we have ever seen attached to a school-book. There is no difficult or crabbed passage which is not therein rendered into correct, and for the most part graceful English; there is not a peculiar use of any of the moods or tenses which is not briefly commented upon; and the slight yet most important shades of difference in their significations indicated with earnest and skilful minuteness. In addition to these there is an index to each—single, double, or threefold, as the nature of the work may require. These indexes are in fact classical dictionaries of a very high order, but of course limited to those names, whether of places, individuals, or laws which are to be met with in the text of the writer, to which they are attached. All who have read the admirable edition, by the same gentleman, of Lempriere's dictionary, are qualified to judge of the style in which these indexes are executed. For our part, were we about to choose a

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model for brief and concise yet ample biographical memoirs, we should decidedly propose to ourselves for imitation the notices of Lucullus, Marius, Cato and others, whose lives and actions are depicted with a master's hand, in illustration of those passages wherein an incidental mention of their name occurs. This system of explanatory commentaries, and correct lexicons, or indexes, attached to the body of school-books, is in our opinion, as excellent, as the use of translations is prejudicial. Too much is not told here, full scope is yielded to the ingenuity of the scholar, while aid enough is given to him to prevent his despairing; and all means are taken to interest him in his studies, and to induce him to follow out the thread to the end, which he is fifty to one more likely to do, having the means of gaining the desired information, in the very volume which he holds in his hand, than he would be, had he to turn from book to book, hunting in vain through many a quarto page, for something which, when found, will be perhaps so vague and bald as to fall sadly short of his necessities. Nor does this observation apply to boys alone; men aye! and studious men, will often hesitate about rising up to fetch down a volume of reference from their library shelves, when they would eagerly devour whatever information they could meet with, provided they could avoid the trouble of locomotion. These three works, then, are, in our opinion, the very model of what school-books ought to be; and not that only, but very desirable acquisitions to the library of any man of letters; who must be well informed and deeply read indeed, if he do not find much that is entirely new to him, much that being old is yet presented to him in a new and clearer light than he has ever met with it before, and much indeed that is both valuable and interesting in the very highest degree. We are happy to learn that a very early addition may be expected to this department of the series in a new edition, now in press, of the first great work of Dr. Anthon, which immediately on its appearance gained for *him* an European reputation, and for *itself* admission into the most eminent and exclusive schools and universities of England and the Continent; we mean, of course, the Horace, which has entirely superseded Gesner and Bentley's editions, formerly the established class-books in Great Britain; and which is justly entitled to do so, from the superb collection of voluminous commentaries, excursions and notes which accompany its severe and polished text. All these volumes, by the way, are published by the New York house in a style widely at variance from that wretched class of books—reprints of English or of German works with incorrect and blundering text, notes wide of the purpose and either diffuse and rambling, *usque ad nauseam*, or bald, brief and insufficient to their object—which the parsimony of our publishers so frequently puts forth on wretched paper, with typography as coarse and inelegant as the matter it embodies is commonplace and worthless. If it were only for the sake of driving these unseemly and prejudicial books entirely out of the market, the American School Classics ought to meet the universal support of all who wish well to the cause of education and literature.

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The volumes to which we now come, in the course of our observations, are of a charcter far more ambitious than those which we have noticed heretofore—although by no means less adapted to the understanding of beginners—and by their very nature require a union of rare qualities in their author. None but a person of erudition, in this country, at the least, unusual, could attempt the task with slightest hopes of success: and yet we do not hesitate to say, that the mere knowledge is the least important of the qualifications necessary to the successful writer on philology and prosody. It is one thing to *know*, and another to convey *knowledge* to others; and for ninety-nine men who possess the science, we shall not find one capable of making it clearly understood by those less fortunate. A certain and peculiar tact; an intuitive method of rendering that interesting, which is in its nature dry; a faculty of leading on the learner, as it were; by induction, from step to step of the ascent; a practical acquaintance with the art of teaching; a power of looking, as it were, *with the eyes of a boy*, upon that which is compiled with the whole abilities of a man; a skill, not frequently found or of common occurrence in presenting all truths in the clearest, simplest, and, at the same time, briefest manner; in keeping down all redundancy, which confuses and wearies; and at the same time in shunning that laconic and, as it may be called, epigramatic brevity, which leaves the subject in obscurity and doubt: these would seem to be the qualities most essential to the grammarian, and these qualities the author of the volumes before us unquestionably possesses in a very unusual degree. In order to come at the truth of this, we will take a short review of the Greek Grammars heretofore most esteemed, and thence by comparison, we shall readily deduce the superiority of Professor Anthon's work.

To commence; the Eton and Westminster Greek Grammars, which have been the base of those used in our schools and colleges, though altered more or less judiciously, are good skeletons; that is to say, they do well enough to be learnt by rote; and when so learned will leave, at least, on the memory of the pupil the inflexions of termination by which the meanings and dependance of the language is manifested: but they will do no more, and consequently we shall find that this is the sole use to which they are applied. The pupil painfully and reluctantly *commits to memory that which he does not understand;* and the explanations are only subsequently doled out to him by the oral exposition of the teachers; exposition not of the grammar, as a grammar, but of the various grammatical facts which occcur, in no regular progress or order, in the pages of whatever author may be recited at class. That this system does make scholars is true—how it does so is problematical—and that it does so, by the most natural, easy and speedy method, is certainly obnoxious to denial. The German Grammars on the other hand, which are all works of erudition, are too cumbersome, too diffuse, and above all too rambling, to be read with advantage in education; they are too much allied to lectures in their character, presenting often, arguments whereby to prove facts, rather than facts themselves; they are in short too

prosy, to use an ordinary but intelligible word, to suit the minds of the young. Now it is obvious, that the desideratum is something half way between the two; something that will not only leave the facts on the memory, but will show whence those facts are derived, and reply to the question perpetually arising in the mind of the pupil, *cui bono.* In order to do this, the *facts*—i. e. the declensions of the nouns and adjectives, with the formation of their cases—must be set forth as clearly and fully as possible, and the like of the voices, modes, tenses and verbs. Next comes the great stumbling block—to show how, and why, these formations—the most difficult, the most beautiful, and the most important of all grammatical studies: tracing, for the most part, everything to one simple, regular and *same* beginning, and showing that there is nothing arbitrary, or uncertain, or useless in the texture of this most sublime language, but that every delicate shade has its distinctive meaning, and arises naturally and simply from its preceding and less perfect form. To do this successfully, we must present to the boy, in regular ascending order,—not the arguments by which we were convinced of the facts, for though interesting and luminous to us, to him they will be tedious, dry, and utterly obscure,—but the facts themselves, each as deduced from the last, with a very brief account, couched in the plainest language, of the method of the change and its utility and object. This, then, is precisely what Professor Anthon has done, and accordingly his grammar, while affording all the broad and tangible facts of the language, as presented by the English Grammars, does not, like them, leave the cause and meaning of those facts to be conjectured or misunderstood, but gives the origin of the changes and their results, in a manner so brief and luminous that the effect is an almost intuitive comprehension of the subject. From the first pages, which contain a few easy and at the same time conclusive rules, relating to the division of letters, the breathings, accents and simple figures of orthography, to the end of the last excursus, the thing which strikes us most, is the constant classification and simplification. The fulness of the declensions of the nouns and adjectives, of which all the numbers are now declined at length, so that the pupil is no longer left in doubt, whether they be *five* or *two* cases in the dual,—as we have often seen him, when merely two final syllables were presented to him, to signify the whole five cases,—is the next valuable improvement; and is really such in no small or unimportant degree. The formation of the cases follows beautifully clear and luminous, and thence through the adjectives, numerals, &c. to the verbs, first regular, with their formations according to the *old* rules, and excellent *new* observations on the origin of their changes; then contracted and irregular, all conjugated at full length, and all explained with equal accuracy, truth and simplicity. The alphabetical catalogue of the defective and irregular verbs is the most complete and comprehensive we have ever seen, and is, in fact, better than any dictionary extant for the beginner. The adverbs, conjunctions, negative particles and prepositions, with their significations, positions in construction, government, &c., follow in

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regular course, and are no less complete and all-conclusive than the foregoing portions of the volume, which terminates with the rules of Syntax clearly laid down, fully exemplified, and free alike, as far as a close examination has enabled us to discover, from error, redundancy, or meagreness. In a word, we look upon this Greek Grammar as the best ever published, not only here, but anywhere; suitable no more to the raw beginner than to the mature and advanced scholar; an offering of the greatest possible value to the rising generation of America; and likely to produce results, fully equal to its own merits, and to the labor which has been expended on its pages.

The Greek Grammar then, is, as we have endeavoured to show, a vast improvement on all former works of the same nature: the Prosody differs from it, as being, in so far as we know, *sui generis.* There exists, nothing like a manual of the prosody of the Greek language in the English tongue; a few bald and brief rules at the commencement of Maltby and Morell's Thesurus, and a few other scattered commentaries on various classical authors, with Porson's preface to the four plays of Euripides, published by that great scholar, forming all the elementary lights on the subject presented heretofore to students of the English Universities; while in our own, the whole branch has been neglected as fantastic and superfluous, if not imaginary and ideal. In the English *schools* by dint of long practice the scholar acquires *an ear* for Greek and Latin pronunciation, so that you will rarely detect an Eton or Westminster man, though perhaps, beyond this point of meagre acquirement in classics, tripping in quantity. The habit of constant poetical composition, both in heoric, elegiac and lyrical verse improves the ear yet farther, and teaches, step by step, *and in the absence of all rules,* the Latin metres. Thus is the Latin prosody at length acquired, *in practice*; though with the *theory* and *reasons,* the scholar is often still, entirely unacquainted. A process of the same kind, teaches the student of the universties the prosody of the Greek tongue; by the laborious perusal of long commentaries on every several author, Epic, Dramatic, Pastoral or Lyric, while the prizes for composition in Senarian Iambics, and in Greek Alcaics, contended for with eager rivalry, complete the course, and for the most part elegantly enough, though not in most cases thoroughly, or on scientific grounds, and always at a vast expense of time and labor. It seems to have been a favorite maxim of our forefathers, that as they learned themselves without aid, so no aid was to be given to posterity, and that the best mode of teaching the young *was not hindering them from finding out what they could for themselves.* Now however, luckily for school-boys, *nous avons changé tout celà,* as the French Jacobin said of the Christian religion—and this little volume is one of the most important changes. Commencing with a brief definition of prosody, and the first plain rules for position, the long vowels, and the quantity of the short vowels, with exceptions—the author goes forward to the grand key of the whole mystery, the quantity of the doubtful vowels, &c. &c., which he explains in a manner

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most logical and with the most copious examples, as affected variously, in their various positions in the final syllables, in the increment of nouns or verbs, in the penultima, and in the syllables before the penultima. This completes the first part of the work, and completes it so effectually, that we do not hesitate to say, that more may be acquired of real knowledge of the Greek prosody in three months, diligently applied to the perusal and study of this first part, than in six years by the ordinary methods. We would particularly dwell on the observations with regard to the lengthening of short, and the shortening of long vowels accordingly as they occur in the arsis or thesis of the foot. The argument is conclusive, and better put than in any work we have ever seen. The second part, on metre, commences with an admirable treatise on the Greek feet and metres, with excellent observations on the interchange of the isochronous syllables, and thence proceeds to give a compendium of all the Greeks measures in use; the whole is performed with the thorough skill of a writer perfectly conversant with the topic on which he writes, and of a teacher practically acquainted with the art of instruction. The scansion of the choral strains of three excellent Greek tradegies follows, —the Prometheus, Œdipus, Tyrannus and Ajax Flagellifer, and besides presenting an admirable commentary and exemplification of what has gone before, gives to the student a beautiful and accurate text of some of the most sublime specimens of lyric poetry existing. The Indo-Germanic Analogies, which close the volume, are not inferior in conclusiveness or depth of learning to any of the earlier matter, nor, in our belief, are they of less practical utility; though probably the novelty, to American scholars, of the doctrines they contain, and their greater profundity will render them less generally popular. As a whole, we esteem the prosody as of even greater general utility than the grammar; for whereas that is the *best*, this is the *only* complete and compendious guide of the learner, to a real comprehension and appreciation of the harmony, beauty and sublimity of the noblest language ever spoken upon earth. The publishers have played their part well: the text is excellent, the type clear and handsome, the paper white, firm and solid, so that the whole appearance of the volume is highly attractive.

In conclusion, we hail the appearance of this series, as an indication of a new era; for as the arrival of the swallow, though it be not in itself summer, is the sign that summer is at hand, because summer alone can supply the causes that bring the bird, so the appearance of these high works indicate that a new era is at hand, because the approach of a new era alone could create a demand for them. We hail them, therefore, as the tokens and forerunners of a new and nobler era, wherein our country shall show itself to possess as much desire to gain, and the same means of gaining, a high and creditable station in the accomplishments, the elegancies, and the liberal arts, which add so much to the real enjoyments of human life; and which can only be obtained by a high classical schooling of the mind; as it has displayed of energy, in the vast strides

which it has made in the acquisition of wealth, and to the diffusion of the inestimable blessings of a common education to the humblest classes of its citizens: and when this era shall arive, as certain we are that it will shortly, Professor Anthon will be *as* surely hailed the master-spirit who gave the first impulse to the great movement, the end of which no man may see, or judge of, except by vague conjecture.

A NAME.

BY EUGENE D. ST. HUBERT.

Why doth the anxious student toil
  Beside a flickering light,
So oft, till time rings in his ears,
  The solemn noon of night?
With constant, persevering care,
  And ever active mind,
He scans the philosophic page,
  Its hidden truths to find.

And why ascends the rostrum's height
  With firm, unfaltering tread,
The man of proud, commanding form,
  In science deeply read?
The thoughts that coursed his studious brain,
  Have channelled cheek and brow;
They are in safe memorial stored,
  His mental treasures now.

The crowds assembled at his feet
  In silent order stand;
Attentive to his pleasant speech,
  They wait his high command.
They list his fervid eloquence,
  And high their voices raise,
Answering his ready bursts of thought
  With fitful shouts of praise.

How like a sea-bird moves yon ship,
  Upon the dark green sea?
A nation's banner from her prow
  Is waving gallantly.

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A nation's honor is her freight,
  And in a nation's name,
She carries to a foreign port
  Her admiralty's fame.

Upon yon field her robes of green
  Hath bounteous nature spread;
And on the flowery vesture now
  Contending armies tread.
A thousand falchions flaming there,
  Like lightning furies flash;
Stars of the bloody tempest, on
  In terrors fierce they dash.

The summer leaves and flowers are crushed
  'Neath bodies of the slain,
And long will that ensanguined field
  Wear on its front the stain
Of blood, that kingly arrogance
  In heated passion shed,
And long may feuds of nations mourn
  Their mountains of the dead.

Thus millions of the busy world,
  As with a single aim,
Seek with their might and energy
  That gilded thing—a Name.
And yet how few amid the throngs,
  Who long for fame have striven,
Have sought in deeds of righteousness
  A name for endless heaven.

BALTIMORE, MD., *May 24th*, 1839.

HADDON'S RIDE.

A STORY OF ANNE ARUNDEL.

Some years since, I received an invitation from an old friend to spend a few weeks at his farm, where he assured me I should find plenty of game, and perfect freedom from all restraint. Remembering that when a boy I had been accounted a remarkable shot and a successful sportsman, having killed dozens of Pee-wees, and sometimes, by uncommon luck, brought home a robin, these inducements proved irresistible; the first roused all the Nimrod within me, the second was grateful to a body not then broken in to the cart-horse labours of an accounting office. In the ensuing autumn, finding a period of comparative leisure before me, I

procured leave of absence, and mounting a horse, a quiet animal and not at all vicious, as I took care to ascertain, set forward on my pilgrimage to the land of freedom. Painter lived in a remote corner of Anne Arundel, near some "ville" or other, and his directions for finding his residence were most clear and precise. I conned them over, when I found myself fairly embarked. I was to keep the main road north, till I reached its intersection with the Baltimore road; this I was to take and keep till I came to a lane marked by three chesnut trees; this I must follow through a dozen turnings, all distinctly marked by chesnuts, until I met the county road, which would lead me within three miles of my destination, after which "any one" could tell me the way. Indeed "any one" which I found to be "no one," was to be my constant referee, should my chart fail me. Under their auspices I went confidently forward, and by following my chart rigidly, aided by occasional intimations from "any one," of course found myself by evening completely bewildered in the multiplicity of cross-roads, to which our neighboring counties devote so much of a soil fitted for little else. I hopelessly drew forth my chart once more, but its bearings had no relation to the topography of that region, so, without more ado, I submitted the question to an aged negro, who was whistling behind a pair of oxen, dragging a reversed harrow, and at times drawing over them his heavy lash, more by way of burden to his shrill tune, than with any wish to quicken their speed. The sable agriculturist heard my dilemma with attention, scratched his head gravely, and answered to my question whether he knew the place.

"Oh yes! I know de place well, marse Jack bought his seed wheat of him; but it be a monstrous long ride for dis night, and de way is hard to find;" he paused a moment, and then continued "you have to turn back sir, till you come to a big chesnut."

"Oh! if it comes to chesnuts again," cried I, "you need say no more. I have been riding after chesnuts the whole day. But tell me, my man, is there no tavern near, where I could get my horse fed, and get supper and lodging for myself."

"None dis side of Colesville—eight miles off," answered he; "but come up to the house, marse Jack would be mighty glad to see you; all de gentl'um stop here when de rain ketch 'um."

Seeing no alternative, after much hesitation I complied with the invitation, fully intending, however, to push on at any risk, should my welcome prove cold. I found, however, that the negro, a favorite servant, had not transcended his powers. 'Marse Jack,' otherwise John Colter, was absent, but his wife received me with the manners of a lady, and the cordiality of an old acquaintance. In a few moments her husband arrived; he had been attending the sale of the effects of a deceased neighbor, and had brought home some friends to spend the evening with him. They were visibly in a lively mood, and the wife's countenance fell as they entered; she presided at the tea-table, but quitted the room immediately after. The conversation during the meal, turned principally upon

the sale, and this topic was continued over the toddy, which is always introduced when strangers are present, and generally, when they are not. At first I felt awkward at not being able to join in the conversation, but finding that an occasional laugh answered all the expectations of my host, I contented myself with paying that tribute, when I thought it necessary, and found ample amusement in listening to their odd jokes and quaint stories, told with genuine humour, and always received with hearty shouts.

"Them hogs went dog cheap," said Colter. "Poor Glover! he was so fond of 'em. The dutton corn was nothing to his shoats."

"Did you hear Bailey bidding agin the widow, for the very stock she wants to keep on the farm? I could'nt ha' thought that of Bailey."

"Who got the cow and calf?"

"Me," said an old man, "a fine cow and heavy calf that; one might take Haddon's ride on that calf."

"Haddon's ride! What's that?" cried one, scenting a jest.

"Lord, did Haddon never tell you of his ride?"

"No."

"Nor you?"

"No."

"Then *I'll* tell you," said the senior, with a smile of satisfaction.

He thought a moment, shook his head and laughed gently, as it might be at the review of the circumstance, then composing himself, and drawing a slight sigh, thus began:

"Poor Haddon! he's been dead many a year, and no doubt is happy now, for he's found out many a strange thing that puzzled him sorely while on earth. He knew more ghost stories than any man I ever saw, and would sometimes get me to listen to him (and it was his delight) till my teeth would chatter, and my hair bristle on my head, if I heard a cat mew, or a dog howl at night, for a month afterwards. He knew hundreds of charms, and could make the cream rise, or butter come, in a manner wonderful to tell. Some used to say he could raise the evil one, but I never believed that, for Haddon had a good heart, and never injured any man, and, except that he would take a glass too much, no one could say a word against him. He was over curious, however, in matters that men should not meddle with, and this, once, had nearly cost him his life. This is the story as he used to tell it. He was going home one evening late, and feeling dry (as he always did) as he passed through Colesville, thought he'd stop to get a drink of something comfortable. He lighted at the tavern, and who should he find there but three of his neighbors and several strangers, all sitting drinking in the bar; so finding himself in such good company, Jack sat down too. There was a pedlar there, a merry man, who could drink a horn, sing a song, or tell a tale, with any man; he was just the fellow for Jack, who sat enraptured, till the clock struck ten. It was late for him; he had many miles to go, but the moon was bright, and the road was plain, so he called for his horse, the pedlar

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helped him on, and he turned his face homeward with a sigh. But all the way home he was thinking upon a thing the pedlar had told; and of all the strange things he knew, that was the strangest.

"'Take a bull calf, nine months old—' so it ran—'rub the spot where butchers feel, with unsalted butter from his dam's milk, put a spear of mint under his tongue, and if you mount him while the clock strikes twelve, you may ride twenty miles and back within the hour; but take care not to speak a word while on him, for this would deliver you to an evil power, and consign you to a violent death.' Now it so happened that Bill had a calf of the genuine Durham breed just of the age prescribed, and while thinking of the circumstance, he recollected that his wife had churned that very day, and the butter must be at that moment, lying in the dairy, ready for market on the morrow; the Durham's butter was always kept separate, being very rich and intended for a particular customer; and that there was a mint bed near the gate, Bill knew from daily experience. Opportunity is a stronger temptation than want, and Bill felt an undefined foreboding, as the singular coincidence became manifest, that this night would prove the power of the charm, and that he was destined to perform the daring feat. It was dangerous and it was terrible to be flying over the country at that hour; but he might as well try, and the calf might not go off after all. 'I half think' said he, 'it's all a lie of that funny rogue, for he seemed to look at me mighty cunning. I've never seed the thing that could throw me yet, and if Bill Haddon can't hold his tongue, I don't know who can, that's all. So I hope Betty has'nt salted all that butter.'

"He reached home, stabled his horse, and as he passed the dairy door pushed it wide; a number of prints lay on the shelf, and near them a lump of rich yellow butter, which a peculiar and familiar impress of Betty's knuckles assured him was what he sought. He separated a small quantity with his thumb nail, and submitted it to his palate—'twas guiltless of salt, then securing a larger portion, he proceeded towards the house, and finished his preparations, by plucking a few spears of mint as he entered the gate.

"The most profound silence reigned as he entered the little enclosure, and Bill stepped as carefully as if he was afraid of waking some one, though he knew a cannon shot would hardly disturb his slumbering household. There was a candle burning in the little parlor, and as he gazed through the uncurtained window, at the broad square face of the wooden clock upon the mantel, he saw that the iron hand was hard on to twelve, and heard the sudden rattle of the wheels which indicates its intention to strike in a few moments; in an instant more the opportunity would be lost. This decided him; he strode into the field, and skilfully seizing the Durham by the tail and ear, brought him struggling before the door; then having performed the witching operations, looked at the clock and found the time almost expired. The devoted animal now lay perfectly still. The dogs, after manifesting some curiosity at these unu-

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sual proceedings, retired to rest in the shadow of the house, and Bill heard nothing but the ticking of the clock and the thumping of his heart beating in double quick time. This awful period passed slowly away; but at length the whizzing of the wheels warned him to seize hold, and as he did so the first stroke rang upon his ear, and he heard no more. Away sprang the calf like lightning, followed by the baying of the startled dogs, and the daring rider soon found himself moving over the fields at much faster rate than he had ever followed fox or hound. Fences were no impediments, gullies (and they are many, wide, and deep here) were passed like last year's furrows in a cornfield; away he flew over the hills, up one side and down the other, through rocks, and streams, and fallen timber, with such ease and activity that Jack, who was an excellent judge of horse flesh, began to lose his confusion in the admiration excited by his singular steed. He began to think this was a very pleasant as well as expeditious mode of conveyance, and was endeavoring to hit upon some means of profiting by the extraordinary qualities of his beast, when he was aroused by the roar of the river, which he perceived by well-known signs he was fast approaching. 'Rather a dangerous course this,' thought he, and well he might, for the river at that place was bordered by high and broken cliffs, and rushed through the defile with great rapidity; so he pressed the calf's neck in token that he would have him change his course, but the dumb little innocent could not understand it; he raised his ear and tried to pull his head to the required direction, but the obstinate little brute rushed straight onward as if bent upon the destruction both of himself and his rider. 'Stubborn fool,' inly ejaculated Haddon as he seized both ears, and tugged with all his force to turn or stop his bedevilled steed. But his efforts were vain; the neck of the cursed beast was as rigid as iron, and he was hurried along with undiminished rapidity, kicking and struggling, to his doom. It was while hurrying forward with dreadful speed, that Bill saw before him a human figure, and as he passed recognized the pedlar, who shouted to his flying victim—'A pleasant journey, and a safe return.' Poor Bill could only shake his fist in return. He felt himself entrapped into the power of the evil one, and he doubted not the pedlar was an agent sent for his destruction. The roar of the waters grew loud on his ear, and in another moment he saw the foaming waves raging far below. He closed his eyes on the dreadful gulf, and was trying to form a prayer when he felt the powerful bound of the animal beneath him, and was safely landed on the other side. 'That's a good jump for a calf,' cried he, joy and wonder dissolving the caution which terror had but more firmly impressed. Misplaced exultation! the fatal words broke the charm; a dreadful roar burst from the bewitched animal; his eyes, burning like coals of fire, were turned upon his rider, whom with one bound he hurled into the stream. Haddon fell like stone, the raging floods bore him on, dashing and whirling him among the rocks till no spark of consciousness remained.

Much was Betty's surprise and deep apprehension when she found next

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morning her husband still absent. She went to the stable; his horse was not there, but on returning to the house, the first sight that met her eyes was the ghastly but still breathing form of her husband. His negroes going out to work had found the horse grazing near a ditch, at the bottom of which was his master, who had apparently fallen off in attempting to leap it. How he came there was a matter of deep surprise to him, but not so to his wife; she lectured him soundly on his bad habits, as she called them, and laughed at him when he told the story of the calf. Indeed, she easily persuaded him that it had all been a dream—especially as the pedlar came there next day, and sold them some excellent bargains; so he agreed to lay it all on the rum, and to drink no more, except in moderation. This promise he kept most righteously until his wife's death, after which he stuck to rum toddy and his story of the calf with great constancy for the remainder of his days."

Here ended the story of Bill Haddon, with which the company seemed vastly pleased; and when I retired, excusing myself on the score of a fatiguing ride of sixteen miles, I heard renewed bursts of laughter, whether at Haddon's ride or mine I had no way to ascertain.

THE FAIRY ISLE.

In the far off South, where no rude breeze
E'er sweeps o'er the breast of the halcyon seas;
Where the airs breathe balm, and the heavens smile
With a glorious radiance, a fairy isle
Lolls on the breast of the mother deep,
With a dimpled cheek like a babe asleep.
  There forests sloped from the silver flood
To the sunlight lift their tall green-wood,
With bowers beneath, through whose tendrils gleams
The fitful light with its softened beams,
And embroiders around, with its golden sheen,
The velvet moss of the alleys green.
There beetling cliffs and mountains high
Their dark brows rear to the arching sky,
With winding grottoes that flash with gems
Richer than sparkle on diadems.
  There the crystal waters gently chime
With a mellowed tone or a voice sublime—
The streamlet's murmur, the fountain's call,
And the bounding rush of the waterfall—

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Till the echoes within their thousand caves
Laugh at the sound of the joyous waves.
The ocean ripples, with gentle flow,
Sweep over sands like the drifted snow,
And ring with a chime of mimic bells,
Among shining pebbles and purple shells
That echo again their ocean tone,
As heart responds to a heart like its own.
But the richest treasures of earth and main
Have not been garner'd up there in vain,
To deck for many an ocean mile
In tranquil beauty the fairy isle,
From the wrath of waves and the breath of storms,
For life is there in its rarest forms.
The speckled fish in their sportive play,
Throw up from the waves the silvery spray;
The sea-fowl winnow the waters o'er,
Or unfold their wings to the sun on shore.
From flowers that blush with a thousand dyes,
And blossoms gleaming like angel eyes,
'Mid the dewy leaves of the waving trees
That fragrance shed on the passing breeze,
In the calm of the twilight hour is heard
The warbling of many a forest bird,
That thrills the eve with its tones, and illumes
The dark green shades with its golden plumes.
From the mossy cliff, there Ocean's daughters
Their green locks dress in the crystal waters;
And the mermen gambol, and pelt with pearls
And golden spangles, the naiad girls.
At eve, in the dance, at music's call,
On velvet alleys the footsteps fall
Of the fairy forms that in daylight sleep
In winding shell, or in cavern deep;
And some sail on wings of glorious light,
Through the soft and perfum'd air of night,
While the car-like shell of the Fairy Queen,
Who reigns supreme o'er the lovely scene,
O'er the moonlit waters is seen to glide,
With her swanlets breasting the rippling tide.

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REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

NO. II.

Tent making in the army—A choice of comfortable quarters in a storm—A wood-cutting party—The Dutchmen's dispute—The Dutch poultry made to pay for their owners' want of patriotism—The tax collector in a cistern—The Tories' sleigh-ride, and a spill out, proving that Dutch tricks are equal to Yankee ones—An Indian alarm, and the party's successful measures to preserve their scalps.

At the close of the campaign of 1775, the enemy having retired to winter quarters in New York, we were left to make ourselves as comfortable as we could. We proceeded to erect barracks, yet, as two rather important articles, viz: boards and nails, were almost wholly wanting, the success of our architectural efforts was not very gratifying. If the reader will form an idea of the best hut that could be created out of the following materials, viz: two boards, one slab, half a dozen nails, some seventy or eighty pine poles, and an abundance of turf, he will understand what kind of a thing it was that mess No. 6 inhabited during the long and dreary winter.

We had just finnished it when a rain-storm set in. For a time we were secure from all water, except that which flowed in from the surface of the earth—that portion of the surface that constituted our floor having become a little lower than the level of the surrounding plain. we were congratulating ourselves on our ability to keep the upper side dry, (the size of our dwelling rendered it convenient for us to preserve a horizontal posture most of the time) when, alas, just at night-fall, the turf above us gave evident signs of saturation, and of a disposition to deposite its superfluous moisture on the animate strata below. Accordingly our upper sides received their share, and the equilibrium of wetness was thus restored. A council was held, and it was decided that the water direct from the clouds was preferable to that which had passed through a layer of clay and loam. We accordingly adjourned to the open air.

It was in vain to look for other quarters; every dry corner was occupied. I chose a station for the night beneath a tree whose roots gave a little elevation to the soil, causing the descending flood to run off. As I lay thus during the long night drenched to the skin, and shivering with cold and cramps, I confess I had strong doubts as to the wisdom of my conduct in exchanging my father's house for the camp, and whether liberty was altogether as fine a thing as it was cracked up to be. Indeed, I would that night have willingly paid King George his tax on tea, for a good bed at home, where I could hear the rain patter on the roof instead of feeling it patter on my face. Whether modern patriotism is made of

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sterner stuff, I pretend not to decide. I have never been perfectly reconciled to rain since that night. I am on much better terms with snow.

When the rain ceased, winter set in, and our roof was soon as solid as frost could make it. I did not remain to test the capacity of our cabin as a conductor of caloric, as I joined a party of wood-choppers who went into the interior to cut wood for the army. I volunteered because I was fond of swinging the axe, and because it was plain that every change must be for the better. We were conducted to a place called the "Nine Partners," but whereabouts that is now, I am not able to say—the surface of the earth having undergone surprising changes since the revolution. We found the place inhabited by a few Dutchmen, with now and then a Yankee evidently located for cheating purposes. I made an arrangement with an honest Dutchman, by which I received board and lodging in exchange for my rations of flour, beef, and New England rum. Rum rations were then much smaller than those dealt out in later times, because (I suppose) elections were then less frequent, and patriotism also required less stimulus.

We were required to cut and cord up one cord of wood a day, a small matter for a stout New England boy; we thus had much leisure for our own physical improvement, and were free from all the forms of military discipline.

We were the first that attempted to determine by actual experiment (our example has since been zealously followed by most dealers in wood) how much atmospheric air a wooden outline, eight feet long, four feet high, and four feet wide, can be made to contain. We judged that the wood could be so arranged as to include about fifty-six cubic feet of air, but later dealers have been more successful in their experiments, for I have seen cords sold that contained not less than seventy cubic feet of pure atmospheric air. The purchaser thus bought a combustible and supporter of combustion at the same time; one among many proofs that this is an age of improvement.

My evenings were spent before the huge fire of Hans Van Bramer, as my host was named. Thither the neighboring Dutchmen often repaired, and I had an opportunity of studying this, to me, a new race of bipeds. For a long time their conversation was so exclusively of horses, that I concluded that no other idea could enter their pericraniums, but at length I discovered they were religious as well as equestrian animals. A visiter from a neighboring parish, after partaking largely of continental rum, began to boast of the superiority of his Dominie to all others living or dead, offering to flog any one that doubted the truth of his assertions. This was not relished by the members of Dominie Van Vleer's flock who were present; and least of all by Brom Vaunalten, a notorious drunkard and swearer. The visitor paid but little attention to his demurs, and supported his assertion of the absolute perfection of his Dominie by a volley of oaths, partly English and partly Dutch. Foreseeing a quarrel was likely to arise, and knowing the bitterness of religious feuds, I interposed, and attempted a reconciliation. After duly

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extolling Dominie Van Vleer, I proceeded to commend the stranger's Dominie, yielding a full assent to the emphatic declarations that had been made in his favor; still I inferred that as he was confessedly one of the mortal race, he could not be absolutely perfect, appealing to the Heidelberg catechism for proof of the sinfulness of man's nature, and the impossibility of attaining perfection in this lower world. I pressed him to concede that his Dominie must have some trifling defect, preventing absolute perfection, as I saw this was necessary to the restoration of peace and good humor. "Well," said the stubborn fellow at last, "I don't know but he may have one fault, but only one."

"Well" what is it?"

"Well, I can't say, but that he is apt to be quarrelsome when he is groggy."

This admission was satisfactory to the supporters of Dominie Van Vleer, and the subject was dropped; no person seemed to have any suspicion that grogginess, aside from quarrelling, was at all inconsistent with absolute perfection.

The Dutchmen in whose neighborhood we were carrying on the war against the oaks, professed to be friends to the country, but we suspected they were rank tories: and this suspicion, it was thought, justified the levy of an indirect tax in the shape of turkeys, hens, &c., which was always collected in the night season. Whether their patriotism increased in proportion as their fowls decreased, was never ascertained. For a long time no complaints were made, and in consequence the taxes were increased. At last a collector, in sliding off a hayrick, with a couple of fowls in each hand, slid into a cistern, and remained there in water up to his neck till morning, when the Dutchman discovered him, and *after breakfast* drew him out. The affair came to the knowledge of the Captain, a stern old puritan whose notions of right and wrong were not in the least modified by the atmosphere of the camp. He inflicted a sound chastisement on the offender, stopped his ration of rum, and gave it to the owner of the fowls.

About mid-winter, when the sleighing was very fine, certain showings led to the suspicion that an assemblage, yclept a tory meeting, was in contemplation. We had little fear that any gathering of the sapient sons of Holland, or of their wheat fed horses, would seriously embarrass the operations of Washington, or ever peril the personal liberty of his heroic wood-choppers; still as it was a self-evident truth that a tory meeting was the worst meeting that could be held on the side of Tartarus, it was in no wise to be permitted. How to prevent it, or rather how to catch them at their sport, was the next question, and like many other questions, we found it was easier asked than answered. Our movements awakened suspicion, and caused those in our neighborhood to lay aside their design, much to our mortification, for we had counted on a joyous time, and future confiscations. Still, as we were pretty well assured as to the night on which the meeting was to be held, we resolved to lie in wait for any that might pass by from a more distant region. Accordingly six of us

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secreted ourselves in a pine wood, and waited with great composure for some of the King's loyal subjects to appear. At length a well filled sleigh came within hail, and was stopped. At first they were unable to answer one question, save in Dutch, but a display of a bright bayonet in the moonlight led them to recollect their English. As they could give no satisfactory account of themselves, they were arrested in the name of the Continental Congress--their hands bound behind them, and committed to the discretionary care of the corporal, who marched them back a mile or two, and then bade them go home, promising a feathery coat if caught again. The rest of our party took seats in the sleigh, and ordered the driver to proceed to his original destination, under pain of blood-letting with our bayonets. He seemed at length to yield to the necessity of the case, having stipulated for his personal safety, and that of his horses, on condition that he brought us safely to the place of meeting. He then drove on at a fast trot, evincing a high degree of care and skill. We were in high spirits, thinking of the confusion we should occasion in the midst of the loyal band by our unexpected appearance, when our exultation was suddenly checked by a fall of some twenty feet. As the snow was deep, we suffered no material injury. The rascal had contrived to spill us out over a precipice, and to save himself and sleigh from going over. His horses were quickly turned, and put to their full speed. We succeeded with great difficulty in regaining the road, when a five-mile walk brought us to our quarters, somewhat more wearied and wise than when we left them. This was the commencement of the formation of an opinion that I still hold, that *Dutch* tricks are oftentimes quite equal to *Yankee* ones.

For some time after our inglorious overthrow, we had but little intercourse with the inhabitants, as we were satisfied that they were in possession of the facts of the case. I withdrew from Van Bramer's board and was reinstated in the mess. The time passed very gloomily, and I looked earnestly for the appearance of some tokens of coming spring. One day, under the influence of melancholy feelings, after our task was done, I strayed for some distance into the forest. My attention was at length arrested by the track of a snow-shoe of unusual appearance, and the next moment I saw a dark figure stealing away amid the trees of the forest. There could be no mistake. It was an Indian, and doubtless an hostile one. I returned with all convenient speed and gave the alarm. It was apparent that we were in a no very enviable situation. The savages had received information respecting us, probably from our tory friend, who so dexterously unloaded his sleigh, and had come to secure our scalps. These we were not at all disposed to part with, but how to keep them afforded matter for grave enquiry. The savage I had seen was doubtless a scout, and probably a large party lay concealed at no great distance. Our arms were out of order—flints missing—cartridges wet, and but a small supply of them—for powder was scarce in those days. What was to be done? Our captain was absent, a sergeant and corporal were the only officers present. It was concluded that nothing could

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be done that night but to watch, and if attacked, to defend ourselves as well as we could. We posted our sentinels, and lay on our arms all night without sleep—the roar of the winds often being transposed by fancy into the warwhoop of the savage. The night passed without disturbance, and in the morning we resolved in council that we would make the best of our way to the army, and not stay to be scalped. As we were beginning to make preparations to set out, our commander arrived, and despatched a scout to learn something of the force of the enemy, as they could easily be tracked on the snow. We soon fell on the trail of the Indian I saw the day before, and followed it without meeting with any others for a number of miles; we then returned satisfied that there was but one Indian in the neighborhood at present, and as we were about forty in number, we judged it would be safe to maintain our position, which we did with complete success.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Oh! life is like the wide, wide sea,
  And hope is like a wave
Which dashes on with noisy glee,
  Some sunny shore to lave;

And gaily flingeth up the spray,
  Which sparkles in the sun,
And droppeth jewels all the way
  It's merry footsteps run.

The skies bend down to meet the sea,
  And gently seem to rest,
As if in loving harmony,
  Upon the dark waves' breast.

Yet yonder barque may find, ere night,
  That peaceful sea a tomb;
And such is life—to-day how bright,
  To-morrow wrapped in gloom!

The hopes which in life's morning wake,
  Before that morn is o'er
May, like those bounding billows, break
  And perish on the shore.

G.

LONG BRANCH, *August* 2, 1838.

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NOTES OF THE MONTH.

NOTE RESPECTING THE "ODE TO THE SUN," ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT, OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.

THE Ode to the Sun, in the present number of the Democratic Review, though now printed for the first time, was written many years ago. The author was a young clergyman of the Wesleyan persuasion, himself some years dead. Though evidently very imperfect—the first inchoate effluence of the mind that conceived it—this production will be admitted to be, in many respects, remarkable, and contains evidences of an exquisite poetical power; at times replete with beauty, and frequently evincing a grandeur of conception that approaches the sublime.

It was intended by the author as the commencement of a lengthened poem in the Spenserian stanza, to be called "THE SUN," and to have embraced the illustration, in verse, of the noble range of subjects for poetry which can be readily imagined as connected with the historical and astronomical phenomena of that luminary. The universality and unmixed good of its agency in sustaining life, and producing the beauty, harmony, and fertility of the material universe, naturally inspiring a religious awe and veneration in the darkness and infancy of the human mind, and the effects of this feeling in the sun-worship of the ancient world;—the Chaldaic poetry;—the eternal and mysterious architecture of Egypt;—the Cromlechs and "unchiselled piles" of the aboriginal Celts, with the "satanic rites" of the "hoary Druid with his knife upraised;"—the Ghebers of Persia, and the golden temples of Peru, a realm ruled by the children of the Sun, with the illustrations which history supplies of these grand and solemn rites of the primitive races of mankind—would have formed a portion of the subject, susceptible in a high degree of poetical interest and grandeur. The great historic actions recorded by sacred and profane writers, which contemporaneous phenomena of the Sun would have connected with the subject, from the miracle of Joshua—where the command of the General of the Lord,

"Winged with the power that poised thee in the sky,"*

Made the sun "stand still upon Gibeon,"—to the thick darkness that fell on the face of the earth at the crucifixion, would have afforded episodes worthy the noblest pencillings of the heroic muse. Finally, the effects of the sun, upon the climate of the various countries of the earth, were intended to furnish the poet in their description with opportunities of selecting, from the infinite varieties of the human race and manners, the themes best adapted for the exercise of imagination and description, and would have produced a panorama of striking subjects of greater variety, sublimity, and interest, than the Pilgrimage of Childe Harold.

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* A line from the original draft. Among other *disjecta membra* of a similar kind, we select the following, probably intended as a part of the Ode or Proem which we have given—

Undying, dazzling, unapproached, alone,
  Art thou the palace of that glorious God
Who willed the thought, and saw around his throne
  Unnumbered worlds born instant at his nod,
  Shedding their starry light o'er space abroad.

* * *

Here it may be proper to observe that the verses between the lines of asterisks (pages 31 and 32) were evidently intended to occupy another place in the poem.

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Whether a subject so sublime, so unique, so extensive, which would have been a theme to have kindled the noblest inspiration of Milton or Dante, would have been adequately treated, can never be now conjectured; and whether, if the design had been fully executed, it would have formed an epic that would have lived forever, or have been classed among the ambitious failures of intellect overstrained, which crowd every language—it were now vain indeed to speculate. Those who knew its author well recollect in him an expansiveness of mind, and a range of faculties of the highest order, that sometimes flowed out in eloquence that filled the heart with fervid thought, and was characterized by a command of language and a grasp of intellect that must have ensured success in any pursuit to which the full energy of his mind had been applied.

Certainly in the fragment now published, utterly unfit as it is—except in connection with the circumstances we have mentioned—to be put forth as a regular poem, there will be found many lofty and striking thoughts, worthy of the ambitious subject which had been assumed, and sufficient to give poetic vitality to far more serious errors of style and composition than it possesses. Dulness and imbecility of imagination form no part of its faults; there is, on the contrary, throughout, an exuberance of vigour tending to exaggeration—while such lustrous gems of thought as the following, that are scattered with no sparing hand over this interesting relic, are sufficient to give it much interest to every lover of poetry. We proceed to select almost at random:

——— ——— that orb of fire
Intensely glowing on creation's spire,

Is an original and striking idea vigorously and happily expressed; while the "music of the spheres," so often sung by poets, was never described in verse with a beauty more exquisite than that displayed in the following lines:

* * the tremblings of that song sublime
Pealed forth melodious through uncounted years,
While echo, lightning-winged, conveys the chime,
To ring its sweetness forth in many a starry clime.

There is high sublimity in the poetic epithet,

A HIEROGLYPHIC OF THE ALMIGHTY GOD,

as applied to the Sun; and the succeeding lines are scarcely less fine:

Thy surface, like a burning mirror wrought,
Sends the bright image of his face abroad.

Again, the exceeding beauty of the following stanza will strike every mind:

Now I have gained thy summit, and mine eye
O'erlooks a vast empyreal wilderness,—
Isles filled with immortality float by,
And glittering millions in the distance press.

"Great brilliant sparkling in Creation's breast," is another of those happy poetic expressions which conveys an image in the most pleasing and appropriate language to the mind. Many other ideas will be discovered, by a careful perusal of the verses, which will satisfy the reader that the praise we have bestowed on them is correct, and that the obvious imperfections of an unfinished production, such as this, should not have been permitted forever to consign beauties of so high an order to obscurity and neglect.

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THE LATE DR. COOPER.

The name of Dr. COOPER, who died recently at Columbia, S. C., has been before the public, attracting a good deal of attention, for sixty years, during which time there is scarcely any department of intellectual exertion with which it has not been connected.

For the extent and multifariousness of his knowledge, he was indeed a very extraordinary man. He published works on law, medicine, medical jurisprudence, political economy, and was an habitual writer upon current politics. He translated Justinian and Broussais. He received an honorary diploma of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Pennsylvania, and was a judge of the court of common law of that State. He was at one time professor of chemistry in the College of Carlisle—was offered the same chair in the University of Virginia, by his friend Mr. Jefferson, and subsequently filled it in the College of South Carolina. Of the last he became President upon the death of Dr. Maxco, and, by order of the trustees, lectured on chemistry, geology and political economy. To these encyclopedic, acquirements and occupations he added a large acquaintance with elegant literature.

At the age of eighteen he came from the University of Oxford, with its scholarship and its censures. He at once associated himself (with the natural ardor of his temper and of his time of life) with that party in England which hailed with rapturous enthusiasm the commencement of the French revolution. How few of his associates have, like him, lived to see, after the gloomy eclipse of their hopes for so many years by the turbulent and bloody events of that struggle, their final realization in the regeneration of Europe! His hopefulness had never failed. From eighteen to eighty the love of liberty never forsook him, nor a cheerful confidence in its triumph, nor a willing labor in its service. Associating himself with the most excited of the Anglo-Gallican party, he signalized at once his zeal and courage in the earliest effort of his pen. He entered the lists with Mr. Burke, whose prophetic spirit had penetrated into all the horrors of the storm, but could not see through its darkness the results for which a benign Providence permitted a season of desolation. The same courage which impelled Dr. Cooper into the controversy with Mr. Burke, prompted him to the more hazardous adventure of denouncing Robespierre from the tribunal of the Jacobins, whither he had been sent as a delegate from a Manchester association. The versatility of his talents was conspicuous at this early period. Within a very short space of time he was a political missionary—a member of a committee of chemists to report upon the intensity of certain dyestuffs—and stood with Mr. Erskine at the assizes as junior counsel for Mr. Walker and other gentlemen of Manchester charged with treason. When the eloquence of Burke, the power of Pitt, and the unspeakable atrocities of the French revolution, had crushed the Gallican party in England, young Cooper in 1793 followed Dr. Priestly to this country, whither the advocates of liberty had turned their aching sight from the blasted prospects of Europe. Here, too, he combined the pursuits of science and literature with an active participation in political affairs. He was associated with Dr. Priestly in his philosophical investigations, and upon his death published an elaborate biography of him in two volumes.

In the contest between the Federal and Republican parties, he of course took sides with the latter, and signalized his adherence to it by the free exercise of his ready pen. For a spirited animadversion upon the principles and tendency of the Administration of the elder Adams, he incurred the penalties of the sedition law by fine and imprisonment. The pecuniary mulct has not been restored to him by the tardy justice of Congress.

In the controversy of South Carolina with the General Government, he vindicated the policy of the State with signal zeal and ability, and contributed, with "Brutus and the rest," to arouse and inform public opinion. Amidst the high names which illustrated that bold and memorable movement, his was conspicuous. His facility of composition, his readiness to work, his abundant knowledge, and the point and terseness of his style, gave him great influence on public opinion, and properly entitle him to be classed among the leaders in that enterprise.

Nor did his active participation in those stirring events abstract him from the pursuits of science or philosophy, or interrupt the most exemplary attention to his peculiar duties as President and Professor. No one ever performed those duties with more exact punctuality. His presence in the lecture-room was as regular as the arrival of the hour; and, when there, those who heard him could scarcely have believed that he had ever occupied his mind but with the business appropriate to that scene. He showed great mastery of his subject, a per-

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fect acquaintance with every addition made to it from any quarter of the globe, and brought illustrations from the whole circle of science and the whole field of literature. His lectures were not only instructive, but beautiful, and delivered with a perspicuity and simplicity that at once adapted them to the comprehension of learners, and recommended them to the taste of the learned.

That his abundance of knowledge and uncommon aptitude to communicate it, joined to great industry and activity, failed to confer upon the College that degree of prosperity which might have been expected from such a combination of qualities in the President, perhaps arose from his avowal of peculiar opinions on theological subjects—opinions which, it appears to us, he would have been more prudent not to have avowed.

Upon his resignation of the Presidency of the College, the Legislature confided to him, with a liberal salary, the collection and digestion of the Statutes of the State, in the performance of which duty he died, having completed four volumes.

The predominant qualities of Dr. Cooper's intellectual character were intrepidity and activity. His mind coursed the whole field of learning with untiring rapidity. It incessantly sought for knowledge, not with any apparent drudgery or toil, but, up to the last moments of his life, with that youthful and fresh alacrity which belongs to the pursuit of pleasure. He did not hesitate to follow his reasoning wherever it led, and what he thought he said. Authority had but little weight with him. He always endeavored to apply the touchstone of reason to every proposition, and to judge of it by that test alone.

His multifarious studies, and his uncommonly wide observation of society, had enriched his memory with vast stores of useful and agreeable topics; and these, combined with a cheerful temper, a social spirit, and a most pleasant style of conversation, rendered him a most delightful companion. He was an admirable talker—terse, epigrammatic, gay, and instructive. He was rarely in a company in which he did not say the best thing that was uttered. His conversation was illustrated by well-turned anecdotes, ornamented by sparkling classical allusions, and enriched by sensible and judicious remarks. His temper was most agreeable, and his whole *manière d'être* distinguished by a pervading *bonhommie* and kindness of nature. He was benevolent, friendly, and impulsive; prompt to do a good turn, "to spread friendships and to cover heats." He was fond of children, addicted to pets, and kind to servants. Throughout his whole behaviour there was a winning simplicity and directness, always agreeable, but, in one of his age, learning, and abilities, peculiarly captivating. He resided in Columbia for the last twenty years, and the Telescope, a newspaper published in that city, from which we extract the above sketch of his character and career, adds, that it doubts whether during that time he had ever been known to manifest a feeling of personal unkindness towards any individual.

THE VICTORIA FEVER.

There is so much, and to us painful, truth in the following letter, which—to its credit be it said—we take from a Whig paper, that we cannot resist the temptation of transferring it to our pages, that the absurdity it describes may be laughed at as a folly, or referred to as a warning or example, as the mood of the reader may be inclined. The remark of the British traveller that the United States now were as much subject to the *English System* as the Colonies once were to the English King, would appear, as far as the wretched apeing, anti-republican fashion of the times is concerned, to be rather a momentous truth than a vain, inflated boast. Our paper-money, banking, credit, and stock operations, are dependent, even to their minutest ramifications, on the temper of the Bank of England and the change-jobbers of London. That is the dark side as affecting our national morals, manners, and institutions, of the same feeling which has run to such a ridiculous excess in Philadelphia; and, unless it is checked by a more wholesale infusion of the honest demo-

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cratic spirit of our mountains and our valleys, where the Victoria image—however it may be reflected from the great cities and *great sores*—as they were called by Jefferson—of the country, *won't stay stamped;* it would not be too much to say that such excess of it would, in time, extend to far more hurtful innovations, than these miserable mimicries of fashion and her votaries.

Speaking of the prevalence of this Queen-mania, and the dangerous tendency of these anti-republican tastes and predilections in non-essentials, to form in time a tone of mind inclined to view the political institutions of monarchy with a portion of the favorable regards awarded so indiscriminately to every thing in fashion that bears its impress—we are painfully startled as we write with intelligence that looks very much as if this Victoria feeling had penetrated farther than the columns of a few tory newspapers, and been developed in a more serious manifestation of its power, than the giving its name to a fancy soap, a pocket-handkerchief, or a bonnet. It is the intelligence that Mackenzie, the Canadian exile, has been sentenced to an imprisonment of *eighteen months* in an American jail by an American judge and jury, for following the instinct of his nature in resisting to the uttermost a bloody and ferocious tyranny, which drove him and thousands of others, who like him sighed for the blessings of republican liberty, from their country with fire and sword, that they might the more securely plunder and oppress it. We do not know any thing of the circumstances under which he was convicted, and what was the particular aggravation in his case that consigned this able, intrepid and industrious man to a dungeon. We have no doubt that he sinned according to the statute, or this felon's fate would not have been meted out to him; but having been taught in our political catechism, that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God, we are inclined, on the first blush of the transaction and in default of better information, to consider this the most painful judicial sentence since the time of Adams; and one that will grate most harshly on the sympathies and wishes of every lover of freedom. As we said before, we know nothing of the character of Mr. Mackenzie's offence. If he abused the hospitality he received from the institutions of this country by endangering its national peace, through the ill-planned, ill-timed and utterly useless expeditions, eventuating their own destruction, which so long excited our Canadian frontier, then we say he deserved any penalty our laws may attach to such grave offences, because he most assuredly mistrusted his own cause, and misunderstood as well as betrayed his own position in substituting these weak and wicked experiments of force for the irresistible moral power of truth and reason which he was wielding with a slower but far more certain energy through the press. And on the other hand, if that alone was the offence for which this exiled patriot has been fined and imprisoned, then we say the law is one equally partial and tyrannic which deals out such a barbarous and repulsive punishment on one solitary individual for an offence participated by thousands, and originating in a feeling wide as our whole land—deepened in the particular districts, where the crime was co-extensive with the population, with that unanimous enthusiasm against wrong which was once with signal force characterized on the bench as a "BLESSED SPIRIT"—when it at the same time took no cognizance of the far more powerful efforts in the same cause which this Mackenzie was uninterruptedly making through the press;—efforts a thousand times more dangerous to the power of Britain, than all the wretched and criminal expeditions undertaken so rashly and so needlessly, that they immeasurably strengthened the hands of the power they were designed to overthrow. To finish with Mackenzie's trial, the Ontario Messenger (as we find it in the Globe) presents the following "contrast," which is one that cannot fail to strike the reader, and to create some wonder why it is that of all the multitudinous offenders against the neutrality laws, Mackenzie, a poor and persecuted refugee, should be the only one brought to trial and convicted:

THE CONTRAST.—The men who invaded our land, to burn the Caroline and murder American citizens, are not only permitted to walk the soil of Britain, without rebuke, but the minions of the British Monarchy even honor them for their nefarious deed. While a

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man who has for twenty years been struggling to advance the cause of human liberty and human happiness, fleeing to us for help against the enemies of that cause, finds himself arrested by our laws, adjudged guilty of crime, and doomed to be incarcerated, like a common felon, within the gloomy walls of a prison!

But to return to our subject. Here is the letter:

Messrs. Editors: I lately left my native town in the country with the intention of spending a day in Philadelphia, and for that purpose I took the steamer Robert Morris at Wilmington. When I landed at Dock street wharf I fancied I was in some city in the English dominions. The moment I landed on terra firma I espied a large placard posted on a wall at a corner of a street; it ran as follows: "The splendid painting of Her Majesty Queen Victoria still continues open at the Masonic Hall." I walked a little further on, when I stopped opposite a fashionable barber's shop; at the window, among other articles, was a variety of hair brushes, with portraits of "Her Most Gracious Majesty" on them. I was very much surprised to see this, but, on turning the corner, I noticed the words "Her Majesty Queen Victoria" in very prominent characters, and found out that it was a recommendation of some tooth powder, because she patronized it. I entered the Exchange—the first thing I saw was a bust of Her Majesty standing on the mantelpiece. I walked out, and doubted in my own mind whether the days of old had not returned, and we were yet bowing beneath the sceptre of England. I strolled up Chesnut street—saw at an auction store some Yankee clocks for sale, with a Victoria portrait for an ornament. I stopped at a perfumer's to purchase something in his line—saw some "Queen Victoria soap, composed expressly for the coronation." After having made a few purchases, I crossed the street, and, at a hat store, in Bank Place, saw some "Victoria riding hats," and an engraving of "Her Majesty mounted on a white charger, airing herself in Windsor Park, on Friday, September the eighth, 1838, at twenty-seven minutes past ten o'clock, A. M." I walked on, and stopped at a cigar store, where, among other catchpennies, saw "Victoria canes," "Victoria riding whips," &c. Kept on, and was opposite a dry goods store, where "Victoria lace," "Victoria muslin," and "Victoria gloves," were for sale: continued my walk, and saw a great crowd opposite a bonnet store—thought somebody was hurt—asked what the matter was, and found that the true "Victoria shape" was to be seen there. I walked on and met a man with a tray on his head, full of plaster images, among which "Her Majesty's" bust was very prominent. Passed the Masonic Hall, where "Her Majesty is for exhibition." Whilst I was reading a transparency, standing on the pavement, something was thrust in my face, and a cry at the same time announced, "Buy a Ledger, Genius, Times," and something else; I got the two first. On opening the Ledger, the latest news from England was, "the Queen was in perfect health." In the Genius there was a notice of an old woman who sold "Victoria bean-soup." I had now walked a mile. Crossing Tenth street, I saw a muslin transparency with "Sully's Victoria—last day," painted on it. I stopped to look into a music store. There was the "Victoria grand march," the "Victoria quadrilles," &c., &c. When I had feasted my eyes on the many fine ornamental instruments of music, &c., I heard a mournful noise: turning round, a poor ragged urchin wished me to purchase a paper of pins. I did so, and put them in my pocket, having first noticed that they were patronized by "Her Majesty Queen Victoria." I could bear this no longer; I went down into an oyster cellar, got something to eat, and walked as fast as I could to the wharf; there was no boat to go until the next day, so I had to go to the "Victoria," formerly "Baltimore House," where I went to bed, and fell into an uneasy slumber. At day-light I got up and went down to the wharf, and got on board the steamboat as well as I could. Saw a fine brig with the English ensign flying. "What is her name?" said I; "O," said a little boy, "that's the Victoria." I turned my head away, and saw a man coming up to me with a very mysterious air; he commenced telling me that he was a poor man, and was obliged to sell a few trifles, as he was palsied, and could not work. "Well, what have you got?" said I. He had a little basket with him, which he opened, and drew out a puff of "*Queen Victoria's Family* Pills;" this capped the climax of Victorias. I got a box out of pure compassion, and they, like most other pills, turned out to be a mere shave. The time drew near to start, the last bell rung, the hawsers were taken in, and I took my leave from Philadelphia—but think that the name of Victoria-delphia should be given it. A. D. F.

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THE PRESIDENT AND THE PEOPLE.

The President intends spending the summer months in his native State, and has left this city for that purpose, traversing the rich farming section of Pennsylvania on his way. It is one of the most gratifying signs of the times, in connection with the great struggle for the final and decisive disconnection of the Federal Government from all "entangling alliance" with the broking, banking, and stock-jobbing interests, which have so often degraded it and convulsed the land, and its restoration to the simple principles of Republican Democracy, which, commenced under his auspices, is now agitating the whole Union—that all the power, strength, ingenuity and hatred of the immense party interested to their very existence in opposition to this policy, have not availed to fix upon the public mind any portion of the calumny and aspersion, with which they have pursued himself and this grand measure from its first promulgation. No President of the United States ever stood in a higher position than Mr. Van Buren at present occupies before the country. The financial policy of his Administration was met with a storm of clamour and vituperation, the most furious and withering that Faction had ever raised;—repelled with every mark of studied insult and contumely from Congress, it went before the people in the last resort, and for two years has now been discussed with an ability, earnestness, and force of argument on either side, that have never been surpassed; and, as a consequence, has won friends and silenced enemies in every quarter of the Union, until it is now left in acknowledged possession of the field of argument, and looked to, universally, by a majority of the people, as the surest, safest, and most speedy remedy of the deep-seated commercial disorders which have so long been preying on the vitals of the country. It is one of the noblest political victories ever achieved.

Not less strikingly successful have been the other measures of his Administration. The peace of the country preserved—its honor vindicated; faction rebuked, and the constitution preserved; the supremacy of the laws maintained, and every measure regulated by an undeviating adherence to the simple, transparent principles of Democratic Republicanism;—these have been distinguishing traits of his policy, and they have fixed his name in the affections of his countrymen, and already elevated it as a banner under which to rally as a certain talisman of success in the great struggle for the continuation of that policy, and the preservation of those principles, which will take place in the Presidential election of 1840. The people have found him faithful in his high trust to his first principles, and his most violent enemies even themselves confessed, when the imminence of national peril allowed them no subterfuge, and admitted of no retreat, the shameless groundlessness of their daily charges. At that perilous hour, with one act and voice they placed the destiny of the country in his hands—for war or for peace—investing him in unshared responsibility with power never accorded to a President before, and placing in his hands, without a check, unstinted millions of the treasure, which their speeches and their prints accused him of attempting to plunder, or possess himself of for the basest purposes. This reluctant tribute to his character and his trust-worthiness, wrung from reluctant faction, had the effect that might have been expected; and the grateful welcome of his native State, already swelling into a noble enthusiasm of popular development, will put to rest, finally and effectually, the last surviving slander of his foes.

But the policy and the character of Mr. Van Buren have been drawn, in so masterly a manner, by a hand truly capable of delineating them with accuracy, and with so many happy touches of eloquence and philosophical discrimination, in the following speech by Mr. Ingersoll, that we gladly embrace the present opportunity, which we have long sought, of placing it in our pages, not merely as a merited compliment to the President, but as a distinguished specimen of just, elegant, and profound delineation of character.

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I cannot forbear to mention that there is reason to believe that a bosom friend of the President, a gentleman of great purity of character and superiority of intelligence, now by voluntary and honorable resignation no longer a member of his Cabinet, was his chief confidential adviser in this admirable appeal to popular virtue, intelligence, and independence. They both knew that there was no hope for it but in the *very* people, a few well-informed men of property, and the many men of industrious independence, who live without connection with banks, or regarding the increase of their store as the greatest good. It was hardly to be expected that victory would be so soon now as it seems to be. But it appears that the mass understands and appreciates a *principle* so just, so simple; and after a year's elucidation, by dint of sharp controversy, become so familiar that nearly every unprejudiced person is now its advocate, women and all, and more than all. The ebb of opposition, with all its noisy rush, is nearly out: the tide of majorities is constantly setting in, from Maine, one of the first to go and to return, to unchangeable Missouri; State after State, from North to South, rallying to the rescue of an Executive, only asking the country to support a plan which surrenders vast Executive influence, by merely disconnecting Government funds from private speculation, collecting them in good money, and managing them without the interference of corporations. All the South feels its rights restored by it; and all the North will find that justice to the South is benefit to the North. Mr. Van Buren's taking high ground against reckless abolition, was another master stroke of Union. I will not say that his administration of our foreign affairs has been as satisfactory as in these its leading domestic measures,* by which he has proved himself to be a man of the first class, made of that stuff which Mr. Adams thought was not in his nature, qualified to govern a great nation, and in whose sagacity, wisdom and firmness, not only a party, but a community may place full reliance. I confess that I do not approve of his policy with regard to the Canadian troubles, though I do him the justice to own that he has much better opportunities of knowing what ought to be done than I can pretend to; and I respect his deep-rooted aversion to war and anxious desire to preserve peace with a nation whose connections are so intimate with ours. Still with all deference, it seems to me that the United States cannot be expected to maintain an army on the St. Lawrence, at great expense, to prevent Americans from sympathising with their neighbors in a cause just like their own, and that after the outrage at Schlosser it is very bad policy to be so forbearing.

Another difficult principle of Democracy much favored in the Middle and Northern States, his adhesion to which was doubted during the first few months of his quiet administration, Mr. Van Buren has carried into full effect with exemplary propriety. I mean the principle of rotation in office, which Penn, Jefferson, and all other patriarchs, as well as the philosophy of Republican Government, inculcates as one of its fundamental regulations. I believe I am warranted by the truth in declaring that Mr. Van Buren has in no instance arbitrarily removed an individual from office, while he was faithfully administering the laws which vacate offices at terms of years, by the appointment of fresh incumbents; which is the true principle of rotation. In his appointments likewise he appears to have considered himself a trustee to the public will, not at liberty to gratify any capricious predilections or aversions. His selections of men have been made with praiseworthy anxiety for public good and approbation, looking to public fitness and private worth; and the promotion which he has bestowed on many of those distinguished for literary and intellectual attainments, reflects a credit on his Administration that will last, besides being a policy that secures the best support in time of need, and makes provision for historical vindication. It is not doing justice to his Administration to forget that it inherited much of his predecessor's, so that the present President, with his forbearing prepossessions, is hardly yet at perfect liberty.

It forms no part of my purpose to compare the President with his competitors, without reference to whom Mr. Van Buren has proved himself eminently worthy and capable of the Chief Magistracy. Many will not approve of his Administration under any circumstances. But those who put him at the head of the country have found him a man of talents, principle, sincerity, decision and firmness, under whose government the United States are prosperous, and advancing, by simple institutions, to their great destiny; the Union is safe; republican institutions are flourishing; our foreign relations are conducted by a sincere lover of peace, who will, nevertheless, we trust, maintain the honor of the greatest republican empires; and our internal concerns are settling upon that basis of true political economy which all modern intelligence and experience attests as the broadest and best. Mr. Van Buren has

* This was spoken before the occurrence of the Maine Boundary troubles.

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not General Jackson's personal popularity; he never will have it. But though no victory has ennobled or veto illustrated his career, he is the author of the greatest reform attempted in this country, and a pilot who has weathered many a storm more fearful than battle. His personal deportment has been so unexceptionable, that he has probably not made an enemy, while Mr. Clay, in Senate, is his personal eulogist; and his friends have reason to be gratified with his conduct. All considerate and dispassionate Americans must acknowledge the sterling merits of his personal Chief Magistracy, which has disarmed opposition of most of its materials, as his measures have dissipated the elements of panic and excitement on which it throve. Calm but unfaltering, deferential yet inflexible adherence to principle, with dignity, both personal and official, he has engaged the attention, the consideration, and the approval of an increasing majority of the people, on whose intelligence and virtue he cast anchor. The worst is over, much sooner than might have been expected. The President put his Administration on an issue which many of his real, and all of his pretended, adherents considered fatal to him. But he has proved the wisest. Even if he had fallen it would have been with honor untarnished, and a good conscience to repose upon afterwards. But he has risen; he has succeeded; he will succeed; and Democracy now owes him a large debt of acknowledgment.

This is not the language of flattery, or solicitation, but of a calm, watchful, and even critical observer, anxious indeed for Mr. Van Buren's well-doing, but determined, and always ready to denounce him if necessary. It is vindication offered less for him than to the Democratic interest with which his Administration is identified, whose cohesion it is meant to cherish; not for the man, but for the measures of which he is the representative. It is contradiction of indiscriminate opposition, and discriminating support of the Administration, such as I deem the true ground of an independent American.

It is right to form a proper estimate of the talents, disposition, and qualifications of an individual with whose character as Chief Magistrate that of the country altogether, and the fate of republican institutions, is intimately connected. General Jackson filled so large a space in universal attention by his immense popularity, founded on military renown, civic distinction, and heroic temper, encouraging him to undertake and enabling him to achieve great exploits, that it would be trying to any man to follow such a predecessor. Mr. Van Buren announced his resolution to carry out the measures of the Jackson administration, concerning all of which he was no doubt confidently advised with when suggested, and many of which, it is supposed, he suggested himself. But in his inaugural address he gave it to be understood that ways of pleasantness and paths of peace are those he prefers. He made no promise to try to change his nature; but with that unassuming good sense, which is one of his principal characteristics, acknowledged the difference between General Jackson and himself; and accordingly has never attempted to imitate the man, while effectuating his measures. With similar principles, their manner of enforcing them has been entirely different. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Van Buren's mild, forbearing, quiet, and deferential, but tenacious mode of doing things, will not prove a surer way than the more conspicuous energy of his illustrious forerunner in the race of Democratic reforms. The beauty and strength of Mr. Van Buren's position is his unquestionable sincerity. We all feel that he is not attempting measures to which he has been converted, but pursuing a system to which he was uniformly attached. Brought up in the midst of what has been called the Albany Regency, he has always been perfectly pure of all lucrative designs, with which party rancor has never taxed him, and seems to be admirably fitted for contending with a great money power by his independence of it as a man of competent fortune honorably acquired; never a money-seeker, and having, at all times, while associated with many of its greatest votaries, kept himself entirely unspotted by that world. The Chief Magistracy of this vast Union has become a most complicated and difficult task; but, in addition to its great labors and perplexities, it was Mr. Van Buren's lot to encounter, at the outset of his Administration, obstacles, embarrassments, and even misfortunes, much severer than those experienced by any preceding President. During the first few months of his Chief Magistracy many began to be uneasy. Washington, with the organization of the Federal Government—Jefferson, with the civil revolution he headed, and the maritime troubles he could not get the better of, but left to his successor—Madison, at war with the greatest enemy we could have—Jackson, uprooting the deep-seated internal improvement system, settling the tariff, and making head against the Bank of the United States—had none of them difficulties to cope with equal to those which beset Mr. Van Buren in the suspension of specie payments, hostility of a thousand banks, and contrivances of their millions of debtors

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and dependents, directed by a powerful opposition, flushed with hope of the overthrow of his administration. His trials were without example; and his manner of dealing with them was so different from General Jackson's overwhelming activity; there was something apparently so passive in Mr. Van Buren's personal resistance to opposition, such a total change from the Executive vigor we had become used to, and for several years upheld as the constitutional wand, that many of the President's best friends, supporting him, not for office, but on principle, began to apprehend that, if not unequal to the crisis, at least the mass would think so, as indeed many persons of all classes openly pronounced. Franklin, Jefferson, and Madison, considered patience and time-abiding reliance on popular intelligence as the true policy of Government founded on the sovereignty of the people. Most of us have witnessed the stupendous power and transcendant talents of Bonaparte, overcome at last by the less salient resistance of patient policy. And I believe it is now fast becoming a very general impression with the Democratic party, that the President they elected has proved himself eminently qualified to be a leader as well as Chief Magistrate, and that his system of government is working out success as effectually as if attempted to be achieved by a mere towering administration. There is a time for all things. General Jackson's mode was well calculated for his time; but perhaps Mr. Van Buren's method may prove more efficacious at this period. Encountered in the very honey-moon of his connection with the Government by the most formidable complication of embarrassments, without faltering or over action, he instantly, calmly, and courageously met the exigency by a noble message to Congress, which, with great wisdom, virtue, and forecast, put his Administration before the country upon one plain, simple, and just *principle*, to stand or fall by. Leaving to Congress their share of a great responsibility, without the least encroachment on their province, he did not hesitate to take his own share. That *principle* was an Executive recommendation that the constituted authorities should put an end to all schemes of finance and sources of speculation, by closing forever that disastrous succession of Treasury experiments and ministerial contrivances, by which the Federal Government had perplexed itself, distracted the States, and violated the Constitution, by banks, first National and then State; and restoring the public treasure to what and where it was fixed by the Constitution, simply but absolutely separate Government entirely from banks, leave banks to themselves, and the community in their commercial exchanges to themselves, and collect, keep, and pay the public dues in good money by individual agency. This is one of those recurrences to first principles which is among the best lessons of Republicanism. It is a measure which must immortalize its author, whether he succeed with it or not: a conception marked with the enduring simplicity of genius, in harmony not only with our Constitution and institutions, but with the tendency and intelligence of our great mother country, and with the genius of the age—one of those indispensable reforms, like the separation of Church and State, whose adoption, sooner or later, is infallible, even though their authors fall before they ultimately succeed. Avarice, party prejudice, fear, and other unworthy passions, fell foul of it at once, as they do of all improvements, and the ballot boxes, from Maine to Mississippi influenced by banks, betrayed their power in furious opposition. It was an issue which seemed to be desperate, but which, it already begins to appear, was wisely ventured, and will be followed by a triumphant verdict of approval sooner than was anticipated.

Another seal of approbation to the course of Mr. Van Buren comes to us from the far South, as we write, in the following glowing tribute from Mr. Rittenhouse, of Alabama. The passage occurs in a speech replete with political knowledge, and expressed in a style of kindling eloquence that must soon win for its author a proud distinction. We regret that our limits oblige us to curtail it:

Could I consider him non-committal, who so frankly and early proclaimed himself on the new, and denounced Sub-Treasury? Could I consider him timid, who, though assaulted by more enemies, placed in greater difficulties, and submitted to a fiercer ordeal than administration ever yet encountered, has calmly and firmly carried out his policy, and smiled at the vindictiveness of his foes? Though threatened with committees of ten thousand armed enemies; though perceiving, in the hour of his necessities, squadrons of his earliest friends wheeling by States from his ranks, he dared hold on the march which both consistency and country enjoined. Sir, fate and malignity had scattered, like the savage ordeals of the olden superstition, burning ploughshares in his path that the darkness of our calamities had obscured. He had sailed, it was said, this sunshine pilot "these many summers on a sea of glory," and when the vessel of State was "weathering its stormiest capes," loudly was it prophesied that he would blanch and tremble in the untried tempests of the wild latitudes he had reached. But did he tremble? I, sir, I, with no friendly view, curiously watched that solitary man at the helm, (solitary, from his own vast and unshared responsibilities,) and when I beheld him amidst the uproar of the elements and the noise and the menaces of a distracted crew, calmly gazing at the card, and firmly directing the wheel—I could not withhold from him the tribute of my admiration, my esteem and my applause. Of humble parentage, endowed with no transcendent eloquence, wearing no soldier's laurels—he has nothing wherewithal to dazzle the multitude from their propriety; and the sustained confidence of his countrymen s ino feeble evidence of the justice of his cause. I do not exaggerate his claims, therefore, when I pronounce him the firm, courteous, and able statesmen; the very man for the times; the pure impersonation of principle.

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AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

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POST OFFICE REFORM IN ENGLAND.*

We deem it a matter of extreme surprise that the important developments in Post Office Reform, which have so extensively agitated the British public for the last two years, should be so utterly unknown, as far as all practical information is concerned, to the American public. While the minutest movements of the great stock operations of London, though confined in their most extended result to a narrow circle of speculators, and bearing but remotely upon trans-atlantic interests—are chronicled with a species of feverish anxiety by our commercial press, and are read by thousands whose knowledge of such operations scarcely extends beyond the mysteries of financial phrase in which the account is enveloped; all notice of an utter change in the long established mode of Post Office communication in that country—which is somewhat analogous to our own—and a total revolution of the principles upon which it has hitherto been conducted; which, after thorough and searching discussion by the legislature, the press, and the public, is now about to be effected, and which is fraught with the most prodigious improvement not merely in commercial and social intercourse, but in civilization itself,—is allowed to pass into operation unrecorded, unexplained, and almost unnoticed by any of our thousand and one American newspapers;—a painful commentary on that practical inefficiency for the useful and instructive which the unlimited devotion to party and personal politics has occasioned in a large portion of our press.

We propose to give in the present paper a succinct account of the projected Post Office Reform, its history, principles, and objects, reserving to a future occasion the important question of its applicability to our American System.

* Post Office Reform; its importance and practicability. By Rowland Hill. London, 1837.

Third Report from the Select Committee on Postages, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, August 13, 1838.

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In the whole range of human improvement and progress, there is no where to be found a more brilliant triumph of genius, than is presented by the present state of this great question of Post Office Reform in England. A few simple principles of arithmetic, proved to demonstration by calculations impossible to be shaken, called universal attention to a proposal that at the first blush might have been ridiculed as the reverie of a visionary; and soon, as a natural consequence, created such confidence in its details, as to make it revolutionize the whole of the existing system of government postage, and to subvert and utterly abolish not merely all the pre-existent machinery of post office management and revenue, but even all the pre-existing ideas, and the immemorial practice on the subject. This will be more fully understood, when we reflect that the British Post Office System, in many respects resembles a close corporation. It consists of an Executive, called the Postmaster General, who, assisted by his subordinates, manages the entire department. The mails are carried by contract, and the rates of postage for single sheets vary from two pence to one shilling and two pence sterling. The reception and distribution of letters, and the collection of the postage, are managed by postmasters in all the principal places, who are appointed by the government, and are responsible to it. The uniform practice of a long course of years had thoroughly consolidated the Post Office System of Great Britain, and rendered it in its workings almost as essential a part of the State as the Church, or the Army and Navy. Like every thing else connected with Government in the British Islands, it was, in all its branches, completely removed from the cognizance or control of the people whose interests it was professedly instituted to serve. Though the rates of postage had long been complained of as exorbitant and oppressive, and though Parliamentary Committees had the subject of their reduction repeatedly before them, the force of official opposition was found too powerful to be overcome, and there was about the same degree of disposition to gratify the public in this respect as there was to render the Peerage elective, to circumscribe the power of the Crown, or to grant universal suffrage, and the vote by ballot. Like every thing else in Great Britain, the main object sought to be attained was to get as much money as possible from the people, and to do this and lower the rates of postage were deemed altogether incompatible by the purblind intellect of officials, and so dismissed from contemplation. Meanwhile, as the leading mails were despatched throughout the country with punctuality and expedition, as no one individual felt himself more aggrieved than his neighbour, and as capacity to bear taxation was deemed the surest test of British loyalty, the system was permitted to go on from year to year in its usual track, and produced for the last twenty-five years a gross revenue of above twenty-two hundred thousand pounds sterling, or between eleven and twelve millions of dollars—of which income, about one million and a half of pounds were nett revenue.

In the year 1837, Mr. Rowland Hill, a private gentleman of London,

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who had devoted his attention to the subject, published a pamphlet, the title of which will be found at the commencement of this article, in which he proposed to remodel the whole Post Office System by abolishing altogether the existing rates of postage, and with them the practice of charging double and treble postage, &c., according to the number of enclosures, together with all the complex arrangements for keeping the postmasters' accounts at the Department, and for the primary distribution of letters—and to substitute in their stead a uniform rate of postage, without regard to distance, of one penny for each half ounce, collected in advance.

This was a startling change; but the same first glance that contrasted it with the actual system, and pronounced it chimerical and visionary—(in this country all discussion of its merits would probably have been prevented at the outset by the cry of *loco-focoism!*)—also perceived the prodigious improvement of its programme over the established order of things,—and as fortunately Mr. Hill did not possess a name such as Slam, Bang, or Ming, to shout which in the public ear by the British officials and foes of improvement would have sufficed for an answer to his arguments, the general attention was strongly interested in the reasoning and facts, which led him to such extraordinary conclusions, and the result was ere long, as we have stated, a complete conviction of their accuracy in all essential particulars, and the entire practicability, as a consequence, of accomplishing for the country the unexampled amount of good which the adoption of the proposed changes could not fail to produce.

When we take into consideration the immense advantage to society which this reform would certainly occasion, in making the incalculable benefits of intercommunication accessible to masses of population hitherto deprived by a barbarous rapacity of taxation of almost all intercourse of thought, and placing that inestimable privilege as easily within their reach as the most ordinary comforts of life, the philosopher and the philanthropist will hail its general introduction, as bringing a new and potent element of civilization into play, and as creating a new era of blessing and improvement for the whole human family.

The first proposition by which Mr. Hill rivetted attention to his statements was the fact, that the revenue of the Post Office, notwithstanding the immense increase of population, commerce, wealth, education, and similar causes in Great Britain bearing upon it, had remained nearly stationary for above twenty years. As the financial prosperity of 1837 rendered it probable that a reduction of taxation would take place, it was obviously an important national consideration to select that subject of taxation in which reduction would give most relief to the people, with the least loss to the revenue. The test by which Mr. Hill proposed to find this tax was to subject each to an examination, as to whether its productiveness had kept pace with the increasing numbers and prosperity of the nation—from which the infallible conclusion would be, that the impost which proved most defective under the test would be that sought for. The Post Office revenue, as compared with the population in periods of five years, showed the following results:

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Year.	Population.	Nett revenue actually obtained.	Revenue which would have been obtained had the receipts kept pace with the increase of population from 1815.	Comparative loss.
		£	£	£
1815	19,552,000	1,557,291	1,557,291	.....
1820	20,928,000	1,479,547	1,674,000	194,453
1825	22,362,000	1,670,219	1,789,000	118,781
1830	23,961,000	1,517,952	1,917,000	399,048
1835	25,605,000	1,540,300	2,048,000	507,700

On this table of convincing figures Mr. Hill remarked:

"It appears, then, that during the last twenty years the absolute revenue derived from the Post Office has slightly diminished; whereas, if it had kept pace with the growth of population, there would have been an increase of £507,700 per annum. As compared with the population, then, the Post Office revenue has fallen off to the extent of more than half a million per annum; but if the extension of education, and the increasing trade and prosperity of the country, during this period, be taken into account, there can be no doubt that the real deficit is even much greater."

The extent of the loss to the country, from the exorbitant postage tax, was still more effectually proved by comparing the revenue arising from it with that derived from the stage-coach duties, which were less heavy, but in all other respects subject as nearly as possible to the same influences. This comparison exhibited the following result:

STAGE-COACH DUTIES.			POST OFFICE REVENUE.		
Year.	Nett Revenue produced by the Stage-coach duty.	Rate per cent. on the increase, as compared with the year 1815.	Nett Revenue actually obtained from the Post Office.	Revenues which would have been obtained had the receipts of the Post Office increased at the same rate as the produce of the Stage-coach Duty.	Comparative loss.
	£		£	£	£
1815	217,671	....	1,557,291	1,557,291	.....
1820	273,477	25	1,479,547	1,946,000	466,453
1825	362,631	66	1,670,219	2,585,000	914,781
1830	418,598	92	1,517,952	2,990,000	1,472,048
1835	498,497	128	1,540,300	3,550,000	2,009,700

The evidence from this table was still more striking. If the demand for the conveyance of letters had increased in the same proportion as that for the conveyance of persons and parcels, which could not be doubted, it followed inevitably, that there was something extremely wrong in the tax as it stood, there being in effect a loss in the Post Office revenue of two millions of pounds a year. This view of the case was still farther

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demonstrated by the realized experience of France, where the rates of postage being less onerous than in England, the receipt had increased from nearly 24,000,000 of francs in 1821, to 37,000,000 of francs in 1835, or fifty-four per cent. From the superior progress of England in population and commerce, as compared with France, the increase in the English Post Office revenue ought to have been seventy-five per cent., instead of remaining stationary. From all these facts, respecting which there could not be a difference of opinion, Mr. Hill deduced the axiom, that even supposing the tax on the transmission of letters to have been regulated with a total disregard to the convenience of the public, and merely with a view of rendering it as productive in immediate revenue as possible, the selfish end was measurably defeated, by its being altogether too high.

The nett revenue derived from the Post Office being rather more than double the entire cost of management, and one-third of the mail at least consisting of franks and newspapers which paid no postage, it followed that the tax on the transmission of letters in the British Empire was more than *three hundred per cent.* on the actual cost of their transmission. On this fact, so disgraceful to an enlightened government, Mr. Hill properly remarks:

"It is not necessary to follow out the subject in all its ramifications, otherwise there would be no difficulty in showing that any obstacle to the free circulation of letters, prospectuses, prices current, &c., must operate injuriously upon many other branches of the revenue.

"The loss to the revenue is, however, far from being the most serious of the injuries inflicted on society by the high rates of postage. When it is considered how much the religious, moral, and intellectual progress of the people would be accelerated by the unobstructed circulation of letters, and of the many cheap and excellent non-political publications of the present day, the Post Office assumes the new and important character of a powerful engine of civilization; capable of performing a distinguished part in the great work of national education, but rendered feeble and inefficient by erroneous financial arrangements.

"Connected with this view of the subject is a consideration too important to be overlooked. There cannot be a doubt that if the law did not interpose its prohibition, the transmission of letters would be gladly undertaken by capitalists, and conducted on the ordinary commercial principles, with all that economy, attention to the wants of their customers, and skilful adaptation of means to the desired end, which are usually practised by those whose interests are involved in their success. But the law constitutes the Post Office a monopoly. Its conductors are, therefore, uninfluenced by the ordinary motives to enterprise and good management; and however injudiciously the institution may be conducted, however inadequate it may be to the growing wants of the nation, the people must submit to the inconvenience; they cannot set up a Post Office for themselves. The Legislature, therefore, is clearly responsible for all the mischief which may result from the present arrangement."

It having been thus incontrovertibly shown, that the tax on letters was incomparably that most requiring reduction, Mr. Hill next proceeded to consider the greatest extent to which reduction might be carried without injuring the revenue. To arrive at this, his first care was to determine the cost that would be incurred in carrying a letter under the varying

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circumstances of distance, &c., if the Post Office were conducted on the ordinary commercial principles, and postage relieved entirely from taxation, and then to add to the natural cost such amount of duty as would be necessary to produce the required revenue:

"As a step towards determining the natural cost, let the present actual cost be first ascertained.

"Without desiring to interfere with the franking privilege, or to relieve the Post Office of the cost of transmitting newspapers, we must, in order to obtain an accurate result, consider (for the present) a due share of the expenses of the Post Office, as charged to the account of franked letters and newspapers.

"The number of letters chargeable with postage which pass through all the post offices of the United Kingdom per annum is about	88,600,000
"The number of franked letters - - - - -	7,400,000
"The number of newspapers - - - - -	30,000,000
"Total number of letters and newspapers per annum - -	126,000,000
"The annual expenses of all kinds at present are - -	£696,569"

The total expenses of the Post Office Department, embracing all the bountiful profusion of royal myrmidons, and including an annual tax of about two hundred thousand dollars in superannuation allowances, and royal pensions to such national benefactors of the mail service, and men of letters, as the Dukes of Marlborough and Grafton, and the "heirs of the Duke of Schomberg," together with the enormous cost of about twenty-eight per centum for the expenses of collection, amounted to £696,569. Consequently, the average cost of conveying a letter or newspaper, including all the above indispensable "*contingent* expenses," was under the existing arrangement no more than about one and one-third pence each. From the vast aggregate of expenses, however, Mr. Hill proceeded to sift out those only which were indispensably necessary to carry the mail, and conduct the business of the Department—and though to prevent unnecessary alarm and interested clamor against his scheme, he took the existing arrangements and salaries as they were—he found that the whole cost of transit, or expenses which were dependent on the distance to which letters had to be conveyed, was £144,209—being the twenty-eight hundredths of a penny for each letter, newspaper, and frank. The cost of the receipt and delivery, including the regal allowances of the General Post Office, salaries to postmasters and letter carriers, the rate of collecting, and even £30,248 of the pensions and allowances, amounted to £282,308, being the fifty-sixth hundredths of a penny for each article conveyed in the mail, and making conjointly the total cost of eighty-four hundredths of a penny each article for the entire expenses of conveying, receiving, and distributing the mail, and collecting the tax. As newspapers and franked letters would weigh on an average much more than ordinary letters, and were included as units in these calculations, Mr. Hill estimated that, deducting them, the average expense of transit on letters chargeable with postage was not more than one-third of the amount above stated, or nine hundredths of a penny.

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Lest these astounding disclosures by arithmetic of the mysteries of postage, with its concomitants of double and treble letters, should be deemed inaccurate or impossible, Mr. Hill verified his calculations by another test which left nothing to be doubted. He formed a minute and careful estimate of the cost of conveying the mail between London and Edinburgh, a distance of four hundred miles—and found it to be, including the mails of all the intermediate places, five pounds per day.

The average nett weight of mail carried for this sum, he found to be six hundred weight, which made the rate to be, sixteen shillings and eight pence per hundred weight. The cost of conveyance was, therefore—

Per ounce and a half, the average weight of a newspaper, *about one-sixth of a penny.*

Per quarter of an ounce, the average weight of a single letter, *about one-thirty-sixth of a penny.*

As the distance to Edinburgh much exceeded the average which letters, &c., would have to be carried—Mr. Hill educed from the above incontestable results the first grand principle of his scheme, viz:

"*If the charge for postage be made proportionate to the whole expense incurred in the receipt, transit, and delivery of the letter, and in the collection of its postage, it must be made uniformly the same from every post-town to every other post-town in the United Kingdom, unless it can be shown how we are to collect so small a sum as the thirty-sixth part of a penny.*"

Again, as the expenses of receipt and delivery are not much affected by the weight of each letter, within moderate limits; and, as it would take a nine-fold weight of a letter to make the expense of transit amount to one farthing, he laid down the next leading principle of his plan, viz:

"*That, taxation apart, the charge ought to be precisely the same for every packet of moderate weight, without reference to the number of enclosures.*"

Mr. Hill next entered into an examination of the machinery of the Department, with a view to find some remedy for the numerous disadvantages resulting from its complexity, which were so onerous and oppressive as to strike him with the belief that they were occasioned rather by the Post Office being made an instrument of taxation, than by the necessary business of the establishment. A reference to the public accounts showed that the expenses attendant on the receipt and delivery of letters consisted almost wholly of salaries to the officers and servants of the Post Office. These persons, with slight exceptions, he found capable of being arranged into three classes, viz: Superintendents, including Postmasters and Keepers of Receiving Houses, Clerks and Messengers, and Letter Carriers. The first class, he properly demonstrated, might be made to perform a vastly increased amount of business, if the operations of the Post Office were extensively simplified:

The duties of the clerks are thus detailed, being entirely analogous to those performed by the similar class of officers in the United States.

"The duties of clerks in the London Office will be taken as a specimen of those of the body generally; they are principally as follows: On the arrival of the mails in the morning, to examine all the letters, in order to see that the charge

upon each letter for postage has been correctly made, and that each deputy postmaster has debited himself with the correct amount of postage for paid letters; to stamp the letters; to assort them for delivery; (in this the letter carriers assist;) to ascertain the amount of postage to be collected by each letter, and to charge him therewith.

"Previously to the departure of the mails in the evening, the duties of the clerks are principally to adjust the accounts for the post-paid letters brought from the receiving-house; to 'tax' the unpaid letters—that is to say, to write on each the charge for postage; to stamp all; to assort them for despatch to the different post-towns; to ascertain the amount of postage to be collected by each deputy postmaster, and to charge him therewith.

"It must be borne in mind that the public convenience requires that the delivery of letters should follow as closely as possible the arrival of the mails; and that the receipt of letters should be continued as close as possible up to the departure of the mails. It follows, therefore, that all these multifarious duties have to be performed in the shortest possible space of time, though some, from their difficulty and complexity, involve an enormous amount of labor, while their accurate performance demands a degree of vigilance rarely to be met with. Take, for instance, the financial proceedings in the evening. First, there are the accounts to be settled with the Receivers (seventy-one in number) for the post-paid letters; then there is to tax the letters, which, without counting the franks, are frequently as many as forty thousand, and every one of which is to be examined with a candle to see whether it is single or double; then the proper postage is to be determined, not only with reference to such inspection, but also with reference to the distance of the post-town to which it is addressed, and to be marked on the letter with pen and ink; and lastly, nearly seven hundred accounts of postage are to be made out against as many deputy postmasters.

"When the hurried manner in which these complex operations have to be performed is considered, it is manifest that errors must frequently arise. There is also an obvious danger of extensive frauds on the revenue from collusion between some of the deputy postmasters and those whose duty it is to charge them with the postage. The examination of each letter by a candle, too, by revealing the contents, creates temptations to theft, which have too often been irresistible."

There could be no doubt that all this trouble, error, and fraud were occasioned by the complexity arising from the varying charges for postage, and the intermixture of paid and unpaid letters. The remedy, therefore, was to be found in simplification. If all the letters were franked, the trouble would be abridged six-fold, and if any means could be devised by which all the postage could be collected before the passage of the letters through the central office, the same result would be obtained.

The third class, or letter carriers, constitute by far the most numerous body in the service of the English Post Office. The duties of these persons are to deliver the letters brought by the mails, and to collect the postage for the same, which the evidence taken by the Parliamentary Committee proved to be a very tedious process. It was ascertained that a carrier could deliver twenty-five times as many letters, if he had not to stop and collect the postage; and as the provision of a small box for each house would prevent the carrier knocking or ringing at the doors, it followed that if the postage were paid in advance, the duties of the carriers would be even more simplified than that of the clerks, and they could perform a six-fold amount of business without increasing their number.

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This important relief to the clerks and letter carriers would indeed be obtained at the cost of some additional labor to the receivers and deputy postmasters, on whom would then devolve the whole duty of taking the postage; but as the constant attendance of these officers was required to receive and account for the amount of postage passing through their hands, under the existing arrangements, about one-fifth of the whole amount—while their labor was very much increased by the variation of the charge with each letter—Mr. Hill properly judged that the collection of the whole postage at a low uniform rate would not oppressively increase their duties, while a vast, in fact, utterly incalculable, public benefit would accrue. From all these considerations he was led to adopt another great principle as essential in his proposed modification of the Post Office arrangements, viz:

That the postage, in addition to being of a low and uniform rate, and regulated by weight, should be in all cases payable in advance.

A combination of these principles developed his plan; the postage ought to be of a very low rate to reconcile the public to its payment in advance, and it ought also to be uniform to simplify the mode of accounting for its receipt, and payable in advance, which would narrow down all further charge by the Post Office of a letter to its safe and prompt delivery.

In order to arrive at the greatest extent to which the reduction of postage might be carried, Mr. Hill entered into calculations of the cost of conveyance and distribution on the economical arrangements proposed by him. It has already been shown that, under such arrangements, the actual establishment of the Post Office would, with some slight additions, suffice for the transactions of a four or five-fold increase of business. A considerable addition to the mileage would, of course, be required, and in the following table he exhibited the comparative cost of a four-fold amount of business, with that of the actual establishment:

Heads of charges.	Present cost of primary distribution within the United Kingdom.	Estimated future cost of primary distribution within the United Kingdom.
	£	£
Salaries and allowances, - - - - -	222,510	250,000
Special services and travelling charges,	8,039	12,000
Conveyance of Mails, &c., - - - -	135,919	310,000
Packet service and port dues, - - -	4,987	10,000
Tradesmen's bills, building and repairs,	9,974	15,000
Rents of offices, tithes and taxes, - -	4,085	6,000
Law charges, - - - - - - - - -	5,913	9,000
Stationary, printing and postage, - -	3,539	6,000
Superannuation allowances, &c., - -	30,248!	30,248!!
Menai and Conway bridges (tolls) -	1,303	3,000
	426,517	651,248

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From this estimate it appeared that, if the correspondence of the country increased fourfold—i. e. amount to about five hundred millions of letters, newspapers, &c.—then upon the proposed arrangements the cost of primary distribution within the United Kingdom would amount to £651,248 per annum, producing an average cost per letter or newspaper of thirty-two hundredths of a penny, or one farthing and three-tenths of a farthing.

Upon this result, Mr. Hill remarks:

"When it is considered that the mere transit of a letter by the mail-coaches costs practically nothing, and that the penny posts, of which there are about two hundred in England alone, are stated by Sir Francis Freeling to be in many cases very profitable, even though these pence have to be collected from house to house, there is nothing very surprising in this result. The following facts may be stated in corroboration of its accuracy.

"The average cost of managing the two-penny post of London, notwithstanding the large allowance of weight, and the expensive manner in which the establishment is conducted, is only thirty-four per cent. on the receipts, or about two-thirds of a penny per letter.

"The distribution of the Penny Magazine is exactly parallel with the proposed primary distribution of letters. The Magazine is sent to every part of the Kingdom, and in considerable towns is delivered at the houses of the subscribers; but the penny charged for the Magazine includes not only the cost of distribution, but the cost of eight large pages of letter-press and wood-cuts; and yet it is well known that the undertaking is a profitable one.

"The carriers who ply between Birmingham and the neighbouring towns, to a distance of twelve or thirteen miles, are in the constant habit of conveying letters, which they deliver at one penny each. It is very improbable that the carriers have any well-organized system of distribution, and of course they must be paid something for their risk in breaking the law; although, from the open manner in which they proceed, it may be inferred that the chance of penalty is not very great. I have been informed by a highly respectable merchant and manufacturer of Birmingham, that the number of letters distributed by these means very greatly exceeds, in his opinion, the number distributed within the same district by the Post Office.

"It appears, then, that the cost of primary distribution can be reduced from eighty-four hundredths of a penny to thirty-two hundredths of a penny per letter, if the charge for postage can be reduced so low as to neutralize the objection on the part of the public to its being paid in advance, and if the assumed increase in the number of letters can be brought about. But the required increase in the number of letters must depend mainly on the extent to which the postage is reduced. An extensive reduction of postage appears, therefore, to be the one thing needful. The postage must be brought sufficiently low to secure the advantages at which we aim, remaining only sufficiently high to afford the required revenue.

"The cost of primary distribution under the new arrangements being only about one-third of a penny per letter, a profit or tax of two hundred per cent. on such cost might be added, without raising the postage above one penny. A uniform rate of one penny would, I conceive, be sufficiently low to neutralize all *pecuniary* objection to its being invariably paid in advance; (other objections will be considered hereafter;) especially if the public were made to understand that its being thus paid were a necessary condition of so great a boon. It can scarcely be doubted that so extensive a reduction in postage, together with the concurrent increased facilities of communication, would produce even more than the assumed increase in the number of letters. But if it only produced an increase to the extent assumed, and if the preceding calculations are not greatly wrong, a uniform postage of one penny would,

after defraying the expense of conveying franks and newspapers, produce a nett revenue to the Exchequer of about £1,278,000 per annum, or only about £280,000 less than the present amount."

Mr. Hill, therefore, proposed that the charge for postage should not exceed one penny per half ounce, without regard to distance, and that heavier packets to any convenient limit, for instance, quarter of a pound, should be charged at the same rate, in order to preserve the simplicity of the system, and to prevent the Post Office from being encumbered with heavy parcels.

The following is the mode by which he proposed to collect the postage in advance: Stamped covers to be issued by the Post Office for all the requisite weights of packages, and to be sold at such a price as to include the postage; each of these covers to have the weight which it would be entitled to carry legibly printed on the stamp, and to go through the mails in all respects like a frank. Economy and public convenience would require that sheets of letter paper of every description should be stamped in the part used for the address; that wrappers such as are used for newspapers, as well as covers made of cheap paper, should also be stamped; and that every deputy postmaster, all over the Kingdom, should be required to keep them for sale; and to make it their interest as well as that of stationers to do so, a discount should be allowed to them. For the forgery of these stamps, their low price would afford but little temptation, and the stamp of the receiving-house should be struck on the frank stamp to prevent their being used a second time. Respecting the benefits the public would derive from the use of the stamped covers, Mr. Hill says:

"Should experience warrant the Government in making the use of stamped covers universal, most important advantages would be secured; advantages, indeed, of such magnitude, that before any exception whatever is admitted, the policy of such exception should be very fully considered.

"1. The Post Office would be relieved altogether from the collection of the revenue, and from all accounts relating to that collection. Distribution would be its only function.

"2. The receipt of letters would be much more simple even than it now is; as the present trouble of receiving money for the post-paid letters would be avoided.

"3. Any necessary exception to the uniform rate of postage (one penny per half ounce) would, under this arrangement, be productive of comparatively little inconvenience. For instance, the greater weights proposed to be allowed in the local posts would be readily managed. Penny covers, and sheets for local posts, might be marked thus, when stamped,

'For local Distribution.—The weight allowed is two ounces.'

Or, all penny covers and sheets might be marked thus:

'For General Distribution.—The weight allowed is half an ounce.
'For Local Distribution.—The weight allowed is two ounces.'

"It may, perhaps, be said that this plan only transfers the receipt of postage from the Post Office to the Stamp Office; but it will be recollected that at the latter the postage would be collected in large sums, the number of payments being reduced, probably, in the ratio of at least a thousand to one.

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"The cost of stamping such an enormous number of papers may appear to be a formidable objection to this arrangement. With the aid of machinery, however, this cost may be reduced to a mere trifle.

"The only objection which occurs to me to the universal adoption of this plan is the following: Persons unaccustomed to write letters, would perhaps, be at a loss how to proceed. They might send or take their letters to the Post Office without having had recourse to the stamp. It is true, that on presentation of the letter, the Receiver, instead of accepting the money as postage, might take it as the price of a cover, or band, in which the bringer might immediately enclose the letter, and then re-direct it. But the bringer would sometimes be unable to write. Perhaps this difficulty might be obviated by using a bit of paper just large enough to bear the stamp, and covered at the back with a glutinous wash, which the bringer might, by applying a little moisture, attach to the back of the letter, so as to avoid the necessity of re-directing it. If the bringer should put the letter into the letter-box, there would be no resource but to send it to the dead letter office; but, if proper pains were taken to inform the public, and legibly to mark the letter-box, 'For stamped Letters, Franks, and Newspapers only,' such cases could seldom occur."

On taking the letters from the box each must be stamped with the date and the address of the receiving-house, the marks being given by a machine, called a *tell-tale* stamp, which, by a process of mechanism upon a plan well known, counts the number of letters impressed, and for facility of distribution, each letter, when stamped, is to be thrown by the Receiver into a box, marked with the initial letter of the post-town to which it is addressed.

In addition to the leading features already noticed, Mr. Hill went into a minuteness of detail, on the various modifications of his plan, which showed such a thorough mastery of his subject as still further to attract public confidence to the practicability of improvements, the principles of which he had demonstrated to be theoretically so correct. Among others, he uncontestably proved that increased facilities of distribution, and greater expedition in the transmission of letters, would certainly result from the adoption of his plan—and he instanced a number of anomalous and vexatious delays and defective arrangements, which would be necessarily remedied. With great candour, he went into an examination of the objections to his plan, and satisfactorily answered them all. The difficulties that might arise in the secondary distribution of letters, or that which proceeds from each post-town, as a centre, to places of inferior importance, he proposed to obviate by leaving the matter altogether to the inhabitants of such districts, who, when they found it for their interest, could readily make an arrangement, with the approval of the Post Office Department, with the nearest postmaster, to make up the bag for their neighbourhood, defraying the expense either by a voluntary local taxation, or by an additional charge on each letter. The adoption of this plan would relieve the central authority of the Post Office of nearly all the care as to the secondary distribution of letters, the frequency, and consequently the expense of which would in each case be regulated—in exact accordance with the only true criterion, the wants of the district.

The difficulties that might arise with regard to foreign letters he obviated by a suggestion, equally characterized by its simplicity, effi-

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ciency, and liberal philanthropy. As it would be obviously impossible to provide for the English postage on foreign letters being paid in advance, he proposed that all foreign letters on leaving the country should be charged a double rate of English postage, and that all foreign letters coming into the country should be delivered free. The postage claimed by the foreign Government being in each case paid by the foreign resident, this arrangement would be practically the same in its results—the only difference being that the English resident would have to pay his share of the postage at once instead of twice, and all necessity for any negotiation with foreign governments would be obviated.

The plausible objection that under his system the mails and the post offices would be loaded with an amount of business impossible to be executed, he abundantly answered, as we have seen, by *proving* that the existing establishment, with a slight increase, would suffice for a *four-fold amount of business*, of the occurrence of which there could not be a reasonable doubt, and which would be sufficient not merely to defray all expenses, but to place the government in nearly the same position as at present with regard to revenue, besides the other, and scarcely comparable advantage of securing to the country the priceless benefits that would result from the system.

The following is a summary of the conclusions which Mr. Hill believed he established by his calculations and reasoning:

"1. That the present cost of primary distribution is, for the most part, the result of complex arrangements at the Post Office.

"2. That these complex arrangements would be avoided, if postage were charged, without regard to distance, at a uniform rate, (which is shown to be the only fair rate with reference to the expenses incurred,) and were collected in advance.

"3. That the postage might be collected in advance, if reduced to the rate proposed; viz: one penny for each packet not exceeding half an ounce in weight, with an additional penny for each additional half ounce.

"4. That, owing to the great simplicity of the arrangements which might be adopted under these conditions, the present establishment of the Post Office, with a slight addition, would suffice for a four-fold increase of business.

"5. That this increase of business would lead to greatly increased facilities of communication, as, for example, two departures and two arrivals of the London mails per day.

"6. That these increased facilities, together with the greatly reduced charges, would have the effect of increasing the number of chargeable letters, in all probability, at least five and a quarter-fold; which increase (the number of franks and newspapers continuing as at present) would produce the four-fold increase of business, for which, it has been shown, the present establishment of the Post Office, with a slight addition, would suffice.

"7. That the necessary cost of primary distribution is not the present actual cost, viz: eighty-four hundredths of a penny, but only thirty-two hundredths of a penny; the difference, viz: fifty-two hundredths of a penny, arising from the employment of the Post Office in levying an excessive tax, and from the consequent expensiveness of arrangements and restriction of correspondence.

"8. That in consequence of the great reduction in the necessary cost of primary distribution which would be effected by the proposed arrangements, the proposed low rate of postage would yield a profit or tax of two hundred per cent. on such necessary cost of primary distribution; which, after paying for the distribution of franks and newspapers, would afford a probable nett revenue of £1,278,000 per annum.

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"9. That the secondary distribution of letters ought to be untaxed, and the small unavoidable expense defrayed, in each instance, by the inhabitants of the district for whose benefit it is established; also that it may be so managed as not, in any degree, to interfere with the simplicity of the arrangements proposed for effecting the primary distribution."

As it is obvious that while the soundness of these important principles could not admit of a doubt, the practicability of the introduction of Mr. Hill's system rested altogether upon the accuracy of the calculations he had made of the amount of business transacted by the existing establishment, and on the correctness of his estimate of its probable increase. As the real amount of letters passing through the Post Office was wholly unknown, and not possible to be ascertained from official documents, it may, therefore, be important to dwell a moment on the data on which he formed his calculations.

These calculations were ascertained by the Parliamentary Committee, who made the laborious and admirable report before us, to vary somewhat from the actual state of the case, which, from experiments made in three different weeks, they found to be as nearly as possible.

Chargeable letters sent by the General Post, inclusive of foreign letters, and reckoning double and treble letters as single - - - - - - - - - -	57,000,000
Two-penny and three-penny post letters - - -	12,507,000
Country penny post letters - - - - - -	8,000,000
	77,507,000
Franks - - - - - - - - - -	7,000,000
Newspapers - - - - - - - - -	44,000,000
Total - -	129,507,000

An aggregate which was still higher than Mr. Hill's general estimate, and which, therefore, fully sustained his calculations.

The anticipations of increase were fully borne out by the elaborate investigation of the Parliamentary Committee, which proved the fact abundantly that all classes of the community were in the continual habit of evading postage in conducting their business and correspondence. From a mass of evidence collected on this point, there was reason to believe that the illicit correspondence of the country was much greater than that sent by the Post Office, and that Mr. Hill's predictions of increase would be more than verified by the introduction of a low and uniform rate of postage.

The effects produced on the public mind by the promulgation of Mr. Hill's plan, sustained as it was by reasoning and calculations of the character we have described, were such as to give the highest possible verification to those maxims of implicit confidence in the popular sagacity and judgment, which are the basis of all *our* institutions and ideas of government; and they afford the strongest ground of hope to every lover of the great cause of the people—that the British public are fast

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approaching a state of intelligence which will not be less slow to perceive the far more injurious, oppressive, anomalous, and unjust defects of their political system—when they shall be pointed out with a pen of equal force, energy, and simplicity.

Mr. Hill's pamphlet was immediately pressed into a rapid and extensive circulation, and the features of the proposed reform received from all classes of the public a candid and thorough discussion of their merits. The attention of Parliament was soon called to the subject by numerous petitions praying for the adoption of the plan, and that body, with an enlightened attention to the public wants—in which, to do it justice, it has never been deficient on subjects of like practical detail—at once proceeded to investigate the matter in every aspect of the question. A committee was appointed who devoted themselves to a minute and laborious examination of the subject, and in several voluminous reports they poured a flood of light upon it. In that before us, which is one of the ablest, most enlightened, and most valuable documents that ever emanated from a legislative body, they passed a high eulogium upon Mr. Hill's plan, stated their entire confidence in its practicability, and declared that but for the terms of their appointment, which restricted them to the consideration of such reductions only as might be made without injury to the revenue, they would have advised "*its immediate adoption as one calculated, in their opinion, at the risk of some temporary sacrifice of public income, to improve at no distant period the Post Office revenue itself; and as one certain to afford at once (not to speak of its important moral and social effects) the most incalculable advantages to every branch of trade, manufactures, and business at home, and consequently to improve very considerably the other branches of the general revenue.*"

The committee, however, under the circumstances, did recommend a modified introduction of Mr. Hill's plan; viz: that the rates on all inland general post letters should be reduced to a uniform charge of two pence per half ounce, increasing at the rate of one penny for each additional half ounce. They also advised the partial introduction of the proposed mode of collecting the postage in advance by means of stamped covers, and some other modifications of the existing system in accordance with the same liberal spirit of improvement that pervaded the whole report.

A nobler triumph of a principle than this memorable State paper exhibited, has been seldom witnessed. From its promulgation the officials of the post office, as in the similar case of Mr. Palmer—who, fifty years before, in spite of their opposition, had introduced the signal improvement of mail coaches, universal speed, and punctuality—treated Mr. Hill's project with the utmost contempt, and opposed it with open hate. Lord Lichfield, the Postmaster General, pronounced it in Parliament the most extravagant of all the wild and visionary schemes he had ever heard or read of,* which hasty and ill-tempered opinions, as

* Mirror of Parliament, 15th of June, 1837.

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might have been expected from a mind so weak and little, he repeated six months afterwards, as if to overwhelm the gathering force of public opinion which was urging the hated project upon the country with resistless power. In emulation of this example, the officials in the Post Office did every thing in their power to oppose and discredit the plan. Before the Committee their evidence was hostile, and they gave such different estimates from those made by Mr. Hill, as would have effectually extinguished all hope respecting it, had not the energetic sagacity of the Committee distrusted their testimony, and resolved to test every calculation by their personal examination. The result exhibited the officials in their report in the mortifying position of knowing less about the business and working of the Department than any person examined, and the Committee, as a consequence, passed them as coolly by in arriving at their conclusions as if there were not such a body in existence.

But a still higher and more important destiny awaited Mr. Hill's proposal. On the seventh of July last, the Chancellor of the Exchequer formally recommended to Parliament the adoption of the plan, in all its original simplicity—merely requiring a pledge from that body to cover any deficiency in the revenue which might be at first produced by the introduction of so great a change. A candid examination of the evidence, taken by them, and of the report of the Committee, had induced the Ministry to meet the question with a liberality, candour, and frankness, which entitles them to the highest praise; and as they found the whole of the authorities, and the opinion of the Committee, conclusively bearing in favor of a penny postage, they did not hesitate to adopt it, with a fairness and breadth of view that did them infinite credit. We should also state, that in order to give the plan every possible advantage, with a disinterestedness worthy of the highest praise and imitation, they recommended an abolition of all Parliamentary and official franking; and, that no class of citizens should have any privilege over another, in respect to the post office. When the long enjoyment, great extent, and high value of the franking privilege to those who enjoyed it, are taken into consideration, we must admit that in consenting to divest themselves of it for the public good, the aristocratic legislators of Great Britain evinced a patriotism and public spirit in the highest degree commendable.

We regret that our necessarily brief limits in the present paper have prevented our enlarging on many collateral points and illustrations of much interest. We have, however, placed the plan and its merits fully before the public. At an early period we shall recur to the subject in the more interesting aspect of its applicability to our own country.

Any of our publishers who would reprint Mr. Hill's pamphlet, together with the Third Report of the Parliamentary Committee on Postages, would confer an essential service on the community by diffusing correct and valuable information on this deeply important subject; more striking, suitable, or interesting subjects for the press could not certainly be selected.

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PHILADELPHIA BANKING.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In our former article we referred to the origin and design of this system of banking. We propose, in the present, to furnish some authentic details of its operation, for the purpose of showing that its preponderance lowers the standard of moral feeling, throughout all the walks of life, to a degree most prejudicial to the highest interests of society. Self denial, experience and industry, are brought into contempt by its ascendency. The demoralizing influence of lotteries, which has been regarded as so baleful as to require their suppression by penal laws, is scarcely worth notice compared with that produced by gambling adventures created and supported by the system of false credit. The sudden increase of paper currency, and the consequent rise of prices, frequently seduce thousands of industrious individuals to abandon their regular employment under the expectation of realizing speedy fortunes by speculation. Individuals become so maddened in pursuit of immediate wealth as to leave their families, in order to participate in the insane schemes of profit which have been so often fomented by the managers of paper currency for the purpose of enhancing their own gains by the ruin of the sanguine and credulous. Others not quite so readily transported by delirious hopes are enticed by the contagious *malaria*, produced by the overflow of factitious currency, into associations contrived by professional speculators, and thus lay the foundation for future dependence and final vassalage. The great instructor and guide of human life—experience—wholly loses its weight in the regulation of the affairs of men of business. Their minds are stretched to such a degree of constant tension by the morbid excitement produced by the continual ebb and flow of a false and factitious measure of value, that all traces of the past are speedily effaced from the memory, and reflection is smothered in alternate paroxysms of exhilration and despondency. Even the commercial movement of the past year—the disastrous consequences resulting from the control of a few irresponsible managers over our great staple and the exchanges—are already forgotten. The circumstances attending the late general suspension of specie payments, and the universal embarrassment and perplexity into which the whole community were at once involved as if by some great providential calamity, have become matters of antiquity. In such a state of things it cannot be regarded as remarkable that the monetary convulsions which shook the whole Union, and swept away the accumulations of long lives of diligence and industry in thousands of instances twenty years ago, have now become enveloped in obscurity

nearly as profound as that in which transactions are involved which occurred beyond the era of recorded history.

But the lessons afforded by the course of events for a few years after the late war are so full of instruction as to the consequences of Philadelphia banking, that we shall offer no apology to our readers for calling them to recollection. The *relief* furnished by a National Bank to the diseased action produced by overtrading was so clearly exhibited at that period, that the contrast between the condition of the country after the application of that specific remedy and its present situation furnishes abundant warning and example for the future. Increased stimulus was at that time applied to the monetary movements of the country, until the over-excited community sunk into a state of absolute torpor, from which it was attempted to be aroused by the appliance of Tariffs, Internal Improvements by the General Government, and various prescriptions of quack politicians. The effect of paper currency upon the industry and commerce of the country has been precisely that of alcohol upon the human system, producing a temporary exhiliration followed by a prostration of vital power, destructive to all regularity of moral and physical exertion. The degree of prostration in the several sections of the Union corresponded with the quantity of *relief* administered—where the greatest buoyancy and the highest apparent prosperity prevailed, despondency and despair became the most general and profound.

When the period of the expiration of the charter of the first Bank of the United States approached, as when that of the late bank was about to expire, numerous banks in every part of the country suddenly sprung up, under the pretext that the withdrawal of such a large amount of capital from mercantile transactions would require the means of granting further facilities to the merchants. In point of fact, little real capital was employed in either of these gigantic institutions excepting the money belonging to the public Treasury, as we shall presently show from the most unquestionable authority. The Philadelphia system, as originally manifested in the formation of the Bank of North America, which was founded upon the obligations of the stockholders without any specie excepting that furnished by the public Treasury, was substantially adhered to in establishing its successors. The profits enjoyed by the stockholders were derived from the issue and circulation of paper currency upon the credit of the public revenues and the pledge of individual faith. This in times of general confidence encouraged the greatest liberality and profusion in its issues, and produced a delusive state of prosperity in all mercantile affairs—while the slightest adversity shook the whole structure of society to its very foundation. The multiplication of banks framed upon similar principles was attended with the additional evil of rivalship in the race or profits so easily and so abundantly acquired by their managers. Unfortunately for the security of the productive interests of the country, as will be seen in the progress of our narrative, the supposed necessities of the Government had led to the adoption of the

monstrous usurpation of receiving and circulating as money on the public account the currency of banks, without regard to its equivalency with specie. This practice, which had exposed the public defence to so much peril during the war, and had brought such disgrace upon the national character as well as such multifarious disasters upon individuals, had been fastened upon the country by the management of Hamilton. It became, under the circumstances, the supposed necessary result of the union of Bank and State. The rivalship of profligacy which this union excited and inflamed between the various banks, produced continual changes in the relative value of their currency, and involved all individual transactions of commerce in the greatest embarrassments and inconveniences. The duties levied upon the vast importations of foreign commodities with which the country was flooded immediately after the peace, in consequence of the extravagant prices prevailing here from the enormous redundancy of paper currency, differed in the several ports of the United States according to the rate of depreciation borne by the paper currency of each—this difference being as much as thirty per cent. These discordant rates of duty were in direct violation of the Constitution, which requires the rate of imposts levied upon the people of the several States to be equal. The same money received into the Treasury for duties must of course be paid to public creditors; and as more revenue is collected at some ports than is required for expenditure at those particular points, while at others the public expenditure is greater than the receipts, it became impossible to effect payment on public account without continually inflicting the greatest injustice to those who had relied upon the public faith. The condition into which the public finances and the mercantile transactions of the country had become involved from the union of Bank and State, and the only mode of relief at that time deemed practicable, throws a flood of light upon the course pursued by the managers and supporters of the Bank of the United States in 1835 and 1836, to compel Congress to re-charter that institution. The measures adopted for that object involved the country in general distress and embarrassment, but, from the vigilance and firmness of the Executive, did not produce the result anticipated by their projectors. In the former instance the Bank managers had acquired such an absolute control over the political, commercial and productive interests of the Union, as to appal the strongest and most sagacious of our legislators. Congress was fully apprized of their profligacy in inflicting on the whole community "the evils of pouring upon the country a flood of bank paper at their discretion," (see Mr. Tucker's report, twenty-fifth March, 1816,) but no means appear to have been considered practicable for the purpose of effectually checking this arbitrary ascendency of fraud.

Under these perplexing circumstances many leading politicians, who, upon principle, from the commencement of the Government, had most strenuously opposed the whole system of paper-money banking, were unable to devise any other remedy for the evils which involved the

monetary transactions, both of the Government and of individuals, than a National Bank. A metallic currency could not at that time, by any measures within the power of the Government, after the lamentable mistake that had occurred in receiving irredeemable paper into the public Treasury, be brought into circulation. The only sound and equal measure of value had been expelled from all channels, both public and private, by false and fictitious substitutes.

It is only justice to several of the most intelligent supporters of the old Bank of the United States, to suggest that they regarded the powers proposed to be given to the new Bank with great apprehension and distrust—especially those who had been close observers of the operation of the fraudulent banking system which prevailed in New England previous to the war. The charter of the new bank provided that one fourth of the capital stock subscribed by private individuals should be paid in specie by instalments. It was distinctly foretold by Mr. Mason, then a Senator from New Hampshire, that only the first instalment, under the general practice of banking in this country, would be so paid. That gentleman, remarkable both for his natural endowments and extensive acquirements, strongly contended, while the charter was under debate, that the operations of the new bank would cause a further and general depreciation of paper currency by the great addition it would create to the amount already in existence, and would inevitably bring on a general and destructive revulsion. As a remedy for the evils which afflicted the country, he regarded it as similar to Sangrado's practice—more bank paper of the same sort—more hot water for the same disease.

Affording the only practicable mode of carrying on the Government under the manifold embarrassments into which the public finances had been plunged by its connexion with the banking system, the bill chartering the late Bank of the United States finally passed both Houses of Congress, and on the 10th of April, 1816, received the sanction of President Madison. The Bank was to go into operation on the first day of January, 1817. To such a pitch had these embarrassments reached, that the Government, with twenty millions of dollars in the Treasury, was obliged to borrow, in advance of the public operations of the Bank, a half a million of the specie paid towards the first instalment, in order to avoid the forfeiture of the public faith, by providing for the dividends due on that day in Boston on the Public Debt—as none of the public money could effect payments in that city.

Immediately after the subscription books closed, the stock of the Bank bore a premium. A great part of it had been taken by speculators who were at that period as well acquainted with the various artifices belonging to the science of puffing as at present. It was a great point with this class to obtain the control of the Bank. The provision of the charter, by which the aggregate of votes upon a large number of shares held by one person was lessened in a certain ratio, was wholly evaded by subscriptions in the names of individuals without any real interest in

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the stock. In one instance, more than a thousand shares were held in the names of a similar number of persons by a single individual. For the purpose of inflating the price of the stock, Mr. Dennis A. Smith, one of the first Board of Directors, who became subsequently involved in the transactions which cast so deep a reproach on the Baltimore branch, who has since sought notoriety by taking the lead in proposing the late suspension by the banks, and who has recently revived the favorite project of the bank speculators of 1819, for making Treasury notes a substitute for the only constitutional currency in payments by the banks, introduced the famous resolution for paying dividends on the stock of the bank in London. This proposition was strenuously opposed by the capitalists at the Board, but on the seventh of November, 1816, was carried by the speculators. Mr. John Sergeant, also one of the Directors of the Bank, was accordingly dispatched to Europe to establish this agency, as well as to borrow or purchase specie to sustain the contemplated course of operations. The result of the various manœuvres adopted, was, that in the course of a short time the price of stock rose to about 160.

Our sketch of the mode in which the currency of a great nation is regulated by Philadelphia banking must be more brief than its merits require. It was suggested, soon after the meeting of Congress in December, 1816, that arrangements had been made by the bank to relieve the stockholders from the actual payment of their subsequent instalments. Evidently alarmed at this perversion of the plain intent of the charter, which if practised would destroy the public advantages anticipated from the establishment of the Bank, the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, Mr. Calhoun, addressed a letter of inquiry on this subject to Mr. James Lloyd, then a Senator from Massachusetts, who was at that time a director of the bank, and who spent the latter part of his life in Philadelphia. The answer, dated ninth of January, 1817, may be found at length in Gales' and Seaton's State papers, Finance, vol. 3d, page 152. He states that the bank had resolved on the eighteenth of December, 1816, to make discounts for the purpose of meeting the payment of the second instalment, and expressly alleges that nearly all the banks of the country had begun their discounts upon payment of the first instalment, and that this was done by the former Bank of the United States. Mr. Lloyd, whose means of knowledge of the management of the banks of this country up to that period was inferior to that of no one, and whose personal integrity was of the highest character, adds:

"Experience has verified, to the conviction of most persons who have had occasion to remark it, that any very strong reliance upon the constructive obligations of moneyed men, in opposition to their pecuniary interest and in the absence of any special agreement on their part, would form a most fragile dependence for a great banking institution to obtain its operations on."

Such an explanation of a palpable fraud upon the charter of the Bank, given by a person who possessed the best opportunities of appreciating the character of the Philadelphia school, is worthy of the sober meditation of those who have honestly desired to subject the good faith of the

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United States to the consequences of such a system of ethics, especially under the more modern improvements which have been introduced.

Soon after the organization of this bank it was discovered that even the ceremony of paying the first instalment of the capital stock of a bank was wholly unnecessary. We have been informed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, in an official report, that the ordinary mode of establishing banks under the more improved system, is to borrow the specie required by law for a single day, and to put the bank into operation for the manufacture of currency, with no capital whatever but the notes of its projectors. Some of the banks of the western States which failed in consequence of the management of the Bank of the United States, to which we shall presently advert, exhibited the benefits of connecting the Government with this improvement on the Philadelphia system of banking, in a striking manner. Having stopped payment with large amounts of public money which had been dissipated in unfortunate speculations, the stockholders surrendered their certificates of stock in exchange for the notes which constituted the sole capital of the bank—leaving nothing for the public indemnity but the naked franchise conferred by the act of incorporation! Those who had used the public money for their private purposes had incurred no personal liability, as the bank alone was responsible, in its corporate capacity. That the Bank of the United States was intended to be conducted on similar general principles, seems to be clearly intimated by Mr. Lloyd in his remark, that "not a small part of the stock is in the possession of those who very fairly mean to make an advantageous use of the confidence they reposed in the good faith and resources of the country!"

By the statement of the President of the Bank to the Committee of Investigation, of which Mr. Spencer was Chairman, it is shown that the sum of $1,428,694 45 was paid in specie by the stockholders before the Bank went into operation—and this appears to be all which was actually paid. To sustain the credit of its vast issues, which, in the two first months of its operation, amounted to $4,565,000, reliance was solely had to the control given it by law over the public revenues, its notes being made receivable in all public payments, and upon its importations of specie. Between the 30th of July, 1817, and the 5th of December, 1818, the amount imported directly by the Bank was $7,311,750 33. This specie actually cost the Bank the sum of $525,297 38 above its par value here, besides the $20,000 paid Mr. Sergeant for his voyage to make the negotiation. This is within a fraction of eight per cent. We shall attempt an explanation of the fate of this experiment to keep up the credit and circulation of a redundant paper currency, by means of importations of specie from abroad—a policy so often resorted to by the Bank—as it is full of instruction upon the general principles which regulate the currency and govern manufactures, which were advanced in our former article.

Immediately after going into operation, the Bank, for the purpose of pushing its paper into circulation gave a general order that no currency

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should be paid out by any of its officers but its own notes, and specie. The notes issued by the branches were only redeemable in specie at the places where issued, but were made receivable by law in payments to the United States every where. By paying out no other than its own notes, a great amount was immediately forced into circulation, as we have already seen. At the same time, the notes of other banks were received upon an agreement to pay interest thereon, instead of being returned upon them for specie. The evil of an excessive currency was thus continually increasing by the measures adopted by the Bank. On the 26th of February, 1817—less than two months from its commencement—the balances against State banks were $8,848,000, besides their notes to the amount of $587,281, held by the Bank. It continued to pay out its own notes until July, 1818, when its circulation exceeded nine millions of dollars. During these enormous issues and importations, the plentifulness of currency here, and its consequent depreciation compared with the lower prices of commodities in specie in other countries, made its exportation the most profitable remittance that could be made abroad. Most of the notes issued by the branches at New York and Boston were returned for specie. It appears, by a statement of the President of the Bank to Mr. Spencer's committee, that, during the period referred to, $1,622,800 09 in specie had been sent to Boston, and $6,293,392 01 to New York, to meet this continual drain for exportation, besides a very large sum drawn from the mother Bank, the precise amount of which does not appear by the returns from which we have derived these facts relative to its operations. The immense sums drawn from the local banks of the South and West, which occasioned the suspension of most of them, appears to have been almost entirely exported.

Now, during this period, exchange on New York was worth, at least, from five to six per cent. in Kentucky—considerably higher in Ohio, and throughout the South and West, at a premium—in some places as high as ten per cent. As the notes issued by the branches in all these sections of the country could be used in payment of duties, they constituted the most profitable remittance that could be made to the mercantile cities. Notwithstanding the great profusion with which they were issued throughout the South and West, very few went into circulation. The notes of the local banks which could not be used in payment of debts, or in the purchase of goods in New York and Boston, but at enormous sacrifices, remained the sole currency of the Southern and Western sections of the Union, while the branch paper issued there, and remitted to New York and Boston, formed the medium in which duty bonds were paid—the notes of the latter branches being used, as we have seen, to draw specie for exportation. In less than two years, the rigorous application of this process, together with the sale of drafts upon the East at large premiums, to which we shall presently refer, had transferred nearly the whole capital of the bank to the South and West, while collections could only be made in these sections in local paper, as there were no notes of the Bank in

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circulation there. To save the Bank from destruction, it then became absolutely necessary to attempt to realize this local paper in specie. This was enforced with so much severity, as to overturn most of the banks whose paper formed the actual currency of those regions. The suspension of these banks, and the continuance of the exportation of specie growing out of the determination not to curtail the paper circulation of the country, nearly caused the failure of the Bank itself. Its embarrassments involved the whole country in a degree of suffering and distress which far exceeded any of its subsequent proceedings, disastrous as some of them have been. The Bank had been chartered for the sole purpose of relieving the disorders inevitable from a redundant paper currency. By increasing this plethora to promote the speculations of its managers, it not only destroyed the commercial credit of whole States, but in endeavoring to preserve its own existence, thousands upon thousands of worthy individuals, who had been seduced by its liberal accommodations, were totally ruined. The losses incurred by the Bank were enormous. In Baltimore alone, they were supposed to reach nearly two millions—in Kentucky and Ohio, they amounted to vast sums. Throughout the South and West it held heavy claims upon local banks, the credit of which had been destroyed by its attempt to regulate the currency and commerce of the country in a similar manner as it has recently done. Several instructive episodes, showing its management towards individuals of influence and standing during this period of universal pecuniary distress, might be given, did our limits permit. Some of the most extraordinary of these instances occurred in Ohio and Kentucky. In the latter State, an attempt was made to retrieve a portion of its losses by loaning the depreciated paper of the local banks to individuals upon long credit, to be paid at maturity in specie. These contracts were adjudged to be usurious and void by the Supreme Court of the United States. Those who desire to trace the proceedings of the great regulator of the currency during the eventful years of 1818, 1819, 1820, and 1821, will find a vast fund of information in Niles' Weekly Register of those years—though that well known periodical, like many other newspapers, has of late years found sufficient reasons for shaping its views more in accordance with the designs of the managers of the Bank. At that period the Bank had not entered the arena of partizan warfare. Its managers had not found it necessary or expedient to sustain their speculations by a formal alliance with a great political party.

The result of less than two years operation of the great institution, which had undertaken to regulate the currency, was to produce a far greater discrepancy between that of the several States, and more embarrassment in the domestic exchanges between the several sections of the Union, than had existed previous to its establishment. Instead of equalizing the currency, which was the principal ground upon which its charter was granted, the gigantic speculations entered into and encouraged by its managers had created a tenfold greater destruction of private con-

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fidence and stability than the previous experience of the country had ever exhibited. Individuals, who had flourished upon credit in splendor and luxury, were at once swept from the aristocracy by the rigid contractions of the currency, which became necessary to prevent the overthrow of the Bank. Nor were the beneficiaries of the Philadelphia system the only sufferers. Many persons of large property had been seduced, by the great rise of prices occasioned by the general plentifulness of currency produced by its operations in its very outset, to enter into purchases and incur large liabilities, with the expectation of future advantage from the continuance of the existing prosperity. But the sudden contraction rigidly enforced by the Bank during the last half of 1818, involved many of those persons who had been previously independent, in point of property, in embarassments even more deplorable than those of individuals who had gone into the speculations of the day without property and were wholly dependent on the paper system. Under the enormous fall of prices, which the sacrifice of property to meet engagements every where produced, it became the interest of the banks to sustain those whose indebtedness to them was the greatest—being the only means of realizing these debts—while individuals who had originally possessed a large surplus of property beyond their debts were sacrificed without scruple, as in those cases little danger of jeopardizing the debt existed. Those who had entered into speculations wholly destitute of property were, therefore, in a much better condition than the actual proprietors of large estates who had been enticed into the toils. In several of the States the operations of the Bank of the United States, at this period, produced almost universal bankruptcy. For the first time in the history of this country, it was shown that without foreign debt, in the time of profound peace, in the full enjoyment of the bounties of Providence, a great and wealthy nation might be at once reduced to a condition of indiscriminate insolvency. Even the overthrow of property in France by John Law's Royal Bank was not so universal as occurred here at this time, because the spirit of traffic was not so generally diffused throughout all classes in France as in this country.

It may seem paradoxical that every individual in the community may become insolvent, as we have stated; but a little reflection upon the course of monetary transactions and liabilities, under the management of the Philadelphia system, will satisfy any impartial mind of our accuracy. Where the whole community has been induced to enter into pecuniary obligations, if a sudden and important decrease of the circulating medium takes place, those who possess property are equally involved as those who own nothing except in anticipation. We will explain this operation briefly, because the subject is interesting, as the course of the speculations excited in 1817 and 1818 was quite similar to those vast projects for realizing sudden fortunes, which the operations of the Bank in 1835 and 1836 brought into existence, and under which the whole country is now suffering to a greater or less extent.

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In the elaborate report "on banks and the currency," made to Congress at the commencement of 1820, Mr. Crawford shows that the management of the Bank had, within little more than a year from its establishment, by the means we have already explained, inflated the circulation of the country to the enormous amount of one hundred and ten millions of dollars. While this increase was in progress, under the influence of the general contagion for traffic, which such a state of things invariably produces, those who owned property were induced to sell it at the greatly advanced prices which prevailed, taking the obligations of the purchasers for subsequent payment. Most of these individuals, also, became large purchasers of other property, under the expectation of realizing the advance of value which seemed to be progressive and without apparent limits. The portfolio of every man in business thus became filled with obligations; while on the other hand, he had entered into such as were necessary to represent the property he had purchased. While this incessant multiplication of bills receivable and bills payable was going on among all classes of society, the currency which was to discharge this incalculable large amount of outstanding obligations was suddenly reduced by the contraction of the Bank of the United States, and the effect of this contraction upon all the other banks. Mr. Crawford states in his report, that the whole amount of currency in circulation in 1819 did not exceed forty-five millions of dollars—less than one-half the quantity in circulation the year previous. Now, debts which might be easily paid with a circulation of one hundred and ten millions became perfectly desperate with a circulation of forty-five millions; the medium of payment having been suddenly increased in value nearly three fold, and the commercial difficulty of raising money increased more than ten fold. Such a change of monetary liabilities bore almost exclusively upon men of property. Those who had nothing to lose but their anticipated profits might laugh at the storm which swept away, in a moment, the results of the painful earnings of the best years of the lives of individuals who had purchased property under the reasonable expectations of a continued rise of prices. No foresight or calculation was sufficient to guard the most prudent, who happen to be engaged in active business, from these consequences of secret manœuvres of the managers of paper currency under the Philadelphia system. An individual holding obligations to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars, and other property to the value of fifty thousand at the existing prices, if he happens to owe twenty-five thousand, whenever the period of such a reduction of currency arrives, which inevitably prevents the payment of the debts due to him, may be compelled to sacrifice his property at one-quarter part of its previous value, and become a bankrupt. Thousands of such instances have occurred under the dominion of the Bank of the United States—indeed, they have become so common as to cease to excite surprise—and yet, the merchants, upon whom this false and profligate system is continually inflicting the greatest calamities, are its main supporters. The only explana-

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tion that can be given to this strange infatuation, is, that of the Irish fish-woman, who, when reproached by a tender-hearted lady with the cruelty with which she skinned her eels, replied, "Lord bless your soul, they loves it—they are so used to skinning."

The destruction and dismay produced in every section of the Union by the great regulator of the currency, during the last half of 1818, forced upon the notice of the several State Governments the consequences of placing the currency and commerce of the Union under the arbitrary control of a few irresponsible individuals. The circulation of the notes of the Bank of the United States had enabled the Government to collect its revenue, but had produced, unmitigated evils to every class of society, and had produced, in fact, "one currency for the Government and another for the people," both equally arbitrary and fictitious. Had the Government required all payments into the Treasury to be in gold and silver, private transactions would not have been involved in such unparalleled perplexity. The exchanges had become disordered to such a frightful extent, that the difference between this city and Baltimore, a distance of only forty miles, where the daily intercourse of business is very large, had reached in September, 1818, the rate of two and a half per cent., according to Niles' Register of that date. Several of the States found the business of their merchants, and the prosperity of the people with whose interests they were charged, so deeply injured by the interference of this great commercial monopoly, that they determined to resort to preventive measures for the protection of their own citizens. Under the belief that the rights of the States, reserved to them by the Constitution, empowered the several State Governments to impose taxes upon the property as well as upon the instruments employed in the transfer of property, within their respective jurisdictions, the State of Maryland passed a law imposing a stamp duty upon all notes issued by any bank within the State, which had not been chartered by the State. The question of the right to levy such a tax upon the operations of the Bank of the United States, within the State of Maryland, was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, and the opinion of the Court was pronounced by Chief Justice Marshall, that this act of Maryland was unconstitutional. This decision could probably be sustained only on the ground that the financial operations of the General Government were not subject to State taxation. The consequence of this decision was, that no protection could be afforded, by the several States to their citizens, against the destructive measures which the managers of the Bank might at any time pursue for the purpose of increasing their profits.

The States of Ohio and Kentucky, which had been more severely scourged by the management of the Bank than perhaps any other part of the Union, were compelled, by the decision of this high tribunal, to forego the execution of the measures of redress adopted by their Legislatures. It had been conclusively settled that the act of Congress chartering the bank had conferred a privilege upon the stockholders pre-

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cisely similar to the most valuable of all those enjoyed by the high nobility of France, previous to the Revolution—that of imposing burdens at their pleasure upon their vassals, comprehending the greatest portion of the community, and at the same time be entirely exempted themselves from all legal taxes and contributions towards the maintenance of the public establishments of society.

In the messages of Governor Slaughter, of Kentucky, and of Governor Brown, of Ohio, to the Legislatures of these respective States, the evils brought upon their constituents by the operations of the Bank of the United States are set forth with great earnestness and force. These able documents contain authentic details on this subject, and are worthy of careful examination—but their great length prevents their introduction here. The condition of the currency at that period was laid before the Legislatures of most of the States by the Executive authorities. We can only find space for the introduction of two or three brief extracts, which will serve to show that we have not overstated the extent of the prevailing embarrassments. The following is from the message of Governor Jennings, of Indiana, of ninth December, 1818:

"The products of our soil, which form the basis of our public and private wealth, are unavoidably disposed of for a circulating medium, upon which, when applied to the payment of a debt due the United States, a loss must be sustained from five to ten per cent., and in this indirect but certain mode the hard earnings of the laborious and farming interests of the country is more exorbitantly taxed by a mere regulation adapted to the interest of the stockholders of the National Bank, aided with the power from the Treasury Department of preventing all other paper currency from being received in payments to the United States. The power which this Bank exercises over the payments to the United States' Treasury has greatly involved those who have become debtors for lands, purchased under the general belief that the paper of solvent banks would continue to be accepted in discharge of such demands against them; but the operations of this institution prove its intention of gradually destroying the reputation of the State institutions, disenabling thereby those who are indebted to the United States to meet their payments in due time to avoid a heavy interest or forfeiture, which must result in immense sacrifices on their parts, and commensurate opportunities for speculation for those who can command funds which are receivable, unless Congress shall interfere in their behalf."

Governor Clinton, of New York, in his message of the sixth January, 1819, refers to the currency at that period in these terms:

"The embarrassments arising from the disordered State of the currency have increased, instead of diminishing, since I had the honor to address the Legislature on the subject. That the vast excess of paper above metallic currency, at least treble in amount, and the constant demand for the latter, have produced a state of alarm and anxiety, and have created great distress not only in the mercantile cities, but in all the departments of productive industry; and unless efficient preventives are adopted, and suitable remedies applied, the evil will be in a state of progressive augmentation."

Governor Brooks, of Massachusetts, expresses himself in more guarded terms; but the following extract from his message of the fourteenth January, 1819, shows with a sufficient clearness his opinion of the origin of the existing difficulties:

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"If, under existing regulations, men engaged in commercial pursuits are seen to suffer embarrassment and distress, the causes must elsewhere be sought than in the laws. Trading without, or on artificial, capital is their too frequent origin. What agency the multiplication of banks and the consequent increase of bank paper may have had in occasioning perplexity and failure, I am not possessed of sufficient data to determine."

Extracts from cotemporary papers of the highest authenticity, showing the deep suffering of that period, might be given to the extent of volumes, were it necessary to exhibit more fully the fruits of the regulation of the currency by the Bank of the United States.

But we proceed to an incidental subject which, within a few years, has occupied a large share of the public discussions in favor of the Bank. So much has been said upon the management of the domestic exchanges by the Bank, that it seems necessary to give a brief explanation on this subject.

Previous to the 18th of July, 1817, none of the banks had undertaken to deal in exchange as a distinct and established branch of business. The exchanges between the various sections of the Union had been left to the management of individual merchants engaged in the supply of the constant demands for the products of the variety of soil, climate, and pursuits of the several States. The rates had been governed by the relative demand between the different cities, regulated, as before explained, by the extent of local depreciation. On the day last mentioned, a resolution was adopted by the Board of Directors of the Bank of the United States, organizing a system of dealing in domestic bills of exchange. As a large amount of indebtedness to the great mercantile cities existed throughout the South and West, for the foreign goods carried thither, in consequence of the high prices which the affluence of paper had created, the notes issued by the branches in those sections were not only inadequate to meet the remittances required, but they came into the hands of those individuals only who could obtain accommodations at those branches. On the organization of this system of exchange they were always ready to sell drafts. But instead of establishing fixed rates of exchange, the most arbitrary and capricious management was constantly exhibited. The report of Mr. Spencer's committee shows that one of the branches sold drafts on Philadelphia on one day at one per cent. advance, and on the next day at five per cent., without the slightest apparent reason for this great change of premium. The fluctuations of rate throughout the South and West were continual; and as the embarrassment of the Bank thickened, the exchanges grew more and more disordered. Kiting was encouraged to an enormous extent, and the losses incurred by the bank two or three years ago by the failure of Josephs in New York, and the Hermans of New Orleans, between whom this practice had been extensively carried on, form but a small item of the immense sacrifices incurred by the Bank in carrying on its fictitious exchanges, for the purpose of impressing the public with a belief of its vast utility to the mutual transactions between different sections of the country; while in fact the real exchanges were frequently kept in artifi-

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cial derangement, for the purpose of deriving profit from them, to the great injury of the mercantile communications based upon actual transactions.

In July, 1818, the amount of the loans, discounts, and domestic bills of exchange of the Bank, as shown by its returns, was $41,458,985. Besides this, balances were due from the State banks amounting to $2,463,064, and it held the notes of State banks to the amount of $2,398,698. The immense inflation which this result of eighteen months' operation indicates, connected with the fact that the local banks in every section of the Union had been encouraged to expand by the policy of the Bank, will sufficiently account for the fact stated by the directors of the Bank, that Spanish milled dollars bore a premium of ten per cent., and that other metallic currency was at a premium for export. More than its whole capital had been taken from the branch at Boston, which appeared to be a creditor on the books of the bank, and nearly the entire capital of the branch at New York had been also taken. The means of the bank had been mainly distributed in the South and West; and the only mode of averting its overthrow was that immediate and extensive curtailment of its accommodations, which, falling principally upon the other banks and on its business paper, occasioned those scenes of distress and disaster to which we have alluded. Various projects were suggested by the speculators interested in maintaining the expansion of the currency, for jeopardizing the general security still further for their advantage. The favorite plan was the same lately renewed in some of the newspapers owned by the present Bank to make paper a tender by law, by ordering an issue of Treasury notes, to be supplied to the banks upon certain conditions, and to be used by them as a substitute for gold and silver. But no member of Congress was found willing to hazard the odium of proposing this plan in the face of his oath to support the Constitution. Instead of this profligate scheme, the banks proposed to prohibit the export of gold and silver, as an indirect mode of sanctioning the suspension of specie payments. Mr. Crawford, then Secretary of the Treasury, being called on for his opinion of the expediency of this measure, on the 29th December, 1818, explained his objections to it.

"We are compelled, he says, under existing circumstances, to continue a paper currency, founded on a metallic basis, with all its liability to sudden and violent fluctuations, aggravated by the circumstance that more than twenty different sovereignties claim and exercise the right of increasing, *ad libitum*, that currency through the instrumentality of banking institutions." . . . . "Our only remedy is to enforce redemption in specie. This can most certainly be effected by considering and punishing, as an act of bankruptcy, any attempt on the part of a bank to circulate its notes while it refuses to redeem them."

The occasion for this suggestion of a bankrupt law to enforce the redemption in specie of the paper currency of the banks, proves conclusively that the Bank of the United States, after regulating the currency for two years, had reduced the practical measure of value to a similar condition of disorder and confusion as led Congress to charter this cor-

poration, instead of pursuing the recommendation contained in the Report of Mr. Dallas, of the 19th March, 1816, "to subject all banks and bankers, failing to pay their notes according to the terms of the contract, to a seizure of their estates and effects for the benefit of their creditors, as in a case of legal bankruptcy." Persons who have rioted for years in plunder, whether extorted by force or false pretences, are apt to dislike "this idea of paying back." To avoid such a catastrophe as the redemption of paper currency would produce upon the fortunes of those who enjoyed the irresponsible power of creating it at pleasure, the same influence was then powerfully exerted, as has at all times prevented the adoption of the only efficient remedy within the power of Congress for those periodical visitations of panic, and distress, which afflict the people throughout at their relations, whenever the designs of the great paper-money power are to be promoted. Neither Mr. Crawford nor Mr. Dallas can be regarded as inimical to banks, acting within the sphere of their legitimate commercial operations. The arbitrary control of all payments made for the support of the Government, both of the States and the Union, together with the irresponsible monopoly of the practical measure of value for all the transactions of the community, had tempted the managers of the banks to increase their profits by abusing the confidence placed in them by a credulous community. Absolute power never fails to corrupt the fairest understanding and pollute the purest heart. While immense fortunes could be realized without the slightest exercise of skill or industry, it would be expecting too much from those whom the laws had shielded with perfect impunity for all frauds upon the community at large, to expect a rigid regard to the welfare of others to be pursued in their measures for regulating the currency. These individuals could make money plentiful or scarce at their pleasure. They accordingly enjoyed the most perfect command over the prices of every thing. Whenever their profits would be promoted by supporting or enhancing existing prices, they were invariably tempted to inflate the currency to the point of explosion. Then commenced the process which shows the hostility of Philadelphia banking to true credit. Merchants who had been furnished with accommodations, forming the basis of large operations, were at once compelled to pay up their loans. Other banks were compelled to pursue the same course by sudden and extensive demands upon them for specie. If the expansion happened to be general, and of long duration, the high price of specie had, in the mean time, led to its exportation, and the banks dishonored their obligations without compunction or remorse. Frequently this dishonor has been confined to particular banks or certain sections of the country where over-trading had been most rife—occasionally it has been general throughout the country. Whenever it has occurred, its tendency has been to weaken the influence of the managers of the banks. The struggle made by them within a year or two to sustain the enormous monopolies of the necessaries of life, which have produced so much privation and

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suffering among large classes of the community, have enlightened the understandings of more individuals as to the true nature of their arbitrary power, than any abstract reasoning which could reach the minds of the people at large. So clearly have the indications of this increased intelligence of the true consequences of Philadelphia banking upon the comfort of the mass of society been manifested, that the views of the most prudent and judicious among the managers of the banks have recently undergone a great improvement. Another suspension of specie payments will not be rashly ventured. But the banks, from their precarious dependence upon the state of foreign markets, as their profits are wholly derived from the excess of paper beyond the level of metallic currency, are daily exposed to a drain of specie by the creation of balances abroad, arising from an excess of importations beyond the value of our exports. Should the prices of our staples materially fall in England, and the increasing glut and the low prices of her manufactures at home induce the transmission of large amounts to our markets to be sold for what they will fetch, in order to relieve the pressure which now prevails in her manufacturing marts, what can prevent such an exportation of specie as will lead to another explosion? A very slight elevation of the rate of foreign exchange beyond its present market price will inevitably produce another suspension more or less extensive by the banks. Should it again occur without the previous adoption of adequate measures for protecting the sound banks, and the community at large, from the incalculable losses and inconveniences created by the late suspension, we fear that the melancholy scenes produced by the flagrant failure of the Bank of Maryland will furnish but a feeble specimen of the feelings of an outraged people. The thoughtless cupidity and the overpowering influence of many of the banks have induced the Legislatures of several of the States to sanction a far greater circulation of small notes than has ever before been thrown upon the community since 1819. The occasion for the interposition of Congress for the general protection of the community, in the mode pointed out by Messrs. Crawford and Dallas, has become more imminent than at any period since that time. No other mode will efficiently restrain the banks and bankers within their proper sphere of duty, under the temptations which it is so difficult for human nature to resist. It has become the only security for the subsistence of large classes of society who have been so wantonly and repeatedly plundered of their hard earnings. This measure is imperiously required for the preservation of the public peace among the easily inflamed population of our large cities. Should another suspension of specie payments by the banks occur, who will answer for the forbearance of the masses? Ought our legislators to rest assured that the people will again find themselves cheated and trampled on, without means of lawful redress, with perfect equanimity and resignation? When the laws will not afford protection to the citizen in the enjoyment of his dearest rights, human feelings impel him, by an irresistible impulse, to endeavor to vindicate them; and

when multitudes are roused by the deepest injuries, they are unfortunately prone to adopt such measures as moderation and calm judgment will rarely sustain. No masters are so tyrannical as want and desperation. They will be obeyed at all hazards. Those individuals who wantonly plunge thousands in distress and suffering, for the gratification of their avarice, ought to consider that outrages upon the rights of property and common honesty cannot always be repeated with impunity. Justice requires that banks who enjoy immense profits from the labor of the community, by the circulation as money of their paper currency, should be compelled to redeem it on demand at whatever cost. Unless this cardinal principle is maintained by the most efficient and summary provisions, both public and private faith are exposed to a common destruction by the caprice and cupidity of corporate bodies, who are not punishable by law, and whose managers have been too often tempted to wantonly break down the most sacred barriers of public security for the sake of realizing immediate gain.

In our former article on this subject, as well as in that upon the "Causes of Poverty" in our May number, we attempted to illustrate the uniform effects of a sudden superabundance of currency, by showing the consequences of the great influx of metallic currency upon the existing state of society in Europe, which resulted from the vast acquisition of the precious metals by Spain in the early part of the sixteenth century, from her discoveries and conquests in America. The enormous enhancement of prices throughout all the countries of Europe, whither this new supply of currency was carried by commerce and manufactures, produced poverty and suffering among all classes whose subsistence depended on wages and fixed incomes. It was shown to have given occasion to the great curse of modern society—being at once both the cause and consequence of demoralization—pauper laws. These laws were not, however, the sole evidence of the general disorganization of the social system produced by the superabundance of currency. It is an interesting fact, that the same edict of the Emperor Charles V., the hereditary Sovereign of the Netherlands, which established the pauper system in that country in 1531, also for the first time placed fraudulent bankruptcy in the list of penal offences, and enacted provisions for its efficient detection and punishment. England, ten years afterwards, was compelled to follow the example of this great commercial and manufacturing country. The preamble of the statute, fourth chapter of 34 Henry VIII., entitled "An act against such persons as make bankrupt," sets forth:

> "Where divers and sundry persons, craftily obtaining into their hands great substance of other mens' goods, do suddenly flee to parts unknown, or keep their houses, not minding to pay or restore to any their creditors their debts and duties, but at their own wills and pleasures consume the substance obtained by credit of other men, for their own pleasure and delicate living, against all reason, equity, and good conscience,—"

and goes on to provide for a summary seizure of their property for the

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benefit of their creditors, as well as their personal punishment. This act is the foundation of the present bankrupt laws of England.

The coincidence of origin, among the most commercial people in Europe, of poor laws and bankrupt laws, and the causes which rendered them essential for the preservation of good order and good faith, presents an ample occasion for meditation on the part of all, who regard the general prevalence of the means of comfortable living among our citizens as essential to the preservation of our system of self-government. It is obvious to every observer, that the progress of poverty among the industrious classes, and of frauds among commercial men, have increased in proportion with the control exercised by the irresponsible managers of paper currency over the productive interests of the country. This has arisen from their often repeated experiments of suddenly increasing the circulating medium, and, of course, enhancing prices to an extent vastly more destructive, from the facility with which paper currency is created and monopolized, than could be practicable with a metallic curreney alone. Soon after Philadelphia Banking was fastened upon this country, mercantile frauds became so prevalent and alarming, as to induce the merchants themselves, for their own protection, to procure the passage by Congress of a general bankrupt law after the English model. Its operation was found to be so dilatory as well as unequal, that soon after Mr. Jefferson became President it was repealed. Since that time, most of the States have enacted provisions to secure the property of bankrupts for the benefit of their creditors, and—what is of tenfold more importance under the precarious tenure of property which Philadelphia Banking has introduced—to provide for the discharge of debtors upon the surrender of their estates. In point of fact, the gambling speculations which the paper system has encouraged, and the facilities for the concealment of property beyond the reach of creditors which it affords, have reached such a pitch as to have impaired the value of the best commercial obligations to an extent which renders it often impossible to raise money upon them but by the most ruinous sacrifices. The destruction of all true mercantile credit by the operation of paper currency will evidently soon arrive, unless effectually checked.

The views, which generally prevail with regard to the propriety of leaving all subjects of ordinary municipal regulations to be managed by the States exclusively, now make it probably expedient to leave mercantile insolvency to their jurisdiction. The Constitution has, however, invested Congress with ample power over this subject. Banks and bankers form a category upon which the exercise of this power seems to be indispensable, so long as they are permitted to manufacture currency, the uniform equivalency of which with specie is essential to the highest interests of the whole Union. It has been found in practice impossible to induce the local Legislatures to enforce this equivalency. The consequence has been the enormous discordance in the rates of domestic exchanges, which is constantly producing the most inju-

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rious effects upon the commercial intercourse between the different sections of the country. Nothing short of such a bankrupt law as was preposed by Messrs. Dallas and Crawford, and its rigid enforcement, will protect the community from the manifold evils of a redundant currency. The race of competition for inordinate profits among the banks is too ardent to be restrained within the limits necessary to protect the holders of their currency from continual losses and privations, by any other practicable and lawful mode. Our experience of the operation of the Bank of the United States, from the commencement to the close of its unfortunate domination, has proved it to be a gross aggravation of the evil, instead of its remedy. This institution was in full blast when Mr. Crawford recommended the bankrupt law—and its overpowering influence probably prevented the adoption of this salutary measure.

To return to the substitute proposed by the supporters of the Bank—the Finance Committees, both of the Senate and House, reported against the proposition. Mr. Lowndes from the latter, in his report of 26th January, 1819, says:

"If a combination of banks can close their vaults whenever the public interest may seem to require it, the best limitation upon issues of paper is destroyed, and the stability of our currency and the execution of contracts have no higher security than the public spirit and disinterestedness of their directors."

Had Congress then proceeded to enact a bankrupt law for the manufacturers of paper currency, as suggested by Mr. Crawford, the country would not have been visited so repeatedly with similar disasters. It would have afforded equal security to the sound and well-managed banks as to the public interests.

In the annual report on the finances made by the Secretary of the Treasury (Mr. Crawford) on the 1st December, 1820, the result of the "*regulation of the currency*" by the Bank of the United States during the four preceding years is summed up in the following language:

"All notes (of the Bank of the United States) issued south and west of Washington have, in consequence of the state of exchange between these places and the commercial cities to the east of this place, centred in those cities. The Bank has, consequently, found itself constrained to direct those branches to refuse to issue their notes, even upon a deposite of specie. The effect of these causes combined has been the exclusion from circulation, in all the States west and south of the seat of government, of the notes of the Bank of the United States and its offices. In several of those States there is no sound paper circulation."

The facts we have given, for the purpose of showing the consequences of the "central control" exercised by the Bank of the United States over the currency and the domestic exchanges of the Union, have been drawn, as our readers will have perceived, from the most authentic sources. The official statements of the affairs of the bank have afforded us the data for explaining its movements, and the official communications of responsible public officers have furnished us with their results. We have adopted this course at the hazard of becoming tedious, from a wish to illustrate the operations of the Bank in regulating the currency, not by theoretic argument, but incontestable facts, so clear and conclusive, as to sweep out of

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every reflecting mind all vestiges of doubt as to the folly of surrendering the most important interests of the community to the irresponsible management of a few individuals, to be regulated after their own short-sighted views of immediate advantage.

By the Report of Mr. Crawford just quoted, it appears that the Bank, after running riot with the productive and industrial pursuits of the Union for four years, had succeeded in expelling all sound currency from circulation throughout a great portion of the Union. It had drawn their specie from the Western and Southwestern States, and had caused the suspension of nearly the whole of their banks. The banks of the Southern Atlantic States had not been wholly destroyed, but by constant and heavy drains of specie they had been restricted to the narrowest possible sphere of operation. The artificial inflation of prices, from the previous abundance of paper currency, had created a great demand for specie to be exported, in order to purchase commodities abroad at rates which would afford enormous profits under the existing scale of prices here. The immutable laws of commerce compel the exportation of currency from any country whenever a plethora exists, to places where money is comparatively scarcer and more valuable, in order to preserve the natural equilibrium. As bank paper is of no value abroad, the gold and silver must of necessity be sent. Had Congress passed the law prohibiting this export, as desired by the managers of the Bank, it would have availed nothing in resisting the natural tide of commerce. The experience of Spain—and indeed of all countries that have endeavored to prevent the efflux of gold and silver by law—shows the futility of the attempt.

After temporizing with the evils brought upon the country and the Bank by its lavish issues of paper, which finally reduced the great regulator to the verge of ruin, its managers were compelled to stop the exportation of specie by the only effectual mode—that of forcing down prices. This could only be done by producing a scarcity of currency. As its salvation depended upon speedily turning the current of the precious metals towards this country, its measures to effect this object were so indiscriminate and violent, that, according to Mr. Crawford, the branches were directed to refuse its notes in exchange for specie, lest these notes should be transmitted to the mercantile cities, and thus counteract its vital purpose.

Our exposition of the operations of the Bank will probably strike an experienced mind with more force in the shape of the results produced upon its dividends during the first seven years. The very first year of its operation they were eight per cent. The consequences of its monopolizing policy began to be felt the following year, when it divided but six per cent. During 1819 and 1820 no dividends were made—the losses having absorbed all the profits. In 1821, they were four per cent.—and in 1822 and 1823, they were five per cent. each year. By inflating the cotton speculations of 1824, which had nearly caused its suspension, an attempt was made to enhance the profits of the stock at

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the expense of the merchants and planters, which succeeded as similar expedients have since done.

To those who have carefully considered the agency of the Bank of the United States in aggravating and sustaining the vast expansion of paper currency in 1817 and 1818, and the destructive results which subsequently followed, it must appear extraordinary, that any individual of common sagacity should propose the repetition of this policy as the specific *relief* for the evils arising from the inordinate expansion of the Bank during the first six months of 1835. That a distinguished individual of Kentucky—upon the citizens of which, the disastrous consequences of this management produced an extent of privation which threatened to arrest the course of justice, and break up the very foundations of civilized society—should have proposed the charter of a National Bank as a remedy for these evils, is still more surprising. Such a bank, from all former experience, might have operated as a temporary palliative, by shifting the burden of indebtedness from the mercantile and speculating to the productive and industrious classes. The revulsion might have been soothed for the moment, only to break out with tenfold severity, involving and distracting the healthy action of the whole community. The burden of debt contracted under a circulating medium, expanded two or threefold beyond the necessities of legitimate commerce, might have been diffused by this process throughout the whole social system, and laid the foundations of future disorder and general disorganization. At this distance of time, we are hardly able to realize the extent of devastation which this operation produced on the former occasion. Instead of suffering the speculators to pay off their debts by bankruptcy, which might have jeopardized the profits of those who had stimulated and encouraged the preposterous speculations of that day, the increased expansion of the National Bank, and the receipt of its paper into the National Treasury, enabled the irresponsible managers of that great political machine to sustain the speculators until the whole community was involved, and then to produce a scarcity of currency so severe and universal as to render the sale of property for cash almost impossible, at whatever sacrifice. Merchants, manufacturers, and farmers, who had previously been regarded as stable beyond doubt or question, became at once the unsuspecting victims of this sudden change of the measure of value. Few mercantile establishments could stand against such a transition. The enormous importations of foreign commodities, induced by high prices under the previous abundance of money, were compelled to be sacrificed at rates which prevented all competition on the part of our manufacturers, and prostrated them in every part of the Union. The planters and farmers every where found themselves overwhelmed with debts, while their produce was totally unsaleable. No foresight or precaution had enabled individuals engaged in active business to support themselves under such a shock—because they were wholly unconscious of the operation of measures which were imperceptibly involving them in ruin. As we have explained in a

former part of the present article, the condition of those who had been really men of property was more desperate than that of mere adventurers without capital.

The recent experience of extensive regions of the Union will amply illustrate the infatuation which had pervaded the whole country previous to this sudden collapse in the operations of the Bank of the United States. Those who manifested the greatest earnestness for its re-charter as the only efficient *relief* from the consequences of the speculations excited by its management throughout the country in 1835 and 1836, may contemplate what would have been the general result, by considering the present situation of a single State where the power of the Bank has been irresistible, and where the specific *relief* was prescribed and administered under its direct influence. Mississippi is undoubtedly one of the wealthiest States in the Union, so far as regards the natural fertility of her soil—the the abundance and value of her staple products—and the energy and industry of her population. Such a victim was deemed worthy of the most elaborate intrigues of the managers of Philadelphia Banking. Her citizens were seduced into excessive enterprises by profuse accommodations furnished by the Bank of the United States, and its dependent institutions. Immense sums were invested in plantations and fixed improvements, as well as stock, under the most sanguine expectations of realizing sufficient profits in a short time, not only to pay off the debts thus lavishly incurred—but to leave large fortunes to the borrowers. The sudden fall of cotton in 1837, rendered it impossible for them to meet their engagements. The local banks suspended with a vast amount of obligations outstanding. Nearly every citizen in the State had become deeply involved, and all were importunate for *relief.* The Legislature readily acceded to the plans evidently suggested from Philadelphia, of which we can only give the results in general terms. A great Bank was chartered, the authorized capital of which was fifteen millions of dollars of State bonds, bearing interest payable at Philadelphia, New York, or London. The law provided, with great apparent caution, that these bonds should be sold only for specie, in order to form the basis of operations sufficiently extensive to restore credit throughout the State. No offers were made for these bonds within the terms of the law. It had happened, however, that the vast transactions of the Bank of the United States in that quarter had brought within its control claims against the banks of Mississippi to the amount of several millions of dollars. They were induced to proclaim a resumption of specie payments, under the expectation, if not direct assurance, that their principal creditor would not press for payment, but would accept interest on its debts, following its previous course in 1817 in this respect. The claims upon them accordingly became *cash*, in the phraseology of Philadelphia Banking, and about five millions of the State bonds, from which the capital of the Union Bank was to be derived, were exchanged for them at par, as so much specie under the terms of the law. Instead of the basis of healthy currency

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which was to diffuse vigor and credit into all the channels of business, the new Bank got nothing but the paper of the other banks, which immediately suspended a second time, and at once transmuted its specie capital into *skin-plasters*, bearing a discount of from ten to fifty per cent. By this brilliant stroke of financial skill, the currency of the State became more depreciated than ever. The new Bank, with all the other banks of the State, immediately increased to an enormous extent that mighty torrent of paper which had previously overflowed the channels of circulation, by entering largely into the purchase of cotton after the example of the Bank of the United States. The productive interests of the State have become doubly and triply embarrassed by this great measure of *relief*. The increase of the State debt for this object, the whole amount of which now authorized is about twenty-two millions of dollars—for other banks and corporations had before this experiment derived their principal capital from the credit of the State—has created great uneasiness among the few men of property left. This debt constitutes a mortgage upon their estates, the charge of which, comprising interest, difference of exchange, expenses of management, &c., cannot fall far short of two millions of dollars a year. Besides this permanent burden upon its resources and industry, incalculable sacrifices are inflicted upon the citizens of the State at large by the depreciation of the currency, and the interest required to be paid to the banks for the loan of their paper. The situation of Mississippi, with a population comprising less than 40,000 voters, now furnishes an example, fraught with instruction to the rest of the Union on the subject of paper currency and State debts. From recent movements, it seems not improbable that important information may be also furnished to the speculators in State bonds, by testing the constitutionality of the immense incumbrance attempted to be imposed on this State by the fraudulent sale of its "Bills of Credit," in the manner we have described.

We might also refer to Michigan as another instance of a great, productive, and enterprising State, seduced into appalling embarrassments by the affluence of paper currency. In order to furnish means for liquidating the indebtedness of her citizens to one another, growing out of the universal rage for speculation which had pervaded the whole State during the period of delusive prosperity, to which we have referred, her Legislature thought proper, after the suspension of 1837, to adopt the system of *Free Banking* which has been so zealously recommended by the Philadelphia paper-money school. We took occasion, in the article in our Number of February last, to show that this system, unless accompanied with rigid and effectual provisions for the redemption of its currency, was only another name for *Free Swindling*. The result of this unfortunate experiment has been to plunge the whole State into the deepest disaster and embarrassment. For the purpose of retrieving her finances, a great Bank has been recently established on the credit of the State—with what success, time only can determine.

We have referred to these instances only with the design to illustrate

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the consequences of attempting to cure the evils produced by a superabundance of paper currency, by such expedients for increasing it as were adopted by Congress in 1816, and proposed again in 1837. Over-excitement is invariably succeeded by exhaustion, which artificial stimulus makes still more oppressive. We shall be fortunate if we now escape with only the suffering resulting from our own excesses. But we are already so deeply indebted to England, and the glutted state of her cloth-halls, and the present distress of her laboring population expose our markets to be flooded with her manufactures sent hither for sale at any sacrifice, that our artificial system of currency is in constant jeopardy, even under the most upright and prudent management. Having authorized individuals engaged in the most extensive transactions for their own profit, to create a currency at their pleasure, which has become the practical measure of value, its credit is exposed to destruction equally from their temptations as their blunders. In how many instances do the rise and fall of prices involve their whole property? To suppose that any men, however strong their desire to act fairly by the community, can under such circumstances hold the balance with perfect impartiality, is preposterous. Besides, the conflict in the minds of individuals whose education and pursuits have been wholly directed to the acquisition of gain, between their duty to the community on one hand, and their own private interests on the other, cannot be expected to be doubtful.

During the revulsion of 1819, the highest interests of the whole community had been surrendered to the arbitrary control of a few individuals, whom the merchants and manufacturers had a short time before regarded as their greatest benefactors. Even after the consequences of the previous expansion had involved the merchants and manufacturers in ruin, few of either class ventured to utter a complaint of the management of the Bank of the United States. Its directors were provided at that time with as many pretexts for throwing the odium of the calamities their measures had produced upon the Government, as they have found necessary or expedient to put into circulation at any time since. One of the charges made at that period deserves to be commemorated as the original instance of the "tyranny of the Government." About eleven millions of dollars of the public debt had been subscribed to the capital stock of the Bank, under the provisions of its charter. The country was so bare of foreign goods at the close of the war, that the immense importations of 1816, with the high rate of duties, brought an immense sum into the Treasury when the bonds became due. Within a short time after the Bank went into operation, the public money deposited, beyond the amount required for current expenditures, was adequate to the redemption of this debt. The Secretary of the Treasury, with a proper regard to the public interests, and in execution of the law, ordered the debt to be discharged with the surplus deposites. This was complained of as an act of oppression on the part of the Government,

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so severe as to justify the subsequent profligacy of the Bank. The directors alleged in substance, that, being deprived of the profits which they ought to have enjoyed from loaning this public money, while at the same time receiving interest upon the public debt, they were able to realize the just expectations of the stockholders, and meet the wants of the commercial community, only by throwing into circulation an immense amount of the currency of the Bank. The Government was responsible for the disastrous speculations excited by the Bank in order to make its anticipated profits, because it was not permitted to draw double interest from the public. This pretext was the precise converse of that promulgated on the removal of half this amount of public deposites from the Bank in 1833; but however contradictory or ridiculous, the merchants dependent on its operations have never failed to be satisfied with the reasons for involving them in disasters which have been at any time suggested from that quarter.

At the crisis under consideration, another and more general explanation of the universal distress and exhaustion into which our agricultural and manufacturing interests were prostrated was urged throughout the country, which was not so well adapted to the views of the importing merchants. The depressed and indebted condition of all industrial employments was ascribed to the determination of foreigners to ruin our manufactures, by flooding the country with cheap goods, and refusing to take the products of our country in payment. The corn laws of England were paraded before the people by distinguished demagogues, as conclusive proof of this fact. England was held up as an aggressor of our rights. The leading advocates of the paper money policy contended that increased restrictions upon commerce were essential to protect our independence. It was not then proposed, as has been recently done, to get up another bank for the purpose of fighting against the Bank of England; for, unfortunately, the prosperity of the people of the Union was at that time crushed between these great paper monopolies. The battle cry was raised against the restrictive system of England, which was only to be overthrown by shackling our own commerce. The tables of Congress were loaded with petitions, setting forth in glowing language the universal distress brought upon the country by permitting the importation and sale of foreign goods. Our manufactures, it was alleged, had been crippled by the cheap products of foreigners, and our banks had been ruined by the exportation of specie to pay for them. An increased tariff was the only remedy which could save the country from destruction, aided by a prohibitory duty on the sales of all foreign goods at auction.

In the history of this country for a century past, there has probably occurred no period of five consecutive years during which the whole population were visited with such extreme suffering as in 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823. Particular sections undoubtedly suffered much more severely during the war of the revolution; but the prostration of industry, the pressure of debt, and the general stagnation of every kind

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of enterprise, was probably at no time so universal and appalling. Under these circumstances, the tariff of 1824 was passed by Congress, as a measure of relief. It was opposed of course by all commercial men of information, on grounds of general impolicy. It was most zealously resisted by the southern States, as imposing a tax upon the manufactures consumed by them for the benefit of the north, as well as on the ground that Congress possessed no right, by the constitution, to impose a protective duty of any kind. The most judicious and influential among the Northern manufacturers were also opposed to this measure, justly regarding it at that time as a political hobby, which had been mounted by unscrupulous politicians under the pretext of sustaining our manufactures against those of England. Soon after the shock of 1819, the suddenness of which had prostrated many establishments, the diminution of the currency had enabled them to surmount their temporary embarrassments, and to furnish the country with their goods at prices which afforded the most satisfactory profits. The most sagacious among the manufacturers could not fail to perceive that any legislative interference with the great laws of demand and supply would eventually produce the most destructive results upon their permanent interests. This untoward measure was carried wholly by the power of the grain-growing States, which had been incited by long continued declamations against the English corn laws, to a strong feeling against her policy, which it was ridiculously alleged had drained the country of its specie. The Journals of Congress show that the vote of the Eastern States, the principal seat of our manufacturing industry at that time, was more than two to one against the tariff of 1824—the Representatives of New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, being ten in favor to twenty-four against it—while the votes of Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, were ninety-four in its favor, and only nine against it. The Southern and Southwestern States went almost unanimously in opposition to this measure—their vote being seventy against it to six in its favor. The names of the Eastern members who voted against this tariff indicate the hostility of the manufacturers to its provisions.

No one can peruse the volumes of debates which have from time to time taken place on this long agitated topic, without being struck with astonishment that the source of the real burdens which have so long oppressed the staple-producing States should not have been clearly perceived by their intelligent statesmen. We explained in our first article the inseparable connection between a redundant paper currency and restrictive legislation in favor of our manufacturers. The same reasoning applies to the production of any agricultural staple for exportation, the only difference being that the one finds its principal market at home, and the other abroad. The prosperity of both equally depends upon the cheapness with which their products can be brought to market at a profit. If foreign producers can undersell either to advan-

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tage, they thrive at our expense. The increase of the cost of production is the greatest evil. This is not, except in peculiar cases counterbalanced by increased price, since it is the price in foreign markets, and not our own, which regulates the profits both of manufacturers and planters. Their interests, therefore, seem to be identical in preventing the fluctuation of currency beyond the metallic level. The hazard of producing their commodities under a paper currency has obviously kept both in subjection. There is only one permanent remedy for the precarious condition of both, and that is, the equal and efficient protection afforded by a metallic currency, liable to no control but the universal laws of trade. Our manufacturers and planters, under such a currency, might bid defiance to the mismanagement of the Bank of England, or any other paper coiners in any quarter of the world where the people might be blind and thoughtless enough to suffer a few irresponsible individuals to create the general measure of value from nonentity, and loan it for their own profit. The cost of production under a metallic currency would become stable, instead of being increased and diminished, by the caprice or cupidity of paper money speculators either in Philadelphia or London. We have repeatedly seen subsistence enhanced by the manœuvres of these paper coiners towards each other, until the cultivator found it impossible to sell his crops without loss, and the manufacturer discovered it to be equally impossible to find a market for his wares at their cost. They must both be exposed to ruin, while prices and expenses here are governed by a false and fictitious currency.

These leading classes whose industry creates the principal addition yearly made to our real wealth, have not alone been impoverished by this artificial system which enables its managers to extort interest not only upon the debts due to them, but upon the amount of their own obligations to the community. The merchants themselves have suffered, not only from the uncertainty of transacting business with a medium continually fluctuating in value in different sections of the country, but from the improvidence and contagious recklessness with which all mercantile affairs have been managed in most sections of the country. This evil has been visited with great severity upon the leading houses of New York and Philadelphia. The merchants of many other sections have suffered under the great centralizing influence which Philadelphia Banking has gradually created, and carried into effect in every section of the land, while the merchants of these great marts, which have been thus made the focus of all mercantile affairs, have not derived a corresponding benefit from this concentration. It is impossible for them to become sufficiently acquainted with the character and property of the vast numbers of purchasers who flock thither from every section of the Union, to be able to discriminate between those who are worthy of credit and who are not. A great proportion of their profits, and not unfrequently of their capital, is absorbed in bad debts. Those who are able to pay are inevitably made to suffer for the profligacy of those who are totally worthless.

Had mercantile business been conducted upon the principles which formerly prevailed, commerce would have been more equally distributed among the different sections of the Union, and would be incalculably more stable, secure, and profitable in the long run, to every part of the country. The arbitrary control over the currency which has been concentrated by Philadelphia Banking, has accordingly produced a train of consequences which are beginning to attract great attention, though the efficient causes have as yet been little regarded. The Southern Commercial Convention, composed of individuals of great experience and ability, has lately published an address, in which the origin of the state of things described as their principal grievance is strangely overlooked. They say:

"The evil complained of is, that the southern and southwestern States, while producing nearly three-fourths of the domestic export of the Union, import scarcely one-tenth of the merchandize received in exchange for them. The foreign commerce, which derives its existence from the productions of our industry, (and which is the unfailing source of much wealth to others,) is carried on by the citizens of other States, causing their cities to flourish, while ours have been falling into decay."

Now nothing can be more evident than that this transfer of the commercial control over the interests of the South and Southwest from their own cities to the great focus of paper currency, and which has equally affected most other sections of the Union, is, in a great degree, to be attributed to the centralizing influence of the "Credit System." So far from the creation of new banks affording a remedy, as seems to be the opinion of this convention, the increase of these institutions is, with truth, regarded by the managers of Philadelphia Banking as the most efficient mode of extending and perpetuating their power. They have constantly endeavored to increase these institutions every where, North, South, East and West. They have taken the stock of whole corporations in many instances—and in more, have become the proprietors of such large amounts as to elect officers and direct measures. They perfectly understand that new banks, by driving all specie from circulation within their sphere, inevitably became tributary to their operations. This is the only mode by which these banks can sustain their credit, which is the source of their profits. From the relations which exist between Philadelphia Banking and the similar system which prevails in England, this central power is able to control not only the importations from that country, but the market of our own staples. This was directly exhibited in the great experiment of the Bank of the United States for monopolizing the cotton crop of 1837. In the existing state of indebtedness, established by so many years' practical direction of the currency, the commerce, and the public Treasury of the Union—an independent course of action on the part of any particular section of the country seems to be impossible, except by the restoration of legal currency as the measure of value. So long as an artificial currency shall be tolerated as the general medium of interchange, the credit of which ultimately depends upon the management of

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Philadelphia Banking, it will always be in its power to control the transactions of every section of the Union, and make them all tributary to its profit. Take this District for example—this ten miles square—selected by Washington, for the seat of the National Government. It should, by its natural and political advantages, be as little dependent in its business as any portion of the whole United States. Its Legislature is Congress itself, who has always acted towards its interests with the greatest liberality. The aggregate expenditure of money raised upon the people of the rest of the Union for the establishments here, including the public buildings, public works, the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses which concentrate at this point, have not, within the last twenty years, fallen short of fifty millions of dollars, among forty thousand inhabitants, including slaves. Has the District of Columbia been enriched by this vast expenditure? At this hour there is far less commerce, and probably much less individual wealth here than previous to 1818. We hope no section of the country of similar extent and population has been so severely scourged by "the Credit System" in all its phases. Since that period the direct loss incurred by the failure of banks in Alexandria, Georgetown, and Washington, cannot be fairly estimated at less than five millions of dollars. This, however, is a small item compared with the incidental losses from the same source. By the expulsion of solid currency from general circulation, our banks, our dealers, and our citizens, have all become tributary to the great central paper-money power. The profits of the whole business and employments of this small community only serve to increase its ascendency. Wherever this power is able to exercise a monopoly over both products and supplies, this tax must fall even more heavily. In this District our tastes and necessities are supplied as may best promote the profit of the paper-money managers. In other regions of the Union the same power is exercised, and in addition, their absolute control of the artificial medium of payment enables them to command the sale of the produce of the agriculture and of the industry of those regions in such a manner, as to derive large advantages from each side of all transactions.

Within the period referred to, not only has the District of Columbia afforded a most instructive example to the rest of the Union of the impoverishing effects produced by the centralizing power of paper currency —but striking instances of the injurious influence of bolstering banks by the use of the public money. Among the most serious of the celebrated charges against Mr. Crawford in 1824, for official misconduct as Secretary of the Treasury, was that resulting from the aid he had afforded from the Public Treasury to sustain the Mechanics' Bank, the Union Bank, and the Franklin Bank of Alexandria—the Bank of Columbia, and the Union Bank of Georgetown—and the Patriotic Bank of Washington, during the distressed situation into which they had been plunged by the management of the Bank of the United States, which has been the subject of the present article. No one who has examined the facts can

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hesitate to acquit that distinguished individual of any unworthy motive in the exercise of his official power in those instances. That attack upon Mr. Crawford, as well as our more recent experience, cannot fail to carry conviction to the minds of all, that no integrity and honesty of purpose can afford adequate protection to the characters of our public men so long as they shall be compelled to co-operate with this perfidious system in carrying on the public service.

The system of Philadelphia Banking has undoubtedly realized, in the fullest extent, the original design of those who contrived to fasten it upon the country. It has concentrated the control over the most absorbing and important interests of the people of the United States into a few privileged and irresponsible hands. By commanding the circulation they are able to excite the community with prosperity, or depress it with adversity, at their pleasure. Its power has become more absolute and extensive than could have been anticipated by Morris and Hamilton, with all their anxiety to erect a government wholly independent of the people. It has, in short, nearly realized the wish of the Roman tyrant, that the people had but one neck. It enables the life blood of traffic throughout the Union to be stopped at a single stroke, which may be inflicted either by foreigners or among ourselves, in defiance of any precaution under existing laws which can be adopted either by the General or State Executive Governments.

In Niles' Weekly Register of the ninth September, 1818, may be found the following statement in connection with the transition of pecuniary affairs which was then just beginning to operate upon the country.

"One of the Directors, and a principal stockholder of the Bank, remarked that he trembled for the standing of the Government, and for the liberties of the people, if this great engine ever passed into the hands of their enemies."

We shall endeavor, in another article devoted to an explanation of the political management of Philadelphia Banking, to enable our readers to judge whether this was a just appreciation of its power.

SONNETS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I read the praises of past years, and lose
  My mind among the temples and the shrines
  Eternal, in the sweet, recording lines
Of bards majestic, who invoked the muse.
I taste ambrosia, sip nectarean dews,
  And at the suppers of the gods sit down—
  Whose radiant seats Olympus' summit crown,
And all around a glorious light diffuse.

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Yet soon the pageant fades, and real fame
Alone the deathless amaranth can claim:
For unto me the splendor and the pride
Of old mythology are misty dreams—
A gorgeous spectacle that only seems—
And none are gods save heroes deified!

II.

Time! thou destroy'st the relics of the Past,
And hidest all the footprints of thy march
On shattered column and on crumbled arch,
By moss and ivy growing green and fast.
Hurled into fragments by the tempest-blast,
The Rhodian monster lies—the obelisk,
That with sharp line divided the broad disc
Of Egypt's sun, down to the sands was cast:—
And where these stood, no remnant-trophy stands,
And even the art is lost by which they rose:
Thus with the monuments of other lands—
The place that knew them now no longer knows.
Yet triumph not, oh Time; strong towers decay,
But a great name shall never pass away!

AMERICAN WOMEN.*

"Means and Ends," is the appropriate title of a very valuable though unpretending little work, which is the latest contribution to our American Literature of the sound practical benevolence, the acute and healthy good-sense, and the polished and graceful taste, of the author of "Hope Leslie." The "End" proposed is the formation of the character appropriate to the social and domestic relations of *the American Woman;* and the suitable "Means" of attaining this end constitute the subject to the illustration of which Miss Sedgwick has devoted about three hundred pleasantly and familiarly written duodecimo pages. "Self-Training," as indicated on the title-page, being after all the only true mode in which all the educational precepts that may be preached by the wisdom of expe-

* Means and Ends, or Self-Training. By the Author of "Redwood," "Hope Leslie," "Home," "The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man," &c. &c. "*As ye sow, so shall ye reap.*" Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, and Webb, 109, Washington street, 1839. 12mo. pp. 278.

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rience can be made practically available for the formation of the character of the young, the work is addressed, and in form adapted, to those for whose benefit it is specially designed—namely, to "girls between the ages of ten and sixteen years." To a certain extent, therefore, it wears the form and style, rather of a book adapted for the shelf of a juvenile library, with the "Own Books," &c. of which the press has been within the last few years so prolific, than of a work of sufficient importance and pretension to claim the special attention of a Review article, or entitled to the designation we have given to it as a contribution to "American *Literature.*" It will be found, however, to possess—as even the simplest trifle from the same graceful pen—a pleasing interest for all ages and classes of readers; and in particular, no parent into whose hands it may fall will fail, while commending it to the earnest perusal of those whose happiness must be the dearest object of his solicitude, to send after the amiable author—now separated by the broad Atlantic from her native country—a warm tribute of gratitude, for a parting gift calculated to prove as valuable in its fruits as it is benevolent in spirit, and simple and modest in form. We shall be well pleased if this mention of it shall have the effect of introducing it within any family circle into which it might otherwise, possibly, not have found its way.

We do not know but this little volume, unpretending as it is, pleases us best of all of Miss Sedgwick's writings. Though all are alike pervaded by a beautiful tone of just thought and right and kindly feeling, that sinks insensibly, without the aid of formal moral apophthegms, with a pleasant and healthful influence upon the mind and heart of the reader; yet the present one is designed, and so admirably adapted, in an unaffected and quiet way, to work so much and valuable good—a good calculated perpetually to expand and multiply itself—that if a general destruction (which Heaven forefend!) awaited the writings of this gifted and popular author, the privilege being permitted of rescuing but one for preservation, this little duodecimo would be, we think, the one we should select for that purpose; though in this judgment it is very likely we may be deemed singular, especially by those who do not look upon it in the same light in which we take most pleasure in regarding it, of its thoroughly *American* and *Democratic*—words that we regard as altogether synonymous—character.

An enlightened attention has not yet been sufficiently directed to the proper principles on which the education of American women should be conducted, with reference to the great principles of public policy on which our whole system of institutions is founded, and to the entirely peculiar state of society naturally growing out of them. We hear a great deal of the importance of female education, in a general sense; but we very rarely hear just views expressed—and still more rarely witness their practical application—of the bearing which the democratic freedom of our institutions ought to have upon the proper training of the American wife and mother, as contradistinguished from the females of the foreign

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aristocracies, by the prevalent tone and practice of which we are too much accustomed to model our own habits of thinking and acting. It is from the totally different state of society of England, undeniably, that we derive, as a general rule, all our notions of elegance and "gentility." The literature of England is ours, a literature essentially and thoroughly imbued with a vicious tone of aristocracy, the influence of which upon American society has been as lamentable as it has been ridiculous. Rich, in fact, and glorious as have been the accumulated treasures of that literature—and numerous as are the exceptions we might cite to our remark, in some of its greatest works—yet still, so heavy has been this clog upon the development of the democratic principle which is the animating spirit of our institutions, and from which we anticipate such incalculable blessings in the general elevation and amelioration of human society, that we have sometimes been almost tempted to wish that our young America had been as widely separated from her mother country in intellectual and moral relationship, by a difference of language, as she is physically by the three thousand miles of waves that roll between their shores. It is very certain—and it is one of the first observations of every foreigner—that there is no country in which an aristocratic habit of sentiment more widely pervades what are conventionally styled the better classes of society, than amongst ourselves. It is true, that it can never reach that profound intensity of pride, founded upon immemorially recognized eminence of birth, cherished by education from the cradle, and supported by the magnificent luxury of boundless wealth, such as characterizes an old and palmy aristocracy like that of the English model which we delight to follow at our humble distance; but American aristocracy makes up in extent of diffusion, and superficial glitter of its tinsel show, for its want of substantial depth and solidity. In our cities, in particular, where alone the foreigner has the opportunity of observing it, it exhibits itself in an aspect that would be offensive, were it not too ridiculous, to the eye of the sensible observer. Exclusiveness, in the English sense of the term, can scarcely indeed be said to exist; the shades by which we gradually descend from the bright lights of "the first circles" to the obscure profound of "the common people," blending so insensibly into each other,—and the whole society being constantly in such a state of perpetual motion, upwards or downwards, by the accumulation and dispersion of wealth in families, and by the social separation of different branches, in a greater or less degree, by differences of circumstance and position. Yet, though the persons that compose them are constantly changing, and passing from one to another, the classes on the whole still retain their distinct ranks; while the "fashionable circles" of the day, emerging like the butterfly from the grub of yesterday, do their best to blind the world to the obscurity of the paternal tailor or the ancestral butcher, by their present glitter of ostentation, and supercilious hauteur of *ton.* And next to these follow different successive sets, or ranks of "gentility," all perpetually aspiring to fashion—all restless and unsatis-

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fied—ridiculously extravagant in dress—following as faithfully as their distance will permit those models of better style which are themselves commonly but poor copies of the transatlantic original—and cherishing a paltry affectation of an aristocratic superiority to their supposed inferiors. This general tendency to a pseudo-aristocratic habit of sentiment and action in the "better classes" of our cities—true as a general rule, notwithstanding the multitudes of exceptions that may exist—finds a constant stimulus in the operation of our "Credit System," with its rapid accumulation of imaginary fortunes—its deceptive appearances—its luxurious habits—its distaste and contempt for the dull ploddings of sober industry—and the lax tone of morality which is its unavoidable and worst fruit. And it is amongst these classes that the pernicious trash of the "fashionable novels," professing to exhibit a glimpse of that foreign *ton* of which it is their highest ambition to present a feeble reflection, finds that rapid and wide circulation that keeps in motion the unresting steam presses of our principal publishers.

Now, amongst these, composing the great bulk of our better educated classes, especially in the cities, the true principles that should direct the education of American women are very little understood, and still less practised. The daughters are for the most part brought up in absurd imitation of those classes in other countries which are born to certain wealth and luxury—in ignorance and repugnance to most of those skilful ministrations of the tender female hand, in the daily details of household concerns, so indispensable to the happiness of every home—in aspirations for "fashion," and habits of extravagance and display—and in a silly notion of "gentility," consisting in a few pretty accomplishments, in the circulating library, in exemption from personal exertion or care, and in a conceited contempt for those whose social rank, according to their imaginary classification, is placed, by accident, straitened circumstances, or perhaps the mechanical occupation of a father, a little lower than their own. It is a lamentable fact, that with the other numerous and formidable obstacles with which the cause of democracy has to struggle amongst us, is to be reckoned the anti-democratic spirit that pervades the great majority of that sex which exerts the powerful influence over the opinions and character of men, involved in the relations of mother, wife, and sister.

Miss Sedgwick does not hesitate to attack these false notions and habits, point blank, with downright simplicity and earnestness. And beginning at the bottom—after several chapters of excellent precept, pleasantly illustrated, in relation to "school education," the "talent" of health, &c., the first subject to which she directs the attention of her young countrywomen, to whom the volume is inscribed, is the "science of domestic economy, or housewifery." From this part of her little volume, without going into any of the details of household administration, we are tempted to quote a part of the introductory remarks with which she commends this indispensable branch of "self-education" to their especial attention:

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"I trust, my young friends, that whether poor or rich, there is not one among you who will not class a practical knowledge of domestic economy among the *must haves* of American females.

"Nor, whatever your station is, should you lament this, as some unwisely do. The necessity that drives a lady occasionally into her kitchen, and acquaints her with the humble offices of domestic life, has a wholesome effect. It harmonizes with the general tendencies of our political institutions. It helps to draw closer the ties of social existence—to bind the rich and the poor together.

"It has been truly said, that in aristocratic governments 'the poor is not the fellow of the rich.' They live in different spheres. In our country, the lady in the drawing-room must know, for occasionally she must partake, the thoughts, feelings, and sufferings of the domestic in the kitchen.

"And the self-respecting, intelligent American domestic knows, there are exemptions and advantages in her condition which her employer has not. She sees that in an elevated station there are extended responsibilities, and increased liabilities to suffering, and she learns to be content in her cheerful, though narrow sphere.

"The changeableness of our condition is another reason, and one usually urged, for a woman's acquainting herself with domestic affairs. But, surely, it is an offence against your common sense, to urge upon you what is so evidently a *must have*. Women in the highest stations are made unhappy by the want of it. They are dependent on ill-trained domestics, their houses are ill-kept, their husbands are displeased, and their children uncomfortable, and, too late, they learn that the knowledge of domestic affairs, which a little girl insensibly acquires in her humble home, is worth all the accomplishments they *half* acquired at boarding school.

"And if this knowledge is indispensable to the woman of fortune, who can purchase aid on the right and the left, what must it be to the woman who must herself make up the whole sum of the domestic prosperity and comfort of her household?

"As housewifery is, then, your vocation, my young friends, I should be glad if I could place it in a light that would increase your respect for it. Consider, then, how many faculties and qualities it brings into play—how it may employ your minds, and improve your hearts.

"The science of domestic economy or housewifery requires intelligence, judgment, firmness, and order. It demands energy, diligence, neatness, and frugality. It is graced by generosity, disinterestedness, and cheerfulness.

"It has been truly said, 'that in a thoroughly enlightened community, no useful office will be considered degrading, nor will any be considered incompatible with the exercise of the higher faculties of the mind.'

"The philanthropic rule for governments and large societies, is, to 'produce the greatest happiness to the greatest number.' A woman, in her little realm, makes all happy, from her husband down to the stranger within her gates—and even further, down to the faithful dog and useful cat, who, in due time, receive their portion from her provident kindness.

"Examples are better than precepts. I know a woman, who, if it were fitting an American, (which I think it is not,) might boast of high birth, whose refined manners fit her for intercourse with the best of any land, who is gifted and cultivated, and has the resources of an easy fortune. But these will not always avail her. She lives in the country. Her year's supply of pork would be mangled by a half-bred butcher, did she not (as she does) stand by him and direct him how to cut it up, what bits to lay aside for sausages, what for smoking, what to pack down, &c. &c. If she chance to have incompetent domestics, she, herself, prepares the pickle for the hams, the staple of a country summer-table. If one of her women is ill, and she cannot obtain a substitute, she does not overburden the other with the work of the disqualified one, but herself kneads the bread, sweeps, and irons. No office essential to the comfort of her family is omitted, because she does not know how to do it, or thinks it, (as we have heard some of our own domestics say, in their

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own cases,) 'degrading' to do it. No useful office, my young friends, can be degrading.

"Do not imagine this lady is a mere housewife. You might see her fifty times, without ever hearing her allude to her household affairs. If you were to visit her, you might find her entertaining, with graceful hospitality, the best society in the country, and if you listened to her conversation, you would hardly believe she found time for any thing but the reading that enriched it. And yet the most intimate associates of this, your countrywoman, would find it difficult to name a duty she omits.

"I could point you to another woman, one of the most intellectual in our country, and one of its distinguished writers, who, when her husband builds him a house, superintends the joiners and carpenters, and, from a certain amount of money, gets the greatest possible product of elegance and convenience of every sort; who is at the head of several ably conducted benevolent societies, and who understands the details of housewifery thoroughly, so that her home is truly the abode of comfort, and the fountain of an ever-flowing hospitality. With such women for our boast, my dear girls, we will not envy the fine ladies, and *femmes litteraires*, (*merely* literary women,) of other countries.

"I know young women, too, who are the ornaments of our drawing-rooms, who are good musicians, who read German, Italian, and French; and, what is better and rarer, are well versed in the literature of their own language, who can, and *do*, if need be, perform well all the domestic services of a household.

"Such young girls are, we confess, rare birds. They are the daughters of women who understand their duties as American mothers. These are facts, not fancies. We could multiply them on the right and the left, but we have adduced enough to prove to you that there is no incompatibility between the practice of domestic economy and higher pursuits."

An amusing illustration is given in a letter from an accomplished friend of the author, who, after presiding over a wealthy and elegant establishment for twelve years in New York, was compelled, by the pecuniary reverses of her husband, to remove, accompanied by two servants, to one of the Western States. The constant mortification and suffering to which she found herself exposed during the apprenticeship she was then forced for the first time to serve to this all-important "science," wrung from her the confession, that she would give all her accomplishments, music, languages, and elegant literature, for that knowledge of "household matters," without which, to a woman thus situated, the former seemed "a mockery, somewhat like an imperial robe to a wretch starving for bread."

We would gladly, did our limits permit, transcribe the whole chapter on "Manners." Miss Sedgwick thus summarily despatches the foolish volumes which have been published on the details of this important art of good manners:

"Even our own country has produced, as well as republished, books containing codes of manners. These proceed from modern antiques, who, unconscious of the state of society in which they live, would mark it off into classes, after the fashion of the Old World, and give to them distinguishing badges by introducing European etiquette; that is, certain ceremonial observances and forms of politeness, agreed on by that class of people designated as 'the Polite World,' 'the Upper Classes,' 'Fashionable People,' and 'Good Society.' The rules they give are merely conventional, and have nothing to do with the essence of good manners.

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"These books are written exclusively for gentlemen and ladies. Now, as you know, my young friends, *gentleman* and *lady*, in our country, are rather indefinite terms. If you ask what Mr. So and So's profession or business is, you may be told 'he has not any—he is a gentleman!' Others limit the term to those who belong to the professional and mercantile walks. They will tell you, in speaking of an assembly, 'there were no *gentlemen* there, only farmers, mechanics, and so on.' Others more generous, or less nice in their application of the term, will talk of 'colored *gentlemen* and *ladies*,' or designate a beggar at the door as that 'old *lady*,' or 'old *gentleman*.' If, then, these terms are so uncertain in their application as to be quite indefinite, had we not best reject them altogether, and speak of what we all understand, and all respect, well-bred *men* and *women*?"

She considers the circumstances of this country as peculiarly favorable to the general diffusion of good manners, quoting Miss Martineau's testimony, that "the manners of the Americans are the best she ever saw."

"There is no country where such an equality of rights and condition exists, as in our Northern States. There is no other where the rewards of fortune are so certain to the industrious and ingenius, nor where the just poverty that follows idleness and imbecility is so sure. Of course, we have no barriers that are either impassable, or difficult to be passed, from one condition to another.

"The English are of the same race (the Saxon) as ourselves. They too, are a free people. Most of the insolence that disgraces the upper classes in England, and the servility that degrades the inferior ones, may be ascribed to the fixedness of the barriers that separate them.

"Whence, think you, come the manliness, frankness, independence, and self-respect, of the manners of the mechanic and common farmer? They are intelligent men, and, to a certain degree, educated. They feel that they stand on even ground with the professional man, and a little above the rich *idle* gentleman. They know that their sons have an equal chance for the first stations in the land. They feel no provocation to rudeness, and no motive for servility.

"Equality of rights and fluctuation of conditions restrain the temper, and inspire mutual kindness and forbearance, for there are none above the manifestation of our good dispositions, and none below it.

"The mingling of all classes is favorable to good manners. We know it is not deemed so by those who still cling to the aristocracy of our fathers' days, and who would have one class polished, while the other rusts—one class marked by prescribed observations, of which their inferiors in condition are quite ignorant; but surely, good manners to the greatest number is preferable to a high-bred manner to the few.

"The mingling of all conditions gives, to those who are least educated, an opportunity of associating with those whose refinement and delicacy of manner is the sign of the high cultivation and refinement of their minds.

"The habit of travelling that prevails, and is increasing among our people, is favorable to good manners. In our steamboats and railroad cars, the humblest, and hitherto most sequestered individual, sits side by side, eats at the same table, and sleeps in the same apartment, with the most highly educated and polished. Very dull must those be who cannot, if they will, profit by a good model.

"But the circumstance above all others favorable to our national manners, is the general exercise of mind among us. In Prussia, where the government is despotic, the common schools are said to be better than ours, but the mind of the people is not called forth. It is the awakened, active mind, that gives form and expression to the manners.

"Manners, like every thing else in our character and conduct, should be based on religion. 'Honor all men,' says the Apostle. This is the spring of good manners. It strikes at the very root of selfishness. It is the principle by which we render to all ranks and ages their due.

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"A respect for your fellow-beings, a reverence for them as God's creatures and your brethren, will inspire that delicate regard to their rights and feelings, of which good manners is the sign.

"If you have truth, not the truth of policy, but religious truth, your manners will be sincere. They will have earnestness, simplicity, and frankness—the best qualities of manners. They will be free from assumption, pretence, affectation, flattery, and obsequiousness, which are all incompatible with sincerity. If you have a goodly sincerity, you will choose to appear no other, no better than you are—to dwell in a true light.

"If, my young friends, you are benevolent, your manners will be attentive and kind. If you are disinterested, you will prefer the accommodation and convenience of others, in small, every day and every hour matters, to your own. This is what the world calls politeness, and what politeness only imitates.

"Mr. Hallam, in defining courtesy, as understood in the days of chivalry, says, 'this word expressed the most highly refined good breeding, founded less upon a knowledge of ceremonious politeness—though this was not to be omitted—than on the spontaneous modesty, self-denial, and respect for others, which ought to spring from the heart.'

"There can be no better definition of good manners than this; and if you strike out of it the 'ceremonious politeness,' you will perceive that it is not necessary to live in the polite world to learn good manners; and that as essentially good manners may be found in the country farm-house, as in the city drawing-room.

"And so is the fact. I have never seen better models of manners, (the essentials of manners, 'spontaneous modesty, self-denial, and respect for others,') than in the home of a New England farmer, where the parents, respected and self-respecting, were fountains of kindness to their household; where the children blended in their manners to their parents filial reverence with social equality; where the strong bond of love between brothers and sisters was manifest in reciprocal devotion graced with courtesy, and where the guest was received with a manner that no code nor instructor could have produced, because it expressed conscious dignity, independence, and a pains-taking benevolence."

The following pertinent anecdote is related in a note:

"A young English woman, who has been for many years a resident in America, went last year to England. A friend at Liverpool, who put her into the rail-car there for Birmingham, told her, on her arrival at the inn in that city, to sent Boots (a servant) to the mail-coach office, to take her passage for London, to pay for it, and have her name booked, which would secure it to her. She complied exactly with his directions. At the hour of departure, she was at the inn from which the coach started; and, on being notified by the coachman that all was ready, she took her place. The coach carries four inside passengers. The number was completed by three gentlemen taking their seats with her. The coach drove for ten minutes about Birmingham, and then stopped, when a gentleman appeared at the coach-door, and said he was entitled to a place. 'Yes,' said a stander-by, 'Lord ——'s place has been booked for a month.' A person came forward with a way-bill, and asked the gentlemen's names. They were given, and were all down. 'And yours, ma'am,' he asked, appealing to the lady. She told him. He said it was not down. Her name was rather a long and unusual one, and probably was not written correctly; but, as there was but one woman, there could be no mistake as to her right. Feeling herself a stranger in the country, and alone, and having driven far from the inn from which she started, and lost sight of the servant who had been her agent, she had no one to verify her claim, and naturally confused and alarmed, she turned to the gentlemen, and said, 'What am I to do?' Two were silent, and one replied, 'Get out as fast as you can, ma'am, and take off your luggage.' She did get out, and Lord C ——, without one word of counsel, apology, or regret, got in,

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and took her place. She hesitated for a moment—her baggage was on the coach, and her friends in London were anxiously expecting her, but the day was one of the coldest of an English winter, the mercury not being more than seven or eight degrees above zero; and she, clad for a close English mail coach, was ill fitted to encounter the keen blasts on the outside. The image of a dear relative awaiting her, to meet whom she had made a winter's passage across the Atlantic, turned the scale, and she mounted to the top of the coach.

"There were two outside passengers, probably not lords, and possibly not high-bred gentlemen; but they appeared struck with the exposure of a delicate lady to the cold, and arranged their seats so as to protect her as far as in their power. Soon after, the coachman handed her a balance due to her, being the difference between the price of an outside and inside place. When within fifty miles of London, she became so ill from exposure that she left the mail, and hired a post-chaise. There is a well known law in England, where the laws carefully guard the rights of the upper classes, made with reference to such cases as our friend's. If more than the number prescribed for a mail-coach is booked, the passenger unprovided with a seat may call for a post-chaise, and the proprietor is compelled to furnish it. This Lord C ——— and his three companions must have known, but without taking the trouble to suggest the remedy, or to open their lips, these gentlemen, lord and all, permitted an unprotected, solitary woman to get out of the coach on a most inclement day, and shift for herself.

"But these were *gentlemen*, trained by aristocratic institutions; and probably, in a London drawing-room, they would not have offended against one of the conventional laws of politeness.

"When the lady in question left her own home in the interior of America to embark for Europe, she travelled for some distance in a stage-coach without a protector. She needed none. There were seven or eight passengers, strangers to her, men of perfectly unpolished manners, it must be confessed, who secured to her the best seat, and whatever comfort the coach admitted; who assisted her whenever they alighted; and, when they returned to the coach, stood aside and awaited with all deference till she was well placed; and, when her luggage was to be transferred to the steamer, relieved her of all the trouble of it.

"If, as Tocqueville says, 'to refine the habits, and embellish the manners, do not belong to a democratic government,' let us be careful to retain the humanities and social kindness which do. Better the unpolished gold, than the glittering of false coin."

We are again tempted to make another short quotation:

"Courtesy, I repeat, is confined to no age or condition. A very helpless party of invalids and children were driving out of New York. An alarming accident occurred. The carriage was badly broken. A man came forward, and, after bestowing much pains and time, rendered effective aid. 'We are very much obliged to you,' said one of the frightened party to this Samaritan. 'You are as welcome as you are obliged,' he replied. He was a blacksmith, one of that class designated by the ultra aristocrats of the Old World as 'the swinish multitude.'

"I said courtesy was confined to no age. A very graceful courtesy was rendered to Washington by a little girl. He was paying a visit at her mother's house. When he went away, she opened the door to let him out. 'I wish you a better office, my dear,' he said. 'Yes, sir—to let you in.'

"Discourtesy is not limited to country bred, or uneducated persons. We have seen a plain, respectable man, on the deck of a crowded steamboat, rise and give his chair (when chairs were in alarming disproportion to sitters) to a fashionable woman, and she take it without the slightest acknowledgment, when, if the person doing her the favor had been what *she* called a gentleman, she would have said, 'you are very kind, sir!' or, 'pray, sir, do not let me deprive you of your seat!'

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Surely, the most exact etiquette would be no compensation for such supercilious-ness."

And she thus concludes this capital chapter, which contains some strictures upon some of the most common practices of ill-breeding amongst Americans, well worthy of the attention of vast numbers of all classes:

"We return to the elements of good manners, and repeat again 'real elegance of demeanor springs from the mind.' 'Keep your heart with all diligence,' and its good feelings and emotions, if naturally expressed, will have the most attractive grace.

"As general rules, I would say to you, cultivate self-possession. Avoid imitation—and avoid equally shyness and forwardness. Modesty of manners, once lost, is irrecoverable. *Be frank*, for frankness is the sign and natural expression of that most noble quality, truth. Cherish benevolence, for it will shine through your manner like light from heaven, gladdening your home, and lighting the paths of those you greet by the wayside.

"Youth passes, beauty decays, but good manners are the perennial charm of every period of life—the only external charm that time does not impair."

The chapters on "Dress," "Conversation," "Books," "Love of Nature," "Charity," are all excellent, replete with the kindly and cheerful wisdom which is the most charming characteristic of our amiable author; and the concluding chapter touches slightly on a subject which is now rising into prominent interest among the many social reforms called for by the awakened philanthropy and intelligence of the age—*the rights of women.* Upon this she speaks certainly very sensibly; and in reference to the reforms in the laws and social usages demanded by the champions of the sex, to admit women to a greater degree of equality with men in various occupations from which they are now practically excluded, and in the rights of property, &c., in the relation of marriage, Miss Sedgwick cautions her young friends from appearing as "the bold assertors of their own rights, and the noisy proclaimers of their own powers;" and contents herself with advising them to qualify themselves by education, self-training, and habits of self-reliance, for the exercise of higher powers than women have yet possessed, in the full assurance that then they cannot and will not be long withheld from them.

For our part, we are content to take our place unequivocally on the female side of this question; and we trust that the attention which is now directing itself to it will ere long begin to make itself practically felt in our halls of legislation. It is a curious illustration of the familiar truth, that absolute power cannot be entrusted to any human hands without being abused to promote the selfish interests of the possessors—by an unconscious process even when not openly and flagrantly—to observe how oppressively the whole course of legislation, which has been absolutely under the control of the male sex, has been made to bear upon the weaker partner of the fortunes, joys, and griefs of the former. For this a pseudo-devotion of romantic chivalry, which on a broad scale has very little practical influence on the relations of the two sexes, is no compensation at all. This is one of the worst consequences of the barbarism out of which our civilization is yet slowly and painfully working its way.

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The helpless dependence of woman on the absolute ascendency of man in the connection of marriage, both with respect to rights of property, and, within all the limits that fall short of cases of extremity, to her personal relations, is certainly very iniquitous and oppressive. A much greater facility of separation, in cases of ill treatment and incompatibility of character, with rights equal to those of the husband in respect to the disposal of children and property, would not only be just in itself, but very wise in elevating and purifying the matrimonial relation—redeeming the husband himself from the dangerous influence on his own character of possessing an unfairly absolute authority, and the wife from the correlative bad effects of inferiority and too utter dependence—and greatly diminishing the amount of matrimonial unhappiness, and the frequency of separations which would actually take place. To what extent this facility should be carried, we are not quite prepared to say; nor is it necessary, while proposing the application of experimental reform, to define precisely at the outset the extent to which experience and the onward progress of opinion may hereafter, on deliberate conviction, induce us to proceed. It is very certain that the institution of marriage—resting as it does on a great fundamental law of nature, and sustained equally by natural and revealed religion, and by a public opinion and universal sentiment, having all the influence of an all-pervading social atmosphere—does not stand in need of all the legal barriers with which, under pretence of guarding its sanctity from the approach of danger, we in reality sadly cramp and distort its natural and healthy action. The public ear has recently been pained and disgusted with the exposition of details of domestic evil and wretchedness, in conspicuous cases, to which it is unnecessary to allude more distinctly, but which appear clearly traceable to the cause we have here indicated as the ingredient of poison and bitterness in the very fountain.

And apart from the relation of marriage, in the common pursuits and employments of life, how shamefully are women oppressed by the impalpable though overpowering tyranny of the stronger sex. How selfishly are they excluded from a countless variety of occupations, by which they might earn an easy and comfortable maintenance, for which they are naturally at least as well, and in many cases far better, qualified than men. We have heard of one instance of an actual extensive strike among one set of mechanics, (compositors in a printing office,) accompanied with riotous and most unmanly conduct, to prevent the employment of women at a work so properly adapted to their physical powers as well as to their natural quickness and dexterity. In this case the dastardly attempt was successful; though the practice of employing women at the compositor's case is now, we are pleased to learn, gradually making its way in spite of the opposition with which it has been resisted. This is the same spirit which works, with equal effect, while less palpably, in the case of an endless variety of employments which will readily suggest themselves to the mind of every reader. Its effect is seen in the depressed scale of female wages comparatively with those of men, and with the

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value of the results of their labor. And what imagination can form a conception of the amount of social evil that may be ascribed mainly to this cause—the suffering, wretchedness, and vice, arising out of the condition of orphan families dependent for subsistence upon the totally inadequate earnings of a poor widow's labors—or the almost necessary consequences to young females, cast upon their own exertions for support, of the extreme difficulty with which the scantiest livelihood, by honorable industry, can be earned by them only by the most unremitting and unhealthful devotion of toil.

On this point there will not probably be much difference of opinion, that a great many occupations of industry now entirely in the hands of men might be, and ought to be, exercised by women. How far they ought to take part in the public movements of society, in our political action, &c., is a point upon which more disagreement may arise among those who are favorable to a great extension of the rights of women. It is certain that the manner in which a portion of them have, of late years, amongst ourselves, claimed and exercised the right, has been by no means calculated to influence the public mind very strongly in its favor. Miss Martineau and her "School" claim the elective franchise on the ground of the principles of liberty; and quoting the proposition of our Declaration of Independence, that the free consent of the governed is the sole rightful source of public authority, deny their just amenability to laws, or moral obligation to support them, in the framing of which they are admitted to no participation,—repelling the objection that might be made to her views, that the tacit concurrence of women created such obligation, by a formal protest in her own name, and in behalf of a certain number of intelligent women, in both England and America, who coincide with her opinions. As a perversion of the obvious meaning of the proposition referred to in the Declaration of Independence, this authority for the claim is not entitled to serious notice. Nor can we really see how it is involved, as a right, in the theory of democratic liberty and equality to which we profess attachment. Provided that a free equality of rights is extended through all classes of society, it is difficult to perceive the benefit to result from simply doubling the actual numbers of all the respective classes, so far as the political action of the society is concerned, by admitting to a participation in it by the female half, as well as the male. It is true that the rights of women, as a whole, irrespectively of the social distinctions of classes, would then be safe from such unjust oppression on the part of the stronger sex, as has been already referred to. But on the other hand, that oppression has been consequent on the barbarian ideas bequeathed in all the civilizations that have existed, from the origins from which they have sprung; in which the physical force in which the weaker sex is deficient was necessarily the main requisite to participation in public affairs. In such states of society the physical inferiority constituted an actual social subordination, accompanied with a sense of inferiority and defective education, out of which naturally grew those distinctions, both in law and usage, to the advantage

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of the former sex, in which consists the oppression which the latter has suffered. With these barbarian ideas, and the influences, extending through centuries, which they leave behind them, the spirit of christianity and of modern civilization is waging perpetual war; and the day is already not far distant when the object will be consummated of destroying the last remains of such unjust oppression. This consummation will remove all motive for a desire that could exist on the part of the female sex—so far, at least, as this object is concerned—for a direct participation in the government of the state. And it is evident that in the march of progressive reform, this consummation lies at a far earlier date than that of admitting women to such participation; and that long before the latter object could be attained, such a state of opinion must have already matured itself, as, by completing the former, to destroy all the foundation of motive or cause for the latter. We think, therefore, that those champions of the "Rights of Women" who direct their efforts to the latter object, of obtaining the recognition of their right to an equal participation in public affairs, are sailing on a wrong tack. It will not be difficult, at a probably not distant day, to obtain from the sense of justice and affection of fathers, husbands, sons and brothers, enlightened by the civilization of which christianity is the animating principle, those reforms in legislation, in favor of the rights of women, which do in fact constitute a worthy and rightful object of pursuit. It is rather from error of opinion, and deeply rooted prejudice left behind by former barbarian ages, than either from any disposition to oppress, or from any such actual distinction of interests as should lead to oppression, that such oppression has proceeded. It is in its cause that the effect should be attacked; and we cannot too much approve of the good sense of Miss Sedgwick's advice to to her young friends, which is, so to qualify themselves for the exercise of the rights from which they are now excluded, as to make manifest to all eyes the injustice of their exclusion—assured that, in this age, redress will speedily follow that conviction of which they themselves alone, by practical demonstration, can be the authors.

In opposing ourselves to the idea of women being admitted to take an open part in the public affairs of society, we by no means wish to discountenance their taking an enlightened interest in them. On the contrary, they are equally interested with men in the right administration of them, on true and just principles; and should be equally conversant with them, and qualified, without taking part in public assemblies, elections, &c., to participate in that social and fireside discussion of them, by which the public opinion, out of which finally grows public action, is in fact formed and matured. Thus can be exerted the full benefit of the contribution of their intelligence to the common stock, by an influence not the less direct and effective that it is private, without a departure from the more appropriate sphere of woman's action and influence, for which, Miss Martineau's arguments to the contrary notwithstanding, we can see no sufficient reason or motive.

In the former portion of this Article we have spoken of the pseudo-

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aristocratic tone of sentiment so extensively prevailing in American "good society." For the purpose of guarding against the inference, either that such a state of society is a necessary consequence of our democratic order of things, or that there is any incompatibility between the latter and the highest degree of social refinement and elegance, untinged with the slightest admixture of aristocratic conceit—we are tempted to conclude with a slight sketch of a little society existing in a New England country village, to which it would be improper to refer by name, although some of our readers who may enjoy the privilege of an acquaintance of experience with it may probably readily recognize it in the description, imperfect as the latter may be.

In the midst of a fertile and smiling valley—surrounded by an inexhaustible variety of the most beautiful hill scenery—and watered by a lovely little river, marked by the rich fringes of verdure of its banks, through which occasionally flashes a silver gleam from its water, and whose meanderings seem to delight to linger in such a spot—is the right pleasant little village we mean. Like most country villages, its houses are stretched along one principal street or road, though a few strike off at right angles on a cross road which happens to intersect it about midway; while a few others appear to have selected more elevated sites, on the adjacent slopes on the outskirts of the village, as though for the purpose of perpetually enjoying the beautiful prospect commanded from every such point of view. Three or four hundred souls, rank and file, are probably the maximum of its population. It is not itself a manufacturing place, though surrounded in all directions, within very short distances, by villages in which the loom, the wheel, and the hammer of the unresting and intelligent industry of New England are in perpetual motion. The heart, or nucleus, of this little community may be said to consist of scarcely more than half-a-dozen families, interlaced together, partly by the bonds of relationship and matrimonial connection, and partly by equally close and affectionate ties of immemorial intimacy. This little circle—this wheel within a wheel—is composed of members whom a strange though happy chance has assembled from various directions—even the distant regions beyond the Indian Ocean having richly contributed to its variety. All are highly educated and refined—many cultivated by foreign travel, by much intercourse with intelligent foreigners, and familiarity with the treasures of other languages and literatures as well as their own—and for the most part early accustomed to the associations and habits of aristocratic life, whether abroad, or in those circles and families among ourselves to which the term may be applied in a social sense as far as possible removed from the contemptuous one in which we have before employed it. In no place does a higher tone of true refinement and elegance pervade the whole society, such as is immediately felt and recognized, by all whose good fortune leads them within its sphere, as fully equal to that of the most polished circles of the highest aristocracy of any foreign country.

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Such a society as this must necessarily be totally distinct from all surrounding it not placed by education—we do not say on the same level—but within the same orbit of social life; and the reader will not be surprised to be told, that they are constantly in the habit of meeting together—day after day, and evening after evening—with but slight admixture of any foreign and uncongenial ingredients. Yet is this no artificial exclusiveness. It is the mere spontaneous action of natural affinities—the voluntary mutual attraction and adaptation of congenial elements. It is quite independent of either wealth, or of rank, as the latter is commonly classified in other societies. Neither poverty, nor laborious occupation, from which elsewhere a certain social degradation seems almost inseparable, has the slightest effect to exclude from within this charmed pale those who bring to it the claim to admission of character and education; while on the other hand, the wealthiest individual of the place is no more to be seen within its circle than if his showy and handsome residence—the largest and finest of the place—were situated at the antipodes. And as for aristocratic pretensions—whoever should bring them there, as a passport to the attentions of its "good society," would be sure to encounter only the most contemptuous indifference and neglect. If, then, there is such a thing as *exclusiveness* in the place, it is a something very different from the common acceptation of that term.

Nor on the part of those who move in different orbits of the little system we have described, does there exist any feeling of jealousy or dissatisfaction—any discomforting idea of inferiority. The social classification being a natural and spontaneous, and not an artificial or compulsory one, it engenders none of those bitter or poisonous fruits which commonly grow out of the offensive distinctions of rank and "gentility" elsewhere. Neither do the members of the circle of which we have been speaking look down with any affectation of superiority, or airs of condescension, upon the others between whom and themselves there is in fact little or no association; nor do the latter feel themselves to occupy any attitude of real or apparent inferiority. All select their intimate associations according to their respective tastes and inclinations; meeting together, however, occasionally, in more general and promiscuous assemblages on a footing of entire equality and ease; and in some cases individuals occupy without difficulty or awkwardness a position which in almost any other society would be subject to extreme embarrassment—an equivocal position between distinct circles, with one foot in each, as family association may place them in one, while taste may lead them, and talent and character may introduce them, into another—we do not say a *higher*, but a *different*, one. A general spirit of mutual kindness appears to pervade the whole village, with a perfect deference, on the part of all, for the rights and feelings of others. The poorer and the richer classes mutually respect and esteem each other, according to individual character and desert—the latter distinguishing themselves more for their good example in all good-neighbourliness, and in all the proprieties and amenities of life, than for

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any offensive display, either of wealth, or of any imagined social superiority; so that instead of being envied or disliked, they are only the more beloved as friends, and respected as equals, from their more enlarged opportunities of kindness and usefulness. In fact, one of the chief charms of the place is its simplicity—that simplicity which is not the first but the last step in the scale of cultivation. There is no such thing as *pride* in the place. It has an atmosphere in which it must either die, or depart, to display itself elsewhere—an air too highly rarefied for it to breathe. The slightest attempt to introduce the ostentation of wealth or luxury so common in our towns—in dress, style, furniture, equipage—would be regarded as an offence *contra bonos mores* of the village, and would promptly draw upon itself the keenest punishment of ridicule and mortification. An almost infallible mark of distinction between the residents of the place and transient strangers, is the plainness of the dress of the former—a graceful and lady-like plainness, however, in which is to be found an admirable illustration of Horace's untranslateable "*simplex munditiis.*" And perhaps it may be some satisfaction to those who may feel disposed to practise Miss Sedgwick's excellent precepts of female education, in all that regards the humbler practical details of domestic life—who are yet deterred by their old notions of indolent "gentility"—to be told that they have long been acted upon in this favored "Happy Valley," and are found perfectly compatible with all that is refined, interesting, and lovely, in female character.

We might say much more of this charming little village, from which few visiters can fail to carry away not only the most agreeable recollections, but a moral influence as healthful as that of its bracing and pleasant mountain breezes upon the physical constitution,—but we fear, by dwelling upon it, to be led from general to private and individual remarks; and thus to approach too near, if not transgress, the line prescribed by the true principles of hospitality to a pen writing for the public eye. Enough has been said, generally, of the society referred to, (of which we may perhaps add that most of the members are radically democratic in their political opinions, as well as in their actual conduct in life,) to show that a democratic state of society is not only consistent with the highest degree of true refinement and cultivated elegance, but—when left to its own natural action, free from the control of false un-American notions of aristocratic distinctions—eminently adapted to produce it, and to develope it to the finest and soundest fruits of social happiness and well-being. It will also serve to illustrate another of our leading objects in the present Article, to mention that there is in the little circle referred to a large preponderance of highly accomplished female members—from whom perhaps its peculiar *tone* may be said to be chiefly derived—and among whom the author of the little volume which has been made the occasion of these remarks might have either derived models, or at least have found most admirable illustrations, of the *beau ideal* she has had in her mind of AMERICAN WOMEN.

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TO A LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Sweet, gentle flower—wherefore art thou shrinking
  Thus timidly that dark green veil beneath,
While all the rest with eager lip are drinking
    Eve's dewy breath?

While thy fair sisters wide abroad are sending
  Their perfumed charms, to every eye outspread,
Why dost thou hide thee thus, so meekly bending
    Thy modest head?

Is it to shun the roving breeze that sports
  From charm to charm, with ever gay caress,
That none may know, but the fond eye that courts,
    Thy loveliness?

Or is it that to Heaven alone addressed
  Thy voiceless worship breathes, so pure and mild,
All lowly drooping o'er thy mother's breast,
    Earth's sweetest child!

Dearest art thou to me of all the flowers
  Whose spiciest odors load the Eastern gale,
Or richest hues that brightened Eden's bowers,
    Sweet Lily of the Vale.

SONNET.

BY MRS. C. E. DA PONTE.

THE LOST CHILD.

Thou, who art hid forever from these eyes—
  Thou, who hast lain so long in that dark sleep,
  Unconscious that thy mother yet doth weep—
Beside thy early tomb with heavy sighs,
Mine own fair child, thy voice no more replies
  To the accustomed call of her whose tone
  Dies on the chilly wind, unheard, unknown.
If thy young spirit, bending from the skies,
Can view the wretched in the hour of prayer,
  Look on me now, and though it may not be
That I shall trace thy heavenly form in air,
  Shadow immortal, that I cannot see,
O wander round, and I shall deem I hear
  Thy low voice whisper, weep no more for me.

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POLITICAL PORTRAITS.

NO. XIV.

CHURCHILL CALDOM CAMBRELENG.

THE subject of the present sketch has long held a prominent position before the public eye, as one of the ablest, most consistent, and purest supporters of democratic principles, and of that liberal policy in the administration of public affairs, naturally closely akin to democratic principles, which is comprised in that one expression, which is the final result of all the analysis of the science of enlightened Political Economy, *freedom of trade.* His present retirement from public life—we trust, a merely temporary one—affords a convenient opportunity for a brief retrospective sketch of his public career.

Mr. Cambreleng was born at Washington, in North Carolina, in October, 1786. His name—giving him the well known triple initial of C. C. C., which his political opponents have sometimes termed a modern illustration of the ancient τρια κακκα κακιστα—was derived from his great-grandfather, Churchill Caldom, whose father came from Scotland, and settled on the Pamlico river, in the beginning of the last century. He is the grandson, on the maternal side, of Colonel John Patten, a gallant officer in the Revolutionary war, who entered the Continental army in September, 1775, as major of the second regiment raised by the State of North Carolina. Colonel Patten was in the battles of the Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, and at the siege of Charleston, where, on its capitulation, he was made a prisoner, and remained on parole to the end of the war.

Mr. Cambreleng, by the death of his father, was left an orphan at an early age, the oldest of four children—three sons and a daughter; and the straitened circumstances of his family, occasioned by the long absence from home of his grandfather, while engaged in the service of his country, and the necessary sacrifices of such a period, together with the early death of his father, deprived him of the advantages of classical education. He was compelled to leave the academy at Newbern, at which his first rudiments of instruction had been acquired, before the age of twelve years. None acquainted with Mr. Cambreleng can fail, however, to be made sensible how amply this deficiency has been since supplied, by the native energies of a remarkably vigorous and observing mind, by self-cultivation, and by extensive travel both at home and abroad. At school he had been very ambitious, and though but a short time enjoying its advantages soon outstripped, in a signal manner, all his competitors for its distinctions. He was then studying with the expectation of being sent

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to Princeton College, when he was compelled to leave the academy, and retire to his grandmother's plantation, where he spent about a couple of years. He here prosecuted his studies in private for several months, with undiminished zeal, to maintain his position with his classmates; and it was not till reluctantly forced to abandon all hope of going either to Princeton or to the University at Chapel Hill, that he discontinued them in despair.

Disappointed in these early and ambitious hopes, he became an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman, and passed many a night in scouring the swamps with his dogs, torch, and axe, and many a day in his canoe on the Pamlico river. Being young it was also his province to "drive" the hounds in stag hunts which were frequent in that neighbourhood. These early details in Mr. Cambreleng's boyhood are thus related, because, sooth to say, he may be still said to lead much the same life, in the intervals which the force of early formed tastes and habits still induces him occasionally to snatch from more ambitious pursuits.

In 1800, at the age of fourteen, he was placed in the store of a merchant in Carolina, with whom he removed to New York in 1802; to which circumstance is to be ascribed the transfer of his public career from the soil of his birth and family associations, to the great commercial metropolis of which it is known that he has so long been a Representative in Congress. The ill success which attended his present employer, caused him to return to North Carolina in 1805, where he found almost all of his old school companions engaged in a life of dissipation which soon naturally attracted him within its round. After a few months, however, he broke from its spell of wild and careless pleasure, and returned to prosecute his fortunes, by his unaided exertions, in New York. Unfortunately, however, for the young adventurer, he was detained a fortnight, before he could embark, at Ocracock bar; by the end of which time the gambling table, which was the constant place of amusement of the young men of that day and section, had despoiled him of the last penny of the little outfit with which his mother had been able to launch him forth on the career of his fortunes. On landing in New York, accident threw him in the way of a kindly and shrewd old Scotch merchant, who invited him to his house, with temporary employment, till a more favorable opening in life should present itself. And it was not long before he was engaged, in 1806, as a clerk by an eminent merchant in Providence, Rhode Island, Mr. Clark, who was largely concerned in the Northwest Coast trade of the Pacific Ocean. It may be cited as a signal evidence of the character for talents and integrity he was early able to establish for himself, that on the death of this gentleman, two years afterwards, he was employed by the executors, at his recommendation, and entrusted with the important duty of adjusting the affairs of the estate, which were not only extensive, but very complicated. The examination of the lands belonging to the estate gave him occasion to make repeated journeys through different sections of New England, in

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the course of which, besides much diversified experience, he had on more than one occasion to encounter no slight degree of peril and hardship on his travels among the hills and valleys of Maine, unknown then to our travellers, having to settle with about seventy "squatters" on the borders of the wilderness, at the time when it was the fashion to shoot all surveyors, land agents, &c., with as little ceremony as so many bears or foxes. This very responsible and difficult duty was discharged with entire success, and to the entire satisfaction of the executors and heirs of the estate in question.

We are here induced to quote the following extract from a letter, referring to this period of his life, from one of the sources at which the information has been sought on which this brief narrative is founded:

"One or two incidents in his early life may be mentioned, which may be deemed not the least honorable to him. When thrown on the world at the early age of fourteen—a clerk in a store—separated from his family and more intimate friends, and deprived of their counsels, instead of wasting his leisure hours in idle pleasures, often terminating in more vicious indulgences, he occupied the time not engrossed by his ordinary pursuits, in reading, composition, music, and drawing. At a subsequent period, when the chief clerk in the counting-house of Mr. Clark in Providence, he was a member of a Literary Society of that place, composed of the more advanced students of Brown University, some of the junior members of the literary professions in that town, and other young men who, like himself, were animated with the laudable desire of improving themselves. The Society was, like others of the kind, devoted to literary pursuits, composition, and extemporaneous debating; and although engrossed throughout the day with the duties of the counting-house, his midnight studies enabled him to attain an honorable rank among his more favorably situated associates. He was regarded as one of the most promising young men of the place, and his intelligence, and correct and gentlemanly deportment made him a welcome inmate in the most intelligent circles. At that period, although only twenty years old, and receiving a moderate salary of six hundred dollars a year, he prevailed on his mother, then residing in North Carolina, to send on one of his younger brothers; whom he placed at an academy in Connecticut, defraying the expenses of his education out of his own moderate income. Soon after, he sent for a second brother, of whom he in like manner assumed the paternal charge. Very soon after, his brothers were sent by him to Union College, at Schenectady, where one of them graduated in 1812. The other soon after, at the commencement of the war, entered into the navy, and attained the rank of lieutenant previous to his death, which happened some years ago, while in the public service in the Pacific. Not content with defraying the whole expenses of the education of his younger brothers, he moreover, subsequently to the graduation of one of them, enabled him to attend the usual course of legal studies at the Law School at Litchfield, Connecticut, and continued the aid so necessary to a young professional man during the first years of his practice. This incident is the more highly honorable to Mr. Cambreleng, as his own fortunes had improved but very slightly throughout the whole period during which he thus assumed the parental charge of the education of his younger brothers."

This extract we leave to speak for itself, without unnecessary comment of our own, as an attestation of the true substratum of the character of the subject of our sketch.

After the termination of his employment in Providence, he returned again to New York; where he was engaged for two or three years as a

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merchant, in the commission business; which he relinquished early in 1812, to undertake the agency of a large cotton speculation, in New Orleans, which had been projected by some enterprising merchants in the former city. The declaration of war in June, however, defeating the speculation, he returned to New York by land through the Indian country. While in New Orleans, on this occasion, he was very near losing his life, in a tremendous hurricane, far surpassing in fury the recent one in Liverpool, blowing down upwards of a hundred houses, and destroying seventy sail of vessels in the river, Mr. Cambreleng escaping almost miraculously from the ruins of a house which was crushed upon its inmates by another one falling upon it. The hardships and dangers, and various adventure, of a return journey by land through the Indian country at that period, would afford a theme for a volume of interesting narrative, with which it is to be hoped that Mr. Cambreleng will at some future day amuse his leisure hours. He travelled alone, with a single rascally guide, against whom he was compelled, night and day, to practise a perpetual vigilance. The night encampments in the forest, with a bear-skin for a couch, and a saddle for a pillow, and pistol in hand, for protection against the Indians as well as his guide (for it was during the war)—the embarrassment for the loss of his provisions, as also of both his horses, run away with by his amiable companion already alluded to, with many similar adventures, however entertaining might be their recital, would be scarcely appropriate to such a sketch as the present.

At about this period commenced his connection with Mr. Astor, of New York, with whom his most important commercial transactions were had, and who, one of the most acute judges of men, always reposed an implicit confidence in Mr. Cambreleng, entrusting many very important commissions of business to his discretion. Such a testimony as that of Mr. Cambreleng, who had peculiar opportunities of forming a correct judgment, to the character of a man so distinguished as Mr. Astor has long been in the commercial community, may be worth recording. From a letter we have seen, written by Mr. Cambreleng to a friend, we are permitted to make the following extract:

"Most very great fortunes are either inherited, or owing more to chance than to bold enterprise or deep calculation. The most enterprising are generally in the end the least successful. It was not so with Mr. Astor. No man ever surpassed him in the variety and originality of his projects, in boldness of speculation, or in foreseeing and comprehending every event which might possibly affect any of his plans. Independently of his various speculations on a large scale, his settlement at the mouth of the Columbia river would of itself have rendered him one of the most wealthy men in the world, but for our war with Great Britain, and the sale of Fort Astoria, contrary to his orders. I have enjoyed his confidence for five-and-twenty years, and I can say of him, that, however he may be in small matters, he is *a man of extraordinary genius—of a comprehensive and profound mind—and capable of managing the affairs of a nation.*"

When the Russian mediation between the United States and Great Britain was proposed, in 1813, Mr. Astor, with his characteristic enterprise, projected a speculation to a very large amount in Canton, and

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proposed to establish a permanent agency there, connected with his settlement at the mouth of the Columbia river. Mr. Cambreleng was selected by Mr. Astor to execute this important commercial enterprise, and went to Europe to await there the result of the negotiations under the Russian mediation. The ship in which he sailed, the Hannibal, had been employed by the Russian Minister in this country to carry out the celebrated and unfortunate MOREAU, who was also a passenger. We are here enabled to give a reminiscence of Moreau from the pen of Mr. Cambreleng, contained, as the preceding, in a letter to a friend; which, referring to a period of his life about which little is known, and about which much misrepresentation has prevailed, will not be without a historic value, entitling it to record, as well as a deep interest to the general reader. From the acquaintance of that voyage, with the intimate opportunity it afforded of knowing the real man, Mr. Cambreleng has always maintained a firm conviction of his purity and patriotism, notwithstanding the obloquy with which his name has been covered, as a traitor who fell in arms in battle against his country:

"I never saw a man of such high reputation with less ambition. But for his wife he would never have quit his residence on the Delaware. Through his agency abroad, and the persuasions of Bernadotte, he was induced to quit that quiet retreat. He travelled under the assumed name of Monsieur Cazeau. His manners and appearance on board ship were truly simple and democratic; and he would frequently and patiently listen till midnight to the 'long yarns' of the chief mate of the ship. He told us that, if he succeeded in all his plans, we should see him as retired on the banks of his native river as he had been on the Delaware. Moreau delayed his departure from this country till late in June, obviously without any design to engage in the campaign of that year. He thought that, by the time he arrived in Europe, the Allied Army would be on the banks of the Rhine; and it was his design to offer himself as a mediator between the French nation and the Allies. These expectations were, however, soon disappointed. In the North Sea we spoke a Dutch galliot. In answer to Moreau's questions, the captain informed us of the battles of Lützen and Bautzen. Moreau quickly inquired, 'Where are Wittgenstein, Schwartzenberg, and Bernadotte?' The first was on the borders of Silesia, the second in Bohemia, and the third in the North of Germany. He immediately exclaimed, 'My God! they have three times the number of the French army; they never can beat Napoleon except by main force; they have the power to drive him before them, but he will beat them forever while their armies are separated.' He always spoke highly of the genius of his great antagonist. On one occasion he said, that he did not believe that 'there ever had lived, or then existed, a general equal to Napoleon for military inspirations in the hour of battle;' but after praising him, he would always add: 'Mais cependant c'est un grand coquin!'

"It will be observed, that it was only by this very plan of concentration that Napoleon was finally beaten, and by main force; for the Allies had in the field, as Moreau said, thrice the number of the French army. In the Cattegat, we were spoken by the British frigate Hamadryad. On learning that Moreau was among the passengers, her captain, Chatham, came aboard to pay his respects to him. It was, then, and for the first time, (though in his checked shirt,) that we saw *General* Moreau, who seemed to be a foot taller the moment the British captain came into the cabin. The conduct of Moreau, after his arrival in Gottenburg, obviously proved that he moved slowly and reluctantly to the headquarters of the Allied Army. He remained three days on board the ship before he landed, and did not

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leave that place for a week. His death, very shortly after, at the battle of Dresden, was peculiarly unfortunate for his reputation. Had he realized his expectations on quitting the United States—had he found the Allied Army on the banks of the Rhine, and successfully presented himself as a mediator between the French nation and the Allied Powers—he would have been remembered as the benefactor of his country, and the pacificator of Europe. Had he lived to have executed his other plan of concentration at the battle of Leipzig, and driven Napoleon to Paris, he would, perhaps, have been ranked as the Great Captain of the Age, as he was certainly one of the first. But, as it was, he was denounced as a traitor to France, and execrated by those to whose interests he was devoted, and for whom he would have voluntarily surrendered his life."

Soon after the dreadful battle of Leipzig, Mr. Cambreleng commenced his journey from Sweden, through Pomerania, to Berlin, (then filled with wounded,) Potsdam, Dessau, and Leipzig. The latter place at that time, in December, two months after the battle, was literally one hospital. The hospitals in the neighbourhood had been burnt down, and the sick and wounded were transferred to the city. The churches were converted into hospitals, fires were burning in the streets, and incense in every chamber; the mortality was terrible; but amidst all this scene the fair was going on; merchants from the four quarters of the globe were congregated, and there was the grand supper at the hotel at nine o'clock at night, with the band of music, regardless of the condition of a mourning city.

From Leipzig, he followed the route of the allied army to Frankfort on the Maine; to Basle, in Switzerland, and thence to within sixty miles of Paris. It was a journey full of interest and adventures, affording an opportunity not only of seeing the civilized soldiers of Europe, but the Cossac, Calmac, Bashkir, and Tartar. He was frequently in the neighbourhood of unimportant skirmishes and battles, and met occasionally bodies of prisoners marching on foot at the point of the bayonet in midwinter, and the ground covered with snow. After much delay and difficulty, he reached, with two companions, the head quarters of the allied army, at a village about fifteen miles from Troyes, but only as they were leaving there for Bar sur Seine. The advanced guard of the allied army was engaged on the turnpike leading to Troyes, and there was much consternation among the Allies at the report that Napoleon had thrown himself into that place at the head of an army of 200,000 men. They started also for Bar sur Seine; but had not only to pass over one of the terrible cross-roads of France—and in winter, too—but to follow in the train of more than 1,000 cannon and baggage wagons. They reached Bar sur Seine at nine o'clock at night, after having travelled, by the spirited assistance of a sutler's wife, the distance of nine miles in as many hours, and were quartered in a house with a German prince and his attendants, who had taken all the house and every thing to eat. The travellers had to sleep in the same room with the master of the house, his wife, children, and servants. On learning that they were Americans, he opened a secret closet, and gave them a chicken and a bottle of Burgundy. From thence he reached Chatillon, where was assembled the Congress of Ministers, which was the object of his destination.

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The negotiations for a peace were delayed much longer than was anticipated, and Mr. Cambreleng was detained in Europe more than a year. His time was, however, not unemployed. Circumstances which seem to have been anticipated by the sagacity of Mr. Astor made it necessary to assign the concerns of the Hannibal also to the discretionary charge of Mr. C., if he should at any time see proper to assume it; and the agents of that vessel, having differed as to their management, relinquished them to his control. During his detention in Europe, he visited Sweden, Prussia, Silesia, Bohemia, the north and middle of Germany, Switzerland, France, Holland, and England. Despairing of an early and pacific termination of the negotiations at Ghent, he returned in the Hannibal to New York, in 1814. He visited France again in 1815, and in 1816, Italy and Asia Minor, on voyages of business for Mr. Astor. In these voyages, he had an opportunity to remain some time in Paris, and of visiting Florence, Rome, and Constantinople. On his return, he commenced business again in New York; which, after a few years, terminated unsuccessfully. In 1825, he made a tour through England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Mr. Cambreleng's life has thus been a very adventurous and roving one; it has been replete with striking incident and romantic adventures, for which, as well as for scenery and the novelty of travel, he has always had a strong passion. His observation has been keen and extensive, and he has been very laborious in study in the intervals of occupation, and, especially while his days have been occupied and distracted with business, through the hours of night. He has been more a writer than a reader, and has depended more upon observation, experience, and reflection, than upon the borrowed treasures of other minds. Though his career had been commercial, Mr. Cambreleng was always a zealous politician, and a uniform advocate of Democratic principles. He had not long been permanently settled in New York, before he took an active part in its politics. The doctrine of restrictions on trade for the protection of manufactures was then advocated or sanctioned by almost all our public men, and all who ventured to oppose an increase of duties for the benefit of manufacturers were considered as wanting in patriotism. The Democratic party had been made an instrument, for the promotion of their own interests, by prominent capitalists engaged in that branch of business, and memorials were annually sent to Congress from Tammany Hall, praying for an increase of the tariff. Mr. Cambreleng was among the few more clear-sighted and fearless who then protested against these memorials, and ultimately succeeded in persuading his political friends to discontinue them. In the winter of 1820,—'21, before he had engaged in public life, he wrote his "*Examination of the New Tariff, proposed by the Hon. Henry Baldwin, a Representative in Congress. By one of the People.*" This was a remarkably clear and forcible exposition of the fallacy of the experiments by which the high tariff school of that day—not yet extinct, though now for the present abashed into silence—sought to fasten upon the young, free energies of this country

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the fictitious system of commercial policy, of prohibitions, premiums, and drawbacks, which, whatever division of opinion exists as to its effects on the true prosperity of England, is at least the most fatal and false to the true spirit of our institutions that we could adopt. It formed an octavo volume of near three hundred pages, and was composed during the evening hours, when the author was released from the business occupations of the day.

In the spring of 1821, Mr. Cambreleng was nominated for Congress by the Democratic party; and though a powerful effort was made to defeat his election, by his political opponents, and by the manufacturing interest, he succeeded, over a very popular candidate nominated in opposition to him, by a large majority. The seat thus obtained he has ever since preserved, till the last fall election in that city, when the convulsion of the recent political crisis at last effected the object for the accomplishment of which all the former efforts of his opponents had failed. He thus continued a member of Congress for eighteen years consecutively. When the Republican party sustained its overwhelming defeat in 1824, he was the only member of Congress of that party reelected from the State. Yet has Mr. Cambreleng always, from the outset, been opposed by the mercantile interest of that city; though in reality, however tardy that class may be in recognizing the fact, he has always been, from the soundness of that theory of public policy which has always given its entire shape and character to his public course, their best friend, and a most valuable representative of their true interest. In 1828, particularly, he was vigorously opposed by the merchants generally, for refusing to advocate a high federal duty on sales at auction. How violent and embittered that hostility has been made of late years, by Mr. Cambreleng's uncompromising adherence to those great principles of the Democratic policy, in relation to the public currency and banking, which the mercantile class are so prodigiously mistaken in regarding as antagonist to their real interests, is too well known to require comment or notice at our hands. In proportion, however, to this hostility of political opponents have the attachment and confidence of the Democratic party of his city and State increased with the continued manifestation of his unwavering Republican principles—his pure and firm political integrity—the consistent soundness of his leading doctrines of commercial policy—and the eminent ability which he has displayed in the advocacy of them. Mr. Cambreleng is now in retirement from public life, and is about to take advantage of an interval of leisure long desired by him, to revisit some of the scenes of his earlier travels and adventures in Europe. But there can be no doubt that, on his return, no public man will occupy a more prominent position in the confidence of the Republican party, in the Empire State and its great commercial metropolis, as a well-tried and favorite representative and champion of its great principles, and as a most fit and worthy candidate for the highest honors of further political distinction in its power to bestow.

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Mr. Cambreleng's career in Congress during the eighteen years that he has occupied a seat in the House of Representatives, has been eminently useful and honorable. He has always preferred that post of duty in the public service, resting on the free election of his constituency, to any other offices of honor or emolument, under the Executive appointment, which his distinguished services, character, and abilities must have made readily accessible to him. He has always in the House played a prominent and influential part—having been generally chairman of some of the more important committees, Commerce, Foreign Affairs, and Ways and Means; the chairmanship of which latter is well known as being the nearest approach that our practice admits to the post of *leadership* of the dominant party in the body. In the exercise of these functions Mr. Cambreleng has been the author of numerous reports, characterized by remarkable ability, research, and value. His celebrated report on commerce and navigation, in 1829, cannot be forgotten by many of our readers. Two editions of it were published by the merchants of New York, and a third in London. His report on the Surplus Revenue, in 1837—on the Independent Treasury and on the Public Expenditures, at the late and the preceding sessions of Congress—are not less entitled to special notice. Without referring more particularly to his numerous speeches, many of which are elaborate and complete essays of great value, on the subjects of which they treat, we are induced to extract from his speech on the Independent Treasury, at the Extra Session, the following quotation—with the length of which our readers will scarcely find fault—both as an instance of Mr. Cambreleng's style, and as a specimen of the broad liberality and sound democratic character of his views on the subject to which it relates:

"We have now to notice a formidable objection. It is said we propose to establish a universal and exclusive metallic currency; and, in the language of the gentleman from South Carolina, (Mr. Legare,) to effect 'an absolute subversion of all credit and all commerce—an utter destruction of the whole fabric of society.' This is, indeed, sir, an age distinguished for discoveries. We have been for years endeavoring to secure, through our federal legislation, a broader basis for the vast fabric of credit in this country. Gentlemen have cordially coöperated with us in accomplishing a purpose almost universally acknowledged to be necessary to give stability to trade, and solidity to our tottering banking system. But when we propose a measure calculated to forward effectually an object so essential to the morals and prosperity of the Union, they suddenly discover that our design is to break up the very foundations of civilized society, to return to 'iron money and black broth'—to absolute barbarism. Gentlemen well know that, whatever may be our abstract opinions as to the effect of paper money on the morals and condition of society, no man in this 'bank note age' can expect more than to reform the abuses of the system. But before they so roughly denounce the principles of those with whom they are politically associated, I would admonish gentlemen to consult together, and come to some understanding as to what they mean by 'an exclusive metallic currency,' and 'the destruction of the credit system.' The gentleman from South Carolina, (Mr. Legare,) and the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Garland,) considering how harmoniously they act together, have placed themselves in an awkward attitude before the country. The former gentleman denounces the currency of France as the author of her poverty; the latter eulogises it as the soundest in the world, and recommends it

to us as a model for our imitation! And now, sir, what becomes of all the violent denunciations of the gentleman from Virginia about this monstrous attempt to introduce an exclusive metallic currency? Who had gone beyond the gentleman from Virginia? No bank note circulates in France of a less denomination than five hundred francs, and the whole amount is but about twenty millions of dollars in paper to four hundred and fifty millions of gold and silver. Is that a metallic currency? Is the credit system destroyed in France? Sir, the gentleman from Virginia will find, upon an examination of his own doctrines, that it will embarrass him to explain in what essential principle relating to currency he is opposed to the present Administration.

"The gentleman from South Carolina may also discover that his principles are not so hostile as he imagines, to the separation of Bank and State. Why, sir, he admires the Scotch banking system, the very essence of which is its freedom from all legislative interference. The union between Parliament and this branch of trade has been long since effectually dissolved. Trade, and not Government, regulates the quantity of banking capital in Scotland. He seems struck with admiration at the splendid results 'of the credit system' in that country, and ascribes them to the substitution of paper for a metallic circulation. The gentleman mistakes the shadow for the substance. The astonishing industry and wealth of Scotland, and the moral condition of her people, are owing, among other causes, to the absolute freedom she has enjoyed in banking, the best regulator of all trades when free. The act of 1708 did not extend to Scotland; she was not under the dominion of the Bank of England. She had no gigantic institution to break her local banks periodically, and to throw thousands, nay millions, of laborers out of employment. Beyond the Tweed, capital, free from all restrictions, flowed into this channel, and kept pace with labor, population, trade, and wealth, and sustained the vast increase of her commercial credits. The banks of Scotland are an improvement upon the plan of our savings institutions. They have in that country not only a large amount of banking capital, but more than a hundred millions of dollars, drawn from all classes of society, in deposite upon interest, yielding a profit to the community as well as to the bank; thus mutually benefitting the capitalists and the country, and encouraging frugality and enterprise. Her 'credit system' rests upon a foundation almost as broad as the whole property of Scotland. Her stockholders are not, like ours, exempt from responsibility. The public interest and security are not, as with us, sacrificed to encourage the growth of corporations—of partners not individually liable for their debts, and not responsible to the country for their management. Her banks are essentially the guardians of the poor, as well as the regulators of trade. It is to these circumstances we may chiefly ascribe the rapid growth of Scotland, notwithstanding her disadvantages of soil and climate, and without the appendage of an impoverished laboring population, as in England and Ireland. It is wholly immaterial to Scotland what may be the character of her circulation. She is an interior province; exchanges do not press upon her; England intervenes and sustains the shock. Like our country banks, theirs have little use for specie; and, like them, they have their 'specie fund' in the centre of circulation. Had she been on the borders of the British Channel, where her local circulations would come in contact with the metallic currency of the continent, she would have long since discovered that, however convenient small notes may be, the imaginary convertibility of bank notes into coin is but a frail protection to labor, and a weak foundation for the credit and contracts of a nation. Protected by her interior position, as well as by skilful management, her population has escaped some of the consequences of this abuse of credit.

"But the chief object of the admiration of the gentleman from South Carolina was the triumphant result of the credit system in England. Why, sir, nothing can be more unlike than the credit systems of England and Scotland, as they were prior to 1826, both in their characters and their results. The one was a system of despotism, the other of liberty. The one filled the country with pauperism, the other kept

labor steadily employed, and with parental guardianship hoarded the small accumulations of the poor. But it was in England that the gentleman saw 'the grandest work of civilized life in any part of the world'—the splendid result of her credit and banking system. Sir, while the classical and intellectual gentleman from South Carolina was admiring the Corinthian grandeur of this proud fabric of the credit system, in the ecstacy of his admiration, he forgot that he was standing on a vast ruin of violated rights; lost in his sublime contemplations, he heard not the 'accents of despair,' nor the wailings of poverty, uttered by millions who had fallen victims to the credit system of England. He had not, probably, examined the poor man's record. He could not persuade himself to believe that, amidst all this bustle, life, and splendor, all this wealth and grandeur, he was in a nation of paupers. He could see it all in his travels through impoverished France, with her metallic currency, but not in England, with her credit and banking system. Well, sir, here is that record of its results which escaped the gentleman's observation. Two millions four hundred and ninety-three thousand four hundred and twenty-three families 'receiving relief not included in the returns for this year.' But, it is added, in this work published by the London Statistical Society, 'judging from the results here exhibited, *the paupers form the greatest portion of the whole population*.' Such, Mr. Chairman, is the foundation upon which rests this 'grandest work of civilized life,' this triumphant evidence of the blessings of the English banking and credit system.

"Sir, I have travelled a little, too. I have contemplated with delight the rich treasures of the Louvre and the Vatican; the sublime Doric and the proud Corinthian; but it was in the beautiful valleys of France and Germany—on the Rhine and on the Elbe—it was amidst the mountains of Switzerland and Wales, that I saw, without regard to questions of currency, or even forms of government, sound morality and personal comfort; it was these scenes that reminded me of our western paradise. And, sir, I could but regret that the tenants of those mountains and valleys were governed by that concentrated power of associated wealth which rules Governments, controls monarchs, and regulates the destiny of every nation in Europe.

"Mr. Chairman, we have a great constitutional duty to discharge. We have to regulate the coinage, and by requiring the collection of our revenue in a common medium, to secure equal taxation to the States of this confederacy, and to preserve for the whole people a measure of value of ancient origin, for labor, property, and contracts. In discharging this duty, we have not only to encounter the vices of our complicated banking systems, but also a revolution which has been going on more than a century, and one which threatens in the end to substitute a mere exchange of credits for the ancient standard of nations. It commenced with the charter of the Bank of England in 1694. This substitute first appeared in the form of notes of twenty pounds; in 1759, it was reduced to ten pounds; in 1793, to five pounds; and in 1797, the bank suspended specie payments, and commenced issuing one and two pound notes. After a fatal experiment of five-and-twenty years—fatal to the morals and welfare of the people, however necessary it may have been to Government—the bank resumed specie payments in 1822. The currency was reformed, and all notes under five pounds (about equal to twenty-five dollars) were prohibited in England and Wales. This was not, however, the most material reform.

"The restriction on banking, which had been imposed in 1708, to protect the monopoly of the Bank of England, was repealed in 1826. For one hundred and eighteen years no association could be formed for banking purposes with more than six partners. Under this system, the trade and currency of England were periodically convulsed. The great regulator of banking in that country, by its own alarms and powerful efforts to save itself, brought down country banks by the hundred in every revulsion, prostrated trade, and threw millions of the laboring population out of employment. The violent revulsion of 1825 brought about the reform of 1826; and 'with the consent' of the Bank of England, her monopoly was partially relinquished, and the great commercial and manufacturing districts were permitted, like

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Scotland, to form as many banks as they pleased. England has escaped some of the violence of the recent revulsion. Her banks have not suspended specie payments. The Bank of England was not saved, as in 1825, by an accidental discovery of one pound notes! It was not because there had not been over-trading in England; far otherwise. There never was a period when there was more extensive speculation in every branch of trade, and when her capital and credit were more widely extended in every quarter of the globe. How has it happened, then, that she did not suffer as in 1825? Because the revulsion in that year broke down the monopoly of the Bank of England; because capital, freed from its dominion, flowed with astonishing rapidity into that branch of trade, and was ready to meet the sudden and large addition which speculation had made to the mass of commercial credits. Some of these associations, it is true, were embarrassed by the revulsion; the wonder is, that more were not brought down by it. They were all of recent origin; and this trade had been effectually prohibited for more than a century. These were not the only reforms. That remnant of barbarism, the usury law, was also in effect repealed, by exempting all bills having not more than ninety days to run from their operation; and this has been subsequently extended. The rate of interest, sir, is the safety-valve of credit. It should be permitted to rise and fall with the pressure upon the money market. In this country we have locked it down, and doubly prohibited the free use of capital. The inevitable consequence is periodical explosions. But with all these reforms, it is still the policy of England to substitute credit for a metallic measure of value. That credit, it is true, is not so vitiated as it was; but by making Bank of England notes a lawful tender, and by authorizing the joint stock associations to issue their notes, redeemable in these notes, they have laid the foundation for revulsions in trade, which are not yet developed. These associations had not been long enough in existence to show to what amount they could increase their circulations, though long enough to prove how rapidly they could increase them. While the use of credit, founded upon property, should enjoy absolute freedom, the abuse of credit, by issuing that which is founded upon credit, should never be encouraged by Government.

"The most powerful antagonist, however, of a uniform measure of value is our own banking system, unquestionably the worst in the world. If we had no other motive, we should be compelled to collect our revenue in a metallic currency, in order to preserve something in the country as a standard of value. We have six-and-twenty Legislatures and two Territorial Councils steadily at work, enacting laws to banish specie from circulation. The present crisis, no doubt, must produce reform; but it cannot be expected to be immediate or general, so long as our laws are made by those who entertain hostile principles of government, especially on this question of currency. It is true, there is a common conviction that our banking system is bad, and that our local circulations require reform; but when will that ever be effected if we surrender up our constitutional standard? If we do not lay the foundation here, our banking system will never be reformed. It is impossible to imagine a system more discordant, and more embarrassing to trade, than the system of the United States as a whole. Capital is not at liberty to flow into this branch of trade as in England and Scotland. Government must regulate the quantity in each State. Our State Government might, with equal propriety and wisdom, regulate the quantity of capital in every other branch of trade. And what is the consequence of this legislative interference with banking? Why, sir, two of our cities have each more banking capital than the State of New York, with her hundred cities and towns, and with more than two millions of population. The commercial emporium of the Union, the centre of circulation, the point upon which the whole fabric of commercial credit, internal and external, presses at every revulsion, is permitted to employ, in this branch of trade, some twenty millions—about one-third the banking capital of a neighboring city. Such legislation is as absurd as it is unequal. It is calculated to unregulate trade and embarrass the banks. Banking, legitimate bank-

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ing, is a trade, and should be as free as all other trades. Let it regulate the quantity of capital, and this branch will keep pace with all others; it will increase with the increase of commercial credits, and with the growth of trade. As the demand increases, so will the supply; and no portion of the capital of the country will be unemployed. This is the secret of the success of the Scotch banking system, which is weakened, and not strengthened, by her small note circulation.

"Currency, sir, is not a trade. Governments will be called upon to decide whether an attribute of sovereignty shall be exercised by trading companies, and, if so, to what extent. They must determine whether such companies are to be permitted to furnish the world with their credit as a substitute for a metallic standard, with liberty to increase and diminish it at pleasure; for that is the result which seems approaching. The great question to be determined is, are trading associations to be authorized to issue a species of State credit, and to collect a revenue, now amounting to six or seven millions annually, and constantly increasing, and to indemnify an abused community by producing periodical bankruptcy, poverty, and want? The gentleman from South Carolina knows that almost all the distinguished authorities are against his 'Credit System.'

"It is a conceded point, that the regulation of the quantity of currency, which is the measure of value, ought not to be entrusted to those whose profits are increased by abusing the trust. You might as well at once surrender to these corporations the power to regulate the value of our coin, and let them adulterate it, or arbitrarily raise its nominal value at their pleasure, as monarchs formerly did, to the ruin of their people. Upon what ground is it that Government have been induced to give their aid in substituting the paper of trading companies for the current coin of the world? An increasing demand for a medium of circulation and a deficiency of the precious metals. The former is admitted, the latter I deny; and on neither ground can these issues be defended. Sir, there has been no age of the world when it was so abundantly supplied with circulation, independent of all the small notes, (I mean under fifty or one hundred dollars,) in Europe and America. How is it with the precious metals? In the work referred to by the gentleman from South Carolina, the quantity of money in the Augustan age is estimated at less than two thousand millions. Why, sir, since 1492, we have drawn from the American mines alone, more than six thousand millions of dollars, and the aggregate of coin, bullion, and plate in the world, is estimated at from seven to ten thousand millions. The quantity of specie might have been an object of solicitude in earlier ages; but of what consequence is it now, when, for all its great offices, we have discovered other substitutes? We have discovered a mine richer than all the mines of Mexico and Peru—the human mind. We have drawn from that inexhaustible mine countless millions of substitutes for specie, in the form of public debts, bank stocks, and stocks of every kind; of bills of exchange, notes of hand, bank drafts, and bank checks. These are our circulations which give velocity to trade. It is these, amounting to thousands of millions, which have accelerated the growth of wealth among nations, and not the contemptible amount of your small note circulations in Great Britain, Ireland, and America. In the present age, trade provides its own substitutes for specie, in adjusting balances not only between States and nations, but between individuals, and without the agency of bank notes. Specie is only wanted to adjust balances between nations when credit is suddenly destroyed. It is, however, wanted in every country as a standard for local circulation, and to sustain the increasing amount of commercial credit. The value of property is sufficiently affected by credit founded upon credit, in the form of bills of exchange, without extending this abuse of credit in the form of currency. The former we cannot reach by legislation, and we have no right to do so if we could, however injurious its operation is upon trade. The latter interferes with the currency established by the Constitution, and we should adopt every measure that we can to prevent it from destroying our standard altogether.

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"This revolution may be accomplished. The precious metals may eventually be banished from the circulations of the world, and we may have no other standard than bank notes. I admit, sir, that, as a mere question of trade, it would accelerate the accumulation of wealth, and the growth of our cities. But what are the sacrifices attending such a system? Do you not lay the foundation of your cities on the ruin of your population? Sir, while we sacrifice the poor, we transfer political power from the agricultural and laboring classes of society to those thousand corporations which seem to have been, from the beginning of our free governments, the only interests worthy, in the estimation of our American legislators, to be exclusively cherished, protected, and patronized. Sir, go on with your credit and banking systems; banish the precious metals; establish your paper standard, and let the value of property and the price of labor float upon its agitated surface; let them rise with its expansions and fall with its contractions; and then, sir, gentlemen may anticipate every five years the return of the 'awful winters' referred to by the gentleman from Pennsylvania. One of them is now approaching—an awful winter indeed for the poor; thousands will be struck down by poverty and want. Sir, I do not ask gentlemen for their charity. I make no appeals to their humanity: but, in the name of HIM who made us all, I entreat them to spare them their taunts—do not stigmatize them—let these poor laborers die in peace and of famine, in a land overflowing with the richest abundance. Pardon these victims of your policy, should they, in their last hour, pray that their country might be delivered from your calamitous 'Credit System.'

"Mr. Chairman, upon the firmness and integrity of the people of this country, at the present crisis, depend the condition of our society, and the character of our Government. It is evidently a struggle for power by some of the corporations of this country, but, I trust, not all of them. It is a great issue; for every thing moral, social, and political, is at stake. On such an occasion, gentlemen may well discard their prejudices—republicans have been separated on party grounds, but not on principle—they may readily unite when a question arises involving the welfare of the people, and the very existence of free government. In a cause so just, we have little to fear, and every thing to hope. I cannot believe, that, in the approaching contest, we shall lose one sincere friend of this administration. Some have, I think, prematurely decided upon the measure now proposed; they have denounced it without proper examination. I am sure, no sound republican can, upon deliberation, be ultimately found against it. While, sir, on the other hand, the proposition to separate Bank and State must rally and unite the democracy of this country, by whatever questions they may have been hitherto divided. They will never consent that the Treasury of the United States shall be controlled by the stock exchange of Wall street, or of the royal exchange; that the public revenue shall be again made instrumental in augmenting the disasters of the country; and that the Government shall be periodically embarrassed for want of means, by entrusting its funds to institutions whose fate depends upon the slightest counter-movement in any part of the commercial system of the world. Nor, sir, can I believe that any sound republican is prepared to substitute the credit of our corporations for the common medium and common standard of the world. No, sir: on these questions the democracy will be found united, as they always have been, whenever the honor or the interests of their country were involved, as they are at the present crisis. Let not gentlemen deceive themselves; their victories always come with our calamities, and disappear with returning prosperity. The concentrated power upon which they depend cannot yet regulate the succession to the Presidency.

"Sir, I have detained the Committee too long. We challenge gentlemen to the vote. Let the gentleman from South Carolina declaim over his 'iron money and black broth;' let gentlemen denounce the measure as an expedient or an experiment; let them call it a Sub-Treasury scheme, or by what name they please; but let them

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afford us an opportunity to test its advantages to trade, to banks, the Treasury, and the country. We fear not the results of the experiment."

During the many years he has spent in the public service, Mr. Cambreleng has had the satisfaction to witness the successful progress of the liberal doctrines of *free trade* which he maintained before he entered upon public life, and the advocacy of which has been the peculiar mission of his political career ever since. For some years he was their only advocate in the New York delegation in Congress. They were unpopular, and those who administered, or who aspired to administer, our national affairs, had not the courage to avow them. The cause of commercial freedom, however, continued to gain ground at every session. The late Administration was the first, since the war with Great Britain, which boldly took ground in favor of revenue duties; and we have now the pleasure, under our present purely Democratic Administration, to see restored, and in the fair way to a complete and general ascendency over the public mind, those liberal principles which our free Government was especially designed to establish and perpetuate.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

No. III.

The Birds of Spring—The Encampment broken up, which introduces an illustration of Dutch caution and Political Economy—A sick comrade—who, with the author, is captured by the Indians—the sick man scalped—The Catskill Mountains and a new capture.

WINTER at last began to draw off his forces. The birds who came to make the announcement that Spring was on the way, were received with great joy. They visited the opening we had made in the forest, and gave us sweet music. None offered to harm them; it was voted unanimously, that birds were "liberty men." I have never killed a bird since, nor suffered any body else to when I could help it. I refused to contribute to the support of the minister of the parish because he allowed his boy to shoot robins. The boy finally shot himself. I almost wished the event had happened seven years sooner. Orders were at length given to prepare to return to the camp. This was not a very complicated operation for me—I had simply to put my gun and knapsack in order My gun was found to be *minus* bayonet and ramrod; my knapsack contained one shirt and a pocket handkerchief. I congratulated myself on the smallness of my load. On the day of our departure, our Dutch

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neighbors came to our huts to purchase such commodities as we were constrained to leave behind. We found they had learned not a little in the art of bargaining from the stray Yankees who had *located* among them. Our flour, beef, and rum barrels, were the objects of their desire, but as it was certain that we could not take said articles with us, the prices offered by them were very moderate. The negotiations were conducted by our sergeant, and one of the younger Dutchmen. They both talked Political Economy and prose without knowing it. The Dutchman was evidently a pre-existent disciple of the school who teach that price is regulated solely by supply and demand. His object, therefore, was to lessen the demand that the price might fall. This he effected by directing some of his constituents to go home, and the rest to load their pipes and talk Dutch. Our sergeant belonged to the school that teaches that the cost of production has something to do in determining the price of a commodity, but his arguments made no more impression on the Dutchmen than as many legislators. He determined, therefore, to reduce the supply, that, in accordance with their own doctrines, the price might rise. The heads of about half the casks were knocked out; they were then filled with combustibles and fired. In this way the supply was soon lessened, and in consequence, the price rose more than one hundred per cent. This was one of my first lessons in Political Economy, and it was much more clear and satisfactory than many of the books which I have since read, and the speeches to which I have since listened.

Just as we were about to give our farewell shout, one of our number, a fellow townsman, became so seriously ill as to be unable to march. It was out of our power to make any arrangements for his removal, so it was determined that he should be left behind, and that I should remain to take care of him. This was not at all to my liking—not that I was unwilling to render whatever aid I could to my fellow soldier, or rather wood-chopper—but the disappointment was not pleasant, and I think I may venture to lay it down as a profound truth in human nature, that disappointments are generally unpleasant. Does any sciolist say, that is a very common-place truth? It is no more so than many that are uttered by some of the most distinguished transcendental philosophers with a most sagacious air of discovery. I have only, in accordance with an old and inveterate habit, uttered in plain English, and not in the dialect of the "inner and high consciousness," that the aristocracy of philosophers alone have access to.

I attended upon my sick companion about four weeks after the departure of the company. The time was passed under the roof of an honest Dutchman, who was a warm friend of King *Shorge*, and a friend of humanity, too. When we departed, he would not receive a penny from us, though we offered him silver.

With joyful hearts we set our faces towards the camp, though we knew that many a weary mile was to be travelled ere we could reach it. But,

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then, there was this consolation, the longer we were in going, the sooner after our arrival would come the hour of our discharge, for it must be recollected, we were "*year service* men." After six or seven hours walking, we came to a house where we resolved to remain till the next morning, provided the consent of the owner could be obtained—a preliminary, by the way, that soldiers of more experience dispense with. We entered, and found as sinister a looking Dutchman as ever smoked a pipe. He pretended not to understand our request, and scolded and swore in Dutch till he frightened all the folks within ear-shot. We were about to retire, when a female entered and silenced him, and demanded what we wanted. It was immediately granted, and the husband was ordered forthwith to make preparation for our comfortable entertainment. This was the first example of female ascendency I had ever witnessed, and I acknowledge, I did not view it with any very strong disapprobation. Indeed, when a luxurious supper appeared, to which the husband was ordered to bid us welcome, I became fully satisfied that female sovereignty was for the best; certainly it was in that instance. During my long life, I have been "collecting facts" on this subject, and have enough to form a magnificent theory, which I intend to put forth when the "Woman's Rights" Society get the government into their hands, which will be, when travelling by railroads and steamboats is abandoned as too slow and old fashioned.

The next morning we set out in fine spirits, and travelled leisurely through a beautiful forest till about midday, when we lay down beneath a large chestnut and slept. We were awakened by a couple of Indians hideously painted, and who very significantly intimated that we were to be freed from the responsibility of farther directing our own movements. In short, we were required to yield ourselves as prisoners. Does the descendant of some cowardly tory ask, why, as there were but two, we did not resist? I answer: while I believe that the civilized is better adapted than the savage state to develope the physical as well as the intellectual nature of man, yet, two civilized men asleep are not equal to two savages awake.

They had taken possession of our arms before we awoke, and if they had not, we should not have been very well qualified to resist, since muskets without bayonets or powder are not very effective instruments. Furthermore, when a man is awaked from a deep sleep, and sees a hostile savage standing over him with uplifted tomahawk, he is not in circumstances to test with due accuracy the difference between the strength of civilized and savage muscles. He will be very likely to adopt the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance—a doctrine recently most triumphantly demonstrated in the "freest government on earth," provided fines and imprisonment can demonstrate a political proposition. Certain it is, that the said doctrine appeared very rational to us, as we lay under the aforesaid chestnut; and when the savages were satisfied,

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that we had cordially adopted it, they suffered us to rise, bound one hand behind us, and set off towards the setting sun.

Dogget, for that was my companion's name, cried like a child, which caused his captors to bestow upon him several unequivocal expressions of contempt. I kept up my spirits as well as I could, but it was rather hard work. I assure the reader, that there is nothing pleasant in the prospect of a long captivity, or of death by torture. It is much easier to make war speeches than to bear up heavily under such circumstances. Dogget was soon exhausted, and he fell. The gleaming tomahawk, threatening to lay open his brain, caused him to arise and exert his remaining energies. He soon fell again. The savages then hurled their tomahawks at his head, with the design of grazing it, but not of killing him. This roused him again, but his strength soon gave out entirely, and he fainted.

Preparation was then made for passing the night. We were tied to a tree in a manner that gave us great pain, and prevented our obtaining much repose.

In the morning we set out in a more northerly direction. There were no signs of inhabitants in the region through which we passed. Ere long, Dogget became completely exhausted, and unable to proceed further. The tomahawk was buried in his head—his scalp was taken off, and we were again on our way. I have often wondered that I could witness that horrible scene with comparatively so little emotion. I marched sullenly on, giving but little indication of grief or fear. It was well that I did not expend in useless feeling the strength that I needed for action. My apparent indifference evidently raised me in the estimation of my captors. Our halts were frequent, and plenty of nutritious food was given me.

On the fourth or fifth day we arrived in the vicinity of that part of the Catskill Mountains on which the Mountain House is now perched. The outlines of the mountains in that region are very peculiar, and they have not been changed by the spirit of speculation and improvement that has changed almost every thing else. About two years since, I visited the place. The mountains present the same appearance as they did "sixty years hence." I stood on the very rock that sixty years before I had stood on with my savage captors. The mountains were unchanged, but how changed the landscape on which they cast their shadows!

In a cavern in one of the deep ravines of the mountain we found five Indians, who had evidently been waiting our arrival for some days. They took not the slightest notice of me, but held a long and earnest conversation with my captors. We passed the night in the cave, and early in the morning the whole party left it. Three began to ascend the mountain, taking me with them, and four set off towards the east, carrying nothing but their tomahawks and rifles. As we climbed up the steep and difficult ascent, I often attempted to get a view of the world below, but the thick foliage rendered it impossible. At length we came to a very pre-

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cipitous ledge, the top of which we gained with great difficulty. We could then look down upon the plain below. All was an unbroken forest, save perhaps half a dozen little openings with log huts erected by the producers of civilization.

We had not remained long on the rock before the two huts that were nearest the mountain were seen to be in flames. A yell burst from the wretches by whom I was surrounded, such as, I trust, those rock shave never since echoed to. The object of the division of the party was now manifest. They had gone to destroy the dwellings which were now smoking in our sight.

We now passed on till we reached the top of the mountain, when we halted, and waited the arrival of the other party. They came just before night, bringing as prisoners an old Dutchman and his wife and daughter, the latter being about twelve years of age. I attempted to communicate with my fellow prisoners, but found that they were ignorant of the English tongue. The Dutchman spoke the Indian language, and soon seemed rather as one of the party than as a prisoner. He was left entirely at liberty, that is, so far as bonds were concerned, both by night and day; while his wife and daughter were watched, and with great vigilance. I was disposed to regard him as a selfish wretch, if not actually in league with the foe, as he appeared to make no use of his interest to obtain any favors for his wife and daughter. But I found that hasty opinions are not always sound, and that cunning is not monopolized by the Yankee. That the Continental Congress had a soldier restored to his rank, and the old Bay State a citizen to her bosom, was owing to the cunning of said Dutchman, as the reader shall hear.

SCENES AND STORIES OF MANY LANDS.

Birth-Day Gifts.

The recollections of a chequered life, spent in various countries, afford to my mental eye,—with many a remembered scene over which a painful and chilly darkness broods,—many a fair sunny picture, on which it loves to dwell, of the beautiful and noble, in human character. No one can pass through even a shorter term of years, than that from which I draw my treasures of memory, in free intercourse with the thousand varieties of human nature, without meeting with many a character, of which the brightness redeems the darkness of the surrounding waste, and, standing as a living monument of the inherent good, points to the future perfectibility of our nature. Though the pilgrimage of life be over a

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weary desert, at the feet of the traveller—besides that there are the stars of heaven overhead—if he will but open his eye and heart, is many a beautiful flower, and around him many a fair oasis, reminding him of the paradise that is to terminate and reward his pilgrimage.

It has been my good fortune to meet with many of these bright spots; and my memory loves still to wander back to them, and linger around their beauty. But amidst all these reminiscences there is no one upon which it rests with a more pure and tender pleasure, the more exquisite from its being slightly tinged with sadness, than upon the image of the heroine of the following little sketch.

It is a story of one of that dear and valuable, though much abused class—an Old Maid. It is not, indeed, a common, every-day story; though a very simple and quiet one:—its scene lies chiefly in a retired little English village, and one of the most beautiful of its class. I have now given fair warning of its subject and character;—let those readers only go back with me to visit this pleasantly remembered spot, for whom such a story may be likely to possess some interest; their number will probably be small, but they will be the "fit audience, though few."

I have, indeed, once before seen in print, though much more elaborately filled out, a tale closely resembling in outline the following sketch, as induced the belief that it was founded on the same facts. That shall not, however, deter me from narrating it simply and truly, from my own recollection of the facts, disguising only the surnames, lest it should meet the eyes of some of those to whom it relates. Received in the right spirit it may, by its example, teach to some reader a sublime lesson of self-sacrifice.

Among all the pretty parsonages in England, there is never a prettier than the Rectory of the village of Betley: and among all the good, the venerated, and the loved occupants of those beautiful abodes, there was never a better, a more universally and deeply venerated and loved, than the occupant of this, the Reverend David Morse. I remember both well from my earliest childhood. The closely hedged and planted lane, by which we used to approach that door from which the foot of the needy or sorrowful never turned away in the bitterness of disappointment;—the pretty little knoll upon which it emerged, studded with occasional clumps of trees;—the venerable old church, which stood directly at the foot of the knoll, in its quaint Gothic style, still solid, though beginning to crumble at some of its weather-worn extremities, with its moss-covered roof, and ivy-mantled sides, the little grave-yard which slept in its solemn quiet around it, the grotesquely trimmed cypress and yew trees, the familiar old tomb-stones, and the neat hawthorn hedge enclosing all;—the fair scene of English country loveliness that stretched beyond;—the winding road towards the left from the knoll, bordered by bright graceful shrubbery, kept in the neatest order, with here and there a rustic seat, and perchance a still more rustic table,—and then the charmed step reached the neat white gate, that led to the tree-embowered parsonage.

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It was a most comfortable dwelling, of the cottage style, low and wholly unpretending in its front, though with a spacious portico, which was the scene of many a happy hour; its pebble-dashed walls were half hid by the thick running vines, which clustered round even the upper windows, and perfumed, through the open casements, the rooms within. A fine lawn sloped down the front, adorned with beds of flowers edged with the ever-blooming thrift; at the foot of which a beautiful little pond of water mirrored the green fringe of the light graceful willow that waved around and over it, interspersed with the lilac and laburnum, fresh with the youth of spring, and opening to give the warmer sun of the season its earliest welcome. A little skiff lightly toppled the mimic waves into which a freshening breeze would ripple its surface, the play-thing of a youth, named Charles Bettley, who resided under the parental guardianship of Mr. Morse. On both sides of the house smiled the prettiest pleasure garden I ever saw,—for taste and simplicity, without display of wealth, should always be attributes of a *pleasure* garden. Behind, neat offices, the glebe, and the orchard,—and the picture stands complete to the eye of memory. It was indeed a lovely spot, though I have not half described it!

The Reverend Mr. Morse was a younger son of a distinguished family; he had purchased at the university high eminence as an elegant scholar, at the expense of the stamina of constitution, though he had still been able to reach the period at which a few flakes of snow were beginning to descend upon his high, benevolent, and intellectual brow. He was venerated by all classes within the sphere of which he was the centre,—and loved alike by all.

His wife was a meet and worthy helpmate to his beneficent life. A marriage of love had been to them the beginning of a life of love.

Charles Bettley was the son of a dear friend, whom the early death of his father, a military man, had left in a state of destitution to the parental kindness of this excellent pair. Through all the struggling with the hardships attending the narrow stipend of a country curate, the latter had faithfully, up to the period to which I refer, performed all the duties of the parental relation towards him. By their hearth he hath a home, in hearts the resting places which the active affections of a generous childhood needs, and in the highly cultivated mind of Mr. Morse such advantages of education as could not have been afforded to him by any other means. At the date to which I refer, Charles had grown into a tall, handsome youth of about seventeen, full of the young vigor and spirit, moral and physical, of that age.

Mr. Morse had two daughters. The elder, Alice, was nearly of the age of Charles. They had been brought up together, hand in hand, and heart in heart. They had conned, to a great extent, the same lessons, read from the same prayer-book and bible in church, joyed in the same pleasures, wept over each other's troubles, and at the same knee had knelt to know "Our Father which art in Heaven!" She was a

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fair young girl, with the light hair and blue eyes, and the mild, yet deep spirit of her father. She was very beautiful and very gentle, yet sportive and happy withal, and had a heart that vibrated like the aspen leaf to the sympathies and affections of those by whom she was surrounded.

Charlotte was seven years younger—a bright little fairy, with dark eyes and ringlets, archness and mischief, with a heart as affectionate as her spirits were buoyant and light.

Such were the inmates of Betley Rectory, at the date of my earliest recollections of the place.

The first grief that came to invade the quiet happiness of that affectionate and pleasant home—a happiness before scarcely ever alloyed by a care—was a bitter one, and brought the aching desolation of bereavement directly into the midst of their cheerful little circle. It was the death of Mrs. Morse. The immediate agony inflicted by the blow I need not pause to describe. Her husband bore up against it nobly. An unfamiliar eye would scarcely have guessed the depth of the grief with which his inmost soul was moved. But he did not yield himself up to it. The storm could not but bow to the dust, but it did not break, the heart of the Christian minister and father; for the sake of his God, his flock, and his children, he summoned to his aid, and not in vain, the comfort of his religion, and bravely weathered the storm.

The last death-bed scene between the mother and children I must not omit. Alice stood hiding her sobs in the bosom of Charles, and one hand unconsciously in his; the little Charlotte sat on the bed by her side, but imperfectly understanding the real meaning of the scene. She rested her emaciated hand upon the clasped ones of the fair young pair, with a smile of pleasure, and then turned her eye from theirs to the little child, with an expression which both instantly interpreted rightly; and before the spirit of the mother had risen on the wings of immortality, with which it seemed already plumed for its flight from the spot to which her earthly heart still clung, the lips of the two elder children had uttered the vow, which their hearts had on the instant formed, that the happiness of their young sister should be through life their devoted care.

It had always been a custom, and I think a most excellent one, in the Rector's family, to celebrate all birth-days by some pleasant gift, of which surprise was always a necessary element, to the hero or heroine of the day. On the morning after the burial of Mrs. Morse, both Charles and Alice remembered that it was the birth-day of the former; but neither made any allusion to it, in the hope to avert the bitter associations which it would excite, with a peculiar poignancy, in the heart of their only remaining parent, whose affliction they would gladly have died to console. He met them with a beautifully serene brow; and after the regular morning devotions, and a breakfast that seemed almost cheerful, he led Charles into the garden. They walked for some time in silence, though the countenance of the minister was working with emotions of unfathomable depth. At length he paused, and rested his hand affectionately on the

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shoulder of the tall and noble-looking youth before him. His voice was tremulous as he spoke:

"Think not, my son, that I have forgotten this day, *though*—"

His voice *did* break, and he walked on a few paces in silence, when Charles replied:

"Many are the precious gifts, my dearest father, I have received at your hands, but none so precious as the one I have received this day—the example of a Christian spirit shedding holy balm over the lacerated affections of a human heart."

Mr. Morse pressed his hand, and placed in it a sealed packet, saying, "Charles, you are now treading on the heels of the man; and you must enter the world on the strength of your own capabilities. This contains a commission for a cadetship in the East Indies, where you will find more than one powerful friend to be interested in you for our sakes. This was procured by *her* foresight, and is *her* gift; it was our joint intention to have surprised you with it to day. The duty is now a heavy one; it sends another dear object from my fireside. But my duty to you is an imperative law. Such arrangements are already complete, beyond recal, that you must leave us on this day fortnight."

He abruptly quitted him, and Charles, in a tumult of conflicting feelings, sought his room. On the small stand in the window, upon which lay the bible which had been her last gift, between the leaves of the sacred volume, was a freshly gathered bouquet of the flowers of the season. In this sweet gift, so beautifully bestowed, he could not a moment hesitate to recognise the hand of Alice. He placed it in his bosom; and with a trembling hand proceeded to open the packet. Besides the commission, it contained such a letter as no other hand than the mother's could have penned, and also a provision for his temporal convenience, which he little suspected to be the accumulated result of many a sacrifice of indulgencies in the Rector's family. So delicate is the kindness of the truly generous, it would be hid, if possible, even from itself. His conflicting emotions I need not describe; the high beating of his heart, which had so long panted for admission to the stirring scenes of the world; his gratitude, his grief, his pangs at the thought of a farewell to this blessed home of his youth. It will excite no surprise that, after all, the first was the predominant feeling. He was interrupted by the entrance of Alice, pale and breathless, who had just learned this stunning news from her father.

The hours that ensued I pass over, as also the remaining days of his stay. It will suffice to say, that the most solemn engagement of hearts passed between him and Alice, and he bore away with him, with the prayers, blessings, and tears of all, the unreserved affections of that gentle but high-souled young girl.

* * * * * *

On Alice's admirable conduct at the head of her father's household, as the *mother* of her young sister, and the never-failing friend of the sur-

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rounding poor, I need not dwell. In every relation it was beautiful and noble. Within two years after the departure of Charles, Mr. Morse lay by the side of the partner of his life. This blow brought into life all the fine energies of her rare character. They were left almost in destitution. Another incumbent soon occupied their loved and lovely home; and they left Betley Rectory. Countless doors sprang open to invite them to a home, respected and loved as was Alice Morse; but she had a peculiar spirit. She would not acquaint Charles with their situation, for she would not burden or distress him; from no other would she receive, for his sake as well as from his instinctive feeling, the generosity which, however cordial in its commencement, becomes so often doubtful in its sequel. Devoting herself to the care and education of Charlotte, she opened a school, which was soon filled with the daughters of the principal families of the neighborhood. Every day did this noble girl rise higher in the affectionate respect of all who knew her; nor did her occupation ever have the effect of making her *lose caste* among the higher classes of her friends—for she had them among every class. She steadily refused the most advantageous proposals of marriage; and thus held on the even tenor of her way for six or seven years.

How her heart rested on the future may well be imagined. Her love for Charles, of whom she retained a picture, now that all else was gone, and that her love for her sister seemed, from the remembrance of that death-bed scene, to enter into the affection and the relation subsisting between them, as an element and part of it, came almost to absorb her whole being. A doubt in relation to him never crossed the high, noble purity and pride of her love. His letters were not, indeed, very frequent, but that scarcely seemed to need an apology. His heart was evidently in the exciting pursuits and ambition of his profession; though he still loved her and his early home; he evidently, indeed, also loved many other objects and feelings; yet it was natural, and she was pleased for his sake that it was so. His letters always breathed the warmest affection, and never contained any thing that could threaten danger to her hopes; and she labored on faithfully, self-sacrificingly in her toilsome occupation, knowing well, in the full confidence of generous love, that her time of reward, in that full happiness of which her deep soul was capable, was approaching, and would *surely* arrive.

Charlotte retained her early character—wayward and light-hearted, but most warmly affectionate. She became most splendidly and exquisitely beautiful—more so, in fact, if their different styles could admit of a comparison, than Alice.

* * * * * *

As said before, above six years had passed since the death of Mr. Morse. Charles was on his way home. He was very soon expected, and, of course, his bridal with Alice was to take place without unnecessary delay after his arrival. Charlotte was all brightness and happiness at the thought of seeing her dearly remembered brother, and of Alice's

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approaching marriage with him. The daily deepening intensity of feeling with which the heart of the latter throbbed in anticipation, as, one by one, the intervening days sped their way, what pen could portray!

* * * * * *

Charles returned a month sooner than he was expected—a tall, noble-looking young man, in the full flush of young manhood, and the happiness and gaiety of spirit of such an occasion. Charlotte was the first whom, on rushing unannounced to the spot where he was to find the bride and the sister of his early and of his future home, he met and clasped to his heart. Having retained in his memory the image only of the pretty young child which he had left her, he was, at the first glance of her now expanded loveliness (I have never known it surpassed), almost confounded with astonishment—astonished and dazzled, so that some moments even elapsed before he thought of Alice; and Charlotte herself was so transported with pleasure, and at the same time involved in a blushing confusion, that those moments passed with an equal forgetfulness on her part of any other feelings than delight and admiration of her brother and Alice's husband. It was but for a few moments, however, when she recollected herself, and hastened to communicate that happiness to her sister.

The emotions that agitate such hearts as that of Charles, or of Charlotte, may be described. To attempt to describe those of such an one as that of Alice Morse, formed as it had been by her past life, is a different thing. She came to the presence of her betrothed husband pale and trembling; she extricated herself hastily from his embrace; and her whole manner during his visit seemed, to the highly-wrought feelings which on his own part broke out in wild transports, reserved, calm, almost cold—especially in contrast to the frank bearing, and the similar tumult of happiness and affection, which beamed from the beautiful face of her sister, and spoke in a thousand sportive graces from her equally beautiful form. Need it excite surprise, that, as his eye turned from one to the other, a momentary chill—a feeling to which he would not for worlds have given expression, or to himself a definite form—passed over his heart?

About six weeks would bring on his birth-day. Their marriage was fixed for that day. In the mean time a month intervened before the close of the quarter would terminate the present laborious occupation, which filled nearly the whole of her time. Her principles of duty were too high and correct to permit her to yield to the instances of Charles and her sister, to dismiss her pupils at once to their homes.

She moreover felt a certain shrinking of maidenly modesty which prompted her to seek not unwillingly this excuse from being constantly in the company of him, from whom few of her thoughts were absent.

The contrast between the manner of herself and Charlotte, which at their first meeting had slightly, but still sensibly, touched the heart of Charles but with a feeling of disappointment, continued. Besides that

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the latter was free from the embarrassment which cast a perpetual restraint upon the manner of Alice, the heart of Alice was not indeed what it had been. She was older, she had been for years in the world, in a situation of responsibility and care, and above all she had been severely tried by affliction. Her heart was no longer in the bloom of its youth;—though the pressed leaf may retain its odor, may in fact emit a more exquisite fragrance, its freshness can never return. She was sedate, calm, and always rational; she no longer carried her heart in her hand,—but, ah! with what deep pulsations it beat in her bosom!

Charlotte, on the contrary, was in the first flush and brightness of her youth, of the heart as well as of the person. She had scarcely ever been suffered, by the devoted affection of Alice, to know another care since the death of her parents. Every emotion was beautifully mirrored on her countenance. Too yielding an indulgence had been the only fault of Alice's mode of education of her; the necessary effect of which was manifest in her character. Her heart was the most affectionate and warm that ever beat; but she was unreflecting and wayward. She knew not how to examine and govern her own feelings. They flowed forth without restraint, as nature and occasion bade them; and she knew not whither they went, nor sometimes what they were, until they had gone forth—perhaps beyond recal!

Every day was spent by Charles almost wholly at the dwelling of Alice. Herself he rarely saw, but for brief and hurried intervals. Charlotte was his constant companion. With her he talked of the dear old times, read, played, walked, sang, rode—but why linger over the gradations which led, almost of necessity, to the result that all have already foreseen! Before the month had expired they loved each other, with a love that was devotion, madness, before either suspected its nature!

Neither ever breathed a murmur of it to the other;—and Alice—for a long time she dreamed not of it! But she saw the rich bloom fade from the cheek of her sister, the brightness from her eye, the buoyancy from her step, the ringing lightness from her voice. She saw her redoubled tenderness towards herself, and a shrinking from the presence of Charles, contrasting strangely with her former frank, careless bearing towards him. She saw that there was a deep grief at the core of her heart, and a heavy horror upon her conscience. She more than once observed the marks of secret tears. In her betrothed husband she observed similar indications. His visits lost their frequency and length; his countenance became haggard; he rarely spoke of their approaching bridal. Towards herself he sedulously strove to preserve an unchanged deportment; but the effort was too marked to escape the quick eye of the woman.

Poor Alice! She struggled long against the admission into her mind of the *awful* truth. The well-meant efforts of both to mislead her kept her mind in a state of agonizing distraction. None, beyond her own

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heart, can, I presume, ever fully appreciate the total wreck of the hopes on which she had lived, till they seemed to constitute her whole being, involved in the realization of the suspicion forced upon her by what she could not but see.

The eve of Charles' birth-day arrived!—Alice's mind was almost, but yet not wholly, made up:—not that her noble spirit could long hesitate between the affections of her own heart and those of her sister's, the facts being once clear and certain before it; nor that she was wanting in energy of mind, and womanly dignity, to decide promptly and resolutely in such a case; but that all was yet, to some extent, uncertain,—she had no proof, and the matter was one of an interest too fearfully intense to permit her to decide rashly, while decision was not quite yet imperatively necessary; and moreover, her woman's heart *did*, unconsciously to itself, struggle to shut out the light that was to enter to lay bare its utterly blighted desolation:—alas, poor Alice!—Charles had not appeared that day; a note had excused him, on the plea of illness. It contained strong expressions of happiness at the approach of the morrow,—but the composition seemed somewhat elaborate, and poor Alice smiled a smile that was almost ghastly, as her eye rested long and fixedly on them.

The preparations for a bridal, quietly, and at home, were all complete.

Alice and Charlotte always, as from the infancy of the latter they had done, slept in each other's arms. On that night the latter rose from a pillow wet with tears, which, though in silence, had still *forced* their way; and, unconscious of the eye that watched her, stole to the dressing table, where lay the miniature which had never been absent for a day from the bosom of Alice, since Charles' departure for the East Indies. She held it long in her hands,—and once or twice approached it to her lips, but checked the motion ere it was half performed, and often, often wiped away the tears that were evidently blinding her sight. Half risen, motionless, almost breathless, the gaze of her sister was rivetted on her. Broken words, too, escaped her lips, which went to the deepest heart of Alice, expressive at once of wretchedness and despair the most utter, and of devoted, self-sacrificing love for her sister, friend, and parent. She finally put it from her, and spent a long time on her knees, in earnest prayer. On her return, after repeatedly and almost conclusively pressing Alice to her heart, she at length sank quietly into such a sleep, upon the bosom of her sister, as had not visited her lids for many a night. As she lay there, the mind of Alice was decided.

It must have been a beautiful sight to the angels, then to look down upon those two hearts!

The marriage was to take place in the morning. At an early hour in the morning, Charles and Charlotte met accidentally (that is to say, without premeditation, for the same associations of past hours spent there brought both to the spot) in a pleasant little summer bower in the garden. It was deeply shaded with the shrubbery and creeping plants in which it was embowered. They understood themselves and each other per-

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fectly, though each strove to dissemble, and their broken conversation was solely of their mutual love for Alice.

A slight rustling, and they beheld the beautiful and benign face of Alice, gazing upon them from the entrance, pale, yet with all the expression of an angel from heaven. Both started hastily, and in a confusion, which was not guilty though it seemed such, to their feet. Alice gently pressed them back to their seats. Standing by them, she then spoke in a voice that was perfectly clear and firm, excepting a slight tremor at the outset; both seemed as if mastered by a spell, and listened without a word of reply.

"Charles, do you remember the vow, which my mother's spirit registered in heaven as she ascended there, that the happiness of this dear girl through life should be our joint and devoted care? I have not forgotten it. I understand every thing—all, dearest ones!—notwithstanding your generous and affectionate attempts to deceive me. I grieve only that I did not sooner. It is all right; and believe me, I am happy in it. Charlotte, dearest, I have of late been your mother—I will be so still, through life. You love each other—God bless your love!—Charles, we love each other too, very dearly, *my brother*, and will never cease to do so. This is your birth-day: you have not forgotten our old family custom. I have a more precious gift to surprise you with this time, than ever you had before. Here it is,—and again, God bless it in your hands!" Her voice was as clear as a silver bell, and never did she look more like an angel! As she spoke, she placed the hand of her sister in his, and while her blessing was still on their ears, the high-souled girl was gone.

Charlotte lay long senseless in the arms of her lover. They spent some hours together on the spot. The sequel, as far as they are concerned, may be imagined. They then sought Alice together, whom they found engaged in the arrangement for the ceremony which she had determined should take place that same evening. She was perfectly cheerful, and apparently, as indeed in reality, far happier than she had ever been within the past fortnight. She had at her heart "the peace which passeth all understanding." All were so accustomed to bend to her mild, but well-reasoned will, that she without great difficulty in the end overruled their objections, and the wedding-ring (it was their mother's) which had so long been destined for the finger of Alice, that evening bound with its magic circle that of her sister.

* * * * *

No change was ever observable in Alice's deportment. Through that day, the following, and all succeeding, she presided at the table with the same sweet grace which had always been so beautiful in her; nor had she for many a day looked half so lovely, for there sat upon her serene brow the light of an approving conscience, and her lips were wreathed with the smiles of peace from within her own heart. She has never been known to be gloomy, nor to give one glance of discontent that might

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check the happiness she had sacrificed her heart's love to secure;—and yet she exhibited no effort to seem, or to be, happy—for, in truth, she made and needed none.

She has had many suitors, all of whom, though she received none as lovers, she attached to her for life as the warmest friends. She soon after became the heiress of a large property, which it became one of the chief objects of her life to dispense in rational, effectual, and unostentatious charity. Aunt Alice still lives, and in her neat cap, her spectacles on her still pretty nose, her kindly smile and kindlier heart, is (or was a few years ago) one of the most beautiful old ladies—who does not understand the phrase?—that I have ever known. She has been the preceptress of all the children, of whom she has always been the idol; though it was always said by them that she petted Charles, "the image of his father," the most of all—but it may have been fancy. They are one of the happiest families in merry England.

* * * * *

This is a true, unvarnished story, of an Old Maid.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

PHANTASMION.

Mr. Colman, the publisher, of New York, has issued a novel work of fiction, named Phantasmion, Prince of Palmland, as the first of a Library of Romance, which he calls by his own name. What particular claim he has over this work to incorporate it in such a series, and even to make it the corner stone, we cannot divine, for apparently it not only was not written for this "Library of Romance," nor at Mr. Colman's instance; neither was it written by Mr. Colman himself, nor by Mr. Grenville Mellen, who has title-paged himself as its editor, as Midshipman Easy is edited by Captain Marryat, and Anne Grey by the author of Granby; but by the daughter of Coleridge, the wife of Henry Nelson Coleridge, whose learning and genius have already won him a distinguished place in the Republic of Letters, and who, probably, could have edited his wife's book as competently as any other person, if it had required such an operation. Under these circumstances, we presume that Mr. Colman must have a more honorable and substantial warrant than the law of copy-right for thus so decisively monopolizing the work of another, and so ostentatiously appropriating it *to himself*, in addition to his purposes—some arrangement, we presume, like that announced in the European papers, by which Niepce, who discovered the principle of Lucigraphic drawing, agreed, for a consideration, to be silent in the matter, and to transfer, by bond and deed, all the merit and honor of the invention to Daguerre, who forthwith announced it, with astonishing pomp, to the scientific world, baptized the magic instrument "The Daguerroscope," and appealed to the French Legislature for a national reward, to induce him to give up the secret. We almost are inclined to fancy some arrangement of this kind, because it is as common for our liberal booksellers to give a high price for the privilege of publishing a work of genius, as it is uncommon for them to incorporate

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themselves with it with all the mystery of type and ink, almost to the supplanting of the author's name, or the name of his work. They are in general not disposed to seek any other than the legitimate credit of ushering a good and profitable thing into the world. Mr. Colman, however, appears resolved to have himself not only on the book, but in it as far as he could go. He has his name stamped in all the relief of leather on the outside: the first thing that strikes the eye, as the book is opened, is "Colman's Library of Romance;" and on the title-page itself, which hitherto the publishers of all "Libraries," foreign or domestic, original or selected, have left undisturbed to the author, Mr. Colman and his suite occupy a most disproportionate extent, as compared with the modest moiety accorded to Phantasmion. After this we have it "entered" by Mr. Colman "according to act of Congress," and a long introduction "by the editor," before the reader and the story are left together at last. Now, all this may be very right and proper, as far as the right of purchase or of property may be concerned, but we hardly think it in good taste; and as this is the first of Mr. Colman's series, we have enlarged somewhat more on these circumstances than they are probably worth, in the hope that in the future works with which he may adorn his library that enterprising gentleman will at least leave one dividing line, after the manner of Murray's, Harpers' and all similar "family libraries," to separate the author's book from the temporary device of the publisher, that the possessor, when he places it in *his* library, may exercise the discretion of calling the work by the name the bookseller gave it, or the name the writer gave it, as he thinks proper.

CEROGRAPHY.

The New York Observer not long since contained a map (of Connecticut) which is the first fruits of a new method of engraving, invented by the editor, Sidney E. Morse, Esq. The New York Journal of Commerce speaks of the process and its results with great confidence. It says: "We, of course, do not understand the nature of the invention, but, in common with others, we can see its effects, and we also know the rapidity of the process by which the work is performed. We do not hesitate to express our belief that it will revolutionize the business of engraving in several of its branches, and particularly in that of map-making. The map of Connecticut, above referred to, is done in a style quite superior to that of common wood engraving; yet it by no means reaches the full powers of the new art. One great advantage which Cerography (for so Mr. Morse has named his invention) possesses over wood engraving is, its enabling the artist to insert as many names, roads, &c., as can be done by copperplate engraving; as many, in short, as there is room for on the map. Necessity was the mother of this invention, as of many others. Mr. Morse was engaged in preparing maps to accompany his Observer. The rest of the story is told (so far as he sees fit to tell it at present) in the following paragraphs, copied from the number of that paper containing the specimen referred to.

"From the nature of wood-cut engraving, we were under the necessity of omitting roads, names of towns, and other information, to such an extent that, when we compared them with the copperplate maps from which we copied, they lost in our eyes nearly all value. In reflecting on the matter, we became satisfied that a new mode of engraving was practicable, by which map plates could be easily made containing all the information on the copperplate maps, and yet printed in connection with type, under the letter press. Accordingly, we commenced our experiments, and persevered until they were crowned with complete success. The map of Connecticut, which we give on our last page, is from a plate obtained by the new method. Wood-cut engravers, or persons conversant with their art, will see at once that the information on this map could not be given in relief on wood, except at an expense which must deter any one from attempting it. By the new method, it is very rapidly done.

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"As the inventor of a new art, we shall be allowed, we suppose, the privilege of giving it a name. We accordingly name it *Cerography*. In a few weeks we hope to be able to prepare a specimen sheet, which will show that, for maps, music, and some other kinds of engravings, Cerography, with proper attention to the presswork, is capable of furnishing prints that will make a very near approach in beauty to those from copperplates. If this can be done, the superior facility of the engraving, the durability of the plate, and the rapidity of the printing, will give it great advantages. We need not inform persons acquainted with newspaper printing under a Napier press, that we do not refer to the map in this paper as a specimen of any thing but the amount of information which can be given by the new art. No judgment can be formed by it of the delicacy or beauty of which the style is susceptible."

It will be found, if we mistake not, that Mr. Moses is very moderate in his estimation of the advantages of his invention. As he remarks, Cerography can execute a drawing or map in a style but little inferior to copperplate engraving, and a comparatively small expense. Then, instead of six hundred copies a day, which is the utmost that can be taken off from a copperplate, the new method renders it practicable to print many thousands in a day—as many thousands, in fact, as can be turned off by a Napier press, of whatever power.

So far as we understand the new art, it is purely original in all that renders it of any value. If any think otherwise, they will have an opportunity, before the modus operandi is announced to the public, to show whether they can accomplish the same results by their enchantments.

HIRAM POWERS.

The Cincinnati Republican furnishes the following information of this talented American sculptor, who is now in Italy studying, and accomplishing himself in his profession:

A letter from Florence informs us of our friend's health, and eminent success in his profession. He has completed three marble busts, which are enthusiastically admired by all the Italian artists that have seen them; and he has five others in a state of forwardness, besides having modelled nine new busts. He is freely offered, for every likeness he undertakes, nearly twice as much as is paid to any of the Florentine sculptors. We have been informed that Bartolini, an artist of considerable eminence, observed to a friend, on their visit to Powers's studio, "I know not what he may do when he comes to work on *statues*, but for *busts* he has not his equal in all Italy." The Marquis de Camponi is a nobleman esteemed as of the first rank in Italy for learning and talent; he is one of Powers's frequent visiters, and observed, in seeing the bust of Daniel Webster, "It is the greatest head I ever saw in my life." These things, gratifying as they may be to Powers's intimate friends, are not trifles in a national point of view. America—the Western Backwoods of America—has the honor of sending to the classic soil of Italy an artist, the acknowledged superior of any that country can at present boast of; and the model of a head, the manly and intellectual proportions of which excite the admiration of the most talented and learned observers. The following extract will doubtless interest, more or less, all Mr. Powers's friends:

"In a few days I intend to begin my first statue, and then will come the trial, for then I shall have to stand on my own legs. I shall have no 'lions' before me, the copying of whose faces, with tolerable accuracy, produces a noble effect. All, so far as expression goes, will spring from my own judgment. You shall hear, from time to time, how I get on. It will be an attempt to illustrate Gessner's '*Eve*,' and the scene, her reflections on death as one of the consequences of her transgression. If you have ever read the work, you will remember it. A dove lies dead at her feet, which she, supposing at first asleep, tries to awaken, but is at last convinced of the true state and meaning of it all; and this is the moment which I have chosen."

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. VI. SEPTEMBER, 1839. NO. XXI.

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THE

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Vol. VI. SEPTEMBER, 1839. No. XXI.

THE PROGRESS AND PRESENT CONDITION OF THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

In our last number we detailed the principles and objects of that prodigious reform which was about to be introduced in the Post Office System in England.

In the simplicity of its arrangements, and the grandeur of its results, it may be justly called the greatest practical improvement which the genius and energy of a single man have ever effected in the intercourse of society, on which so intimately depends all the blessings of civilization. We are glad to perceive that our article has had the desired effect in attracting attention to the subject of this reform, in which no country has so deep a stake as our own. The reduction of postage to a low, uniform rate, to be effected by simplifying present arrangements, and concentrating present means, without occasioning the loss of a dollar to the revenue, is an improvement which, more than any other we could name, would accelerate the giant progress of this country, give a permanent and wide diffusion to its own principles, and, with them, to the great cause of moral reform, and carry benefits and blessings to every home in the Union. In fact, the advantages are so obvious and so universal, and the reasons for it so irresistible, that, to establish the mere fact of the possibility of its accomplishment will be to insure its introduction.

America has never yet lagged behind in improvement; and our Government is the only one on earth expressly instituted to afford the greatest happiness to the greatest number, emanating from the people, and immediately controlled, in all its departments, by them, and which, in consequence, in its policy and practice, makes that maxim its actuating principle. There, then, cannot be a shadow of doubt but that this vast reform—in which every man, woman, and child, throughout the land, is directly and personally interested—which confers the franking privilege upon a nation—will be introduced as soon as the successful experiment of England shall have demonstrated its practicability. We propose, therefore,

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in the present paper, to give a succinct and historical view of the existing establishment, in order that our readers may have a clearer view of the whole subject when we come to examine the adaptation of such a sweeping change to the widely different circumstances of our Government and country.

The necessities of the inhabitants introduced the system of communicating by post into the Colonies before it was established by legislation in the Mother Country. In July, 1683, William Penn, among other benefits resulting from his enlarged philanthropy, did not neglect those of regular communication, and established posts from Philadelphia to the principal settlements of Pennsylvania and Maryland; and a regular Act of Assembly authorizing the Post Office at Philadelphia was passed in 1700, preceding the Act of Anne, which is the basis of the system in England, by eleven years.* Soon after this, Colonel John Hamilton, son of Governor Andrew Hamilton, obtained a patent for a plan of a General Post Office for all British America, of which the profits were to be his own. This patent he afterwards sold to the Crown, and a postmaster for North America was appointed, who was to have a deputy at New York, with power to reside in any other part of the Continent. In 1717, a letter from John Dickenson gives us a view of the Post Office operations at that time. There was a settled post along the main line of communication through the Northern Colonies and Virginia and Maryland. The distance between Boston and Williamsburgh was completed in four weeks, except in winter, when double that time was required. In 1747, a letter from Dr. Douglas informs us, that the general communication was not regular, as the post was not despatched until a sufficient number of letters had been deposited to pay the charges. Indeed, except between Philadelphia and the North, there appears to have been no regular departure of the mail, the practice being, when a post-rider proposed starting to the South, to advertise his intention, and to take along with him, and bring back, in addition to his letters, "led horses or any parcels." In 1753, Dr. Franklin was appointed General Deputy Postmaster of the Colonies, with a salary between him and his confederate of £600, "if they could get it." Franklin made such great efforts to improve the condition of the office, that he brought himself in debt £900, instead of gaining the £600, which he was to make, if he could. His success in quickening the mail, which he dwells upon with much satisfaction in his writings, will create a smile in these days. He increased the accommodation from once a week in summer, and once a fortnight in winter, at which it had been stationary for twenty-five years,

* Communication by posts appears to have been more or less general in England from the time of Elizabeth. In 1656, Cromwell and his Parliament established the Post Office by law, which was again confirmed by Charles II. in 1661. The whole revenue in 1663 was settled upon the Duke of York; and when this person became James II., he had an act passed declaring the Post Office the King's private estate for ever.

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to thrice a week in summer, and once a week in winter. In the next year after effecting this improvement, he gave notice that the mail to New England, which used to start but once a fortnight in winter, should start once a week all the year, "whereby answers might be obtained to letters between Philadelphia and Boston in three weeks, which used to require six weeks." Franklin was removed by the Ministry from his office just as his exertions had succeeded in making it profitable to himself, but he was soon after reinstated by a more congenial authority. In 1775, the Congress of the Confederation, having assumed the practical sovereignty of the Colonies, appointed a committee to devise a system of Post Office communication—who made a Report recommending a plan on the twenty-sixth of July, which, on the same day, was adopted, and Dr. Franklin unanimously appointed Postmaster General. His salary was fixed at one thousand dollars per annum. His office was to be held in the city of Philadelphia, and, to aid him in the discharge of his duties, three hundred and forty dollars per annum were allowed him for a secretary and comptroller, with power to appoint such and so many deputies as to him might seem proper and necessary. By the same resolution, a single post-route was established, to run from Falmouth, in New England, to Savannah, in Georgia, with as many cross posts as the Postmaster General might deem necessary. Twenty per centum of the sums collected and paid into the General Post Office, annually, not exceeding one thousand dollars, and ten per centum for all sums exceeding one thousand dollars, paid in in like manner, were allowed to the deputy postmasters in lieu of salary, and all contingent expenses. The several deputies were required to account quarterly with the General Post Office, and the Postmaster General was further required to make an annual report to the Continental Treasurers, and pay to them the profits of the office; and if the necessary expense of the establishment exceeded the produce of it, *the United Colonies bound themselves to make good the deficiencies by payments to the Postmaster General*, through the Continental Treasurers: the Postmaster General, at the same period, was requested to establish a weekly post to South Carolina.

July 8th, 1776.—Postmasters were excused from military duty; August 8th, 1776, post-riders were exempted from military duty; May 12th, 1777, it was recommended to the several States to exempt all persons concerned in conducting the business of the Post Office from military duty.

July 17th, 1777.—The Postmaster General was authorized to appoint two additional surveyors of the Post Office, and all surveyors were allowed six dollars per day for compensation and travelling expenses.

The tour of the surveyors was ordered by Congress as follows:

One from Casco Bay to Philadelphia, or while the enemy was in possession of that city, to Lancaster; one from Philadelphia or Lancaster to Edenton, in North Carolina; and the third from Edenton to Savannah, in Georgia. The salary of the Postmaster General, and of the surveyors, was doubled on the sixteenth of April, 1779; and the

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duties of the office continuing to increase in the troublous time of war, Congress, by another vote on the twenty-seventh of December, in the same year, raised the salary of the Postmaster General to five thousand dollars per annum, and that of the Comptroller to four thousand dollars. The three surveyors were also allowed forty dollars per day until further orders—a liberality of compensation which, in those thrifty times, denotes services of the most arduous description. An Inspector of Dead Letters was also appointed, at a salary of one hundred dollars per annum, who was under oath faithfully and impartially to discharge the duties of his office, and enjoined to take no copy of any letter whatever, and not to divulge the contents to any but Congress, or those who were appointed by them for that purpose.

This was all the legislation deemed requisite at the commencement of our Government for the establishment of such an important branch of its functions as a General Post Office, and the simplicity of the times did not find it necessary to increase it much during the existence of the Confederation. On the seventeenth of September, 1785, the first line of mail coaches was established by Congress from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to Savannah, Georgia, with a spur line from New York to Albany.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who commenced the list of Postmasters General with his glorious name—the first in the service, and the longest to be remembered by posterity—continued in the office until he had got it into something like systematic operation, the knowledge he had acquired under the Crown being usefully employed in laying the foundation of one of the pillars of the Government. With but one line of posts and sixty post offices, it is not strange that the philosopher found ample opportunity to pursue his favorite studies. Except his portrait, no existence of his connection with it now lingers in the Department of his founding. Under his directions, many improvements were suggested and adopted. We find the Post Office conducted on hard currency principles from the beginning. The men of that time were too sagacious to surrender the principle of sustaining the public credit by sound money for any temporary convenience. Franklin himself was a good judge of paper money. He had printed quantities of it in his young days, and, therefore, was aware of its convertibility and other virtues. It is delightful to find, from the precedents of those days, examples of the opinions and conduct of the Fathers of the Revolution under circumstances that, in our own time, have produced the bitterest opposition of party. Amos Kendall's instructions will hardly produce another ten cent rebellion, under the auspices of members of Congress, when we find the Congress of the Confederation form his precedent in refusing irredeemable shinplasters for postage, and (on the twenty-first of June, 1786) approving of the conduct of the Postmaster General in ordering the deputy postmasters not to receive the paper money of the States; and, again, on the twentieth of September, directing him to issue instructions to his deputies "to receiveno other money in payment for postage than specie."

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Harassed with the presence of an enemy, and scattered as the settlements were upon this Western Continent, the post-rider had then no easy task. Expresses were principally made use of in sending communications, especially between the army and Congress, and occasionally the Postmaster General took up his residence in camp, and drew his rations by special law. The picture is deeply interesting which imagination presents of these primitive arrangements;—the immortal Franklin seated under the waving of the battle flag, and opening his mail in the heart of the American Camp, while the bugles of the battalions called up the hardy sons of the Revolution to receive the remembrances of virtuous and high-souled mothers, and the soft and gentle prayers of lovelier friends, cannot be recalled without emotion.

Franklin left the Post Office to serve his country in the more important station of Ambassador at the Court of France.

That all may be aware of the manner in which the first Democratic Postmaster General was received in society abroad, we give the following extract, from Madame Campan's Memoirs, of his appearance at the Court of Louis XVI.

"Franklin appeared at Court in the dress of an American cultivator. His straight, unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles.* This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given to Dr. Franklin, who, to the reputation of a most skilful physician, added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an apostle of liberty. I was present at one of those entertainments, when the most beautiful woman out of three hundred was selected to put a crown of laurels upon the white head of the American philosopher, and two kisses upon his cheeks. Even in the palace of Versailles, Franklin's medallion was sold under the King's eyes in the exhibition of Sevres porcelain."

How the philosopher stood the kissing we are not told, but presume that he who ruled the fires of heaven was proof against the dark-haired beauties of Versailles.

Franklin, on the seventh of November, 1776, was succeeded as Postmaster General by his relative, Richard Bache, who had been his comptroller. There is but little notice recorded of him in the archives of the Department. This is not remarkable, as the Post Office was little better than a clerkship, under the Committee of the Old Congress, and few pub-

* And we fear would form a contrast still stronger and stranger with the tinselled and tasselled trumpery in which his successors, our modern American Diplomatists, are permitted to belittle themselves in European Courts. State dresses forsooth, of gold tinsel and embroidery, as if the simple *man*, in a government expressly based upon an equality of rights in men, were unfit to represent his country, till the monkey taste of an exploded monarchical fashion had decked him in its gaudy trappings, in imitation of the stars and mantles of hereditary aristocracy. Admitting the principle in this instance, where it strikes us that it ought most expressly to be denied, how can we refrain, in justice, from applying it in all others. If court dresses and embroidery are requisite to give dignity to an American Ambassador, why can we not also see justice in a huge wig, and wisdom and a superior nature in garters, coronets, and ermine? We believe with Burns,

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
A man's the gowd for a' that."

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lic matters of importance occurred to occupy the attention of the Postmaster General.

On the twenty-eighth of January, 1782, Bache was succeeded in the Department by Ebenezer Hazard, who was the last head of the General Post Office under the Confederacy. Hazard was a sterling public officer, and of considerable literary talent. As early as 1778, he projected a Documentary History of the Revolution, and Congress, on the twenty-eighth of July of that year, recommended his enterprise by a public vote, and appropriated one thousand dollars upon account of "his expense of various kinds, in procuring the extensive collection of materials he proposes to make." His reports, which unfortunately were destroyed by the fire of 1836, showed him to have been a precise man, of great good sense and judgment, and, with a clear mind and good habits of business, he aided not a little in carrying his Department safely through its infancy.

The following rates of postage, counted in pennyweights and grains of silver, estimating each pennyweight at five ninetieths of a dollar, were established by law under the Confederation:

Single letters,	60 miles and less,		7 cents, 7 mills.
	100 miles and over	60,	11 cents.
	200 "	" 100,	15 cents, 4 mills.
	300 "	" 200,	19 cents, 8 mills.
	400 "	" 300,	24 cents, 2 mills.
	500 "	" 400,	28 cents, 6 mills.
	600 "	" 500,	33 cents.

In 1789, when the Federal Government was authorized, under the present Constitution, the General Post Office was revised and continued. From this time it may date its importance. The beginning, however, of this great establishment was but a grain of mustard seed. In 1790, there were but seventy-five Post Offices throughout the United States, and the number of miles of post routes amounted to but eighteen hundred and seventy-five. In 1791, its officers consisted of one Postmaster General, at fifteen hundred dollars per annum; one Assistant Postmaster General, at one thousand dollars per annum; one clerk, at five hundred dollars per annum; and its printing, stationary, fuel, and rent, amounted in all to six hundred and eleven dollars per annum. It was located, in 1790, at New York, and Samuel Osgood, who, as a delegate from Massachusetts, had been honorably distinguished in the Congress of the Confederation, and had served on the Treasury Board, was the first Postmaster General under the Federal Government. His reports give us some curious glimpses of the state of the Department. On the twentieth of January of that year, we find him gravely informing Congress through the Secretary of the Treasury, "that there may be so few letters written that under the best regulations its revenues would not amount to any thing considerable, and the dispersed manner of settling the country may operate powerfully against the productiveness of the office." Also,

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"that there are at this time about twenty contracts for carrying the mail, which has a *greater tendency to put the business into confusion* than I apprehended. Every contractor consults his own interests as to the days and hours of arrival and departure of the mail, without having a due regard to the necessary connection of the Post Office. A regular system of days and hours of departure has never been established further southward than Alexandria."

His conception of the duties of his office was humble enough, as he recommended that the Postmaster General should not keep an office separate from the one in which the mail was opened and distributed; that he might, by his presence, prevent irregularities, and rectify any mistakes that might occur; in fact, to put the Postmaster General and his clerks into the City Post Office, to see that its mails were assorted and made up correctly.

The statistics of the Department at that period exhibited results in accordance with these notions of its head. The nett revenue of the whole Union was no more than thirty-one thousand seven hundred and six dollars, of which Boston furnished two thousand eight hundred and eighty-three dollars; New York, three thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight dollars; Philadelphia, seven thousand and eighty-seven dollars; Baltimore, three thousand and thirty-four dollars; Richmond, two thousand two hundred and seventy-seven dollars; Charleston, eight hundred and ten dollars; and yet of this moderate revenue, there accrued, under the frugal management of Mr. Osgood, a clear surplus of five thousand four hundred and ninety-eight dollars and fifty-one cents.

Timothy Pickering, whose character and history are well known to the country, was appointed by Washington, August 12th, 1791, at an increased salary of two thousand dollars per annum, but continued at the head of the Post Office for a short period only, and, upon the resignation of General Knox, was made Secretary of War. We find but few official acts of importance while he was Postmaster General. A difficulty with New Jersey, made the subject of a report to Congress, in 1793, was the most prominent. New Jersey taxed each line of stages running through the State, four hundred dollars per annum, and the Postmaster General called upon Congress to interfere by law, or to submit to pay a toll for the passage of the mail. The exorbitance of this tax may be judged of by the fact that the entire contract for carrying the mail between Philadelphia and New York five times per week, was only twelve hundred and thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents per annum: what was done in the case we do not know, but that no tax was paid by the United States is certain.

Joseph Habersham, of Georgia, was the last Postmaster General appointed by General Washington; he was commissioned April 22d, 1795, and continued till Mr. Jefferson became President, at a salary of two thousand four hundred dollars per annum. April 4th, 1796, Mr. Thatcher, of the House of Representatives, made a report to that body in relation to the office, wherein he recommends an increase of compensation to the deputy

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postmasters, and the employment of an additional clerk in the General Post Office. At this time we find the office located in Philadelphia.

On the second of March, 1799, Congress passed an act for establishing the Post Office, the draft of which had previously been prepared by Mr. Habersham, which placed it nearly on its present footing, and introduced legal certainty in all its branches. His letter to Congress, accompanying the draft, shows how much the duties of the office had increased. He states that he had to superintend seven hundred post offices, and the transportation of the mail was over sixteen thousand miles of post-roads, while he had the aid of but one assistant and four clerks.

Habersham was a man of great intelligence and perseverance, and brought the Department from a state of miserable anarchy and inefficiency into order, regularity, and exactness, and introduced that systematic control in all its branches, which enabled it to minister essentially to, and keep pace with, the growing prosperity of the country.

Gideon Granger, of New York, was appointed Postmaster General by Jefferson, and was commissioned on the twenty-seventh of November, 1802, and held the office until the seventh of March, 1814, at a salary of three thousand dollars per annum. He was an effective officer, and saw the revenue of the Department increase under his superintendence to between seven and eight hundred thousand dollars.

The General Post Office was established at Washington when the Federal Government was removed there; and in 1802, we find the United States running their own stages between Philadelphia and New York, finding coaches, drivers, horses, &c., and clearing in three years upwards of eleven thousand dollars by carrying passengers. In 1804, Isaac Briggs, one of the surveyors general, was directed by the President, Mr. Jefferson, to survey and make a map of the route between Washington and New Orleans. This duty he was about four months in performing, owing to the extraordinary difficulties he encountered. From his report it appeared that it was nine hundred and seventy-nine and five-tenths miles from the President's house to New Orleans.

Briggs was a quaker, and his report exhibits strikingly the high sense of public duty and disinterestedness, which marks the faithful and patriotic officer. He closes his last letter to the President with expressions of concern on account of the enormous amount of expenses incurred for himself and companion during a four months' survey, including the yellow fever, which, he says, with the utmost economy, amounted to above three hundred dollars! He and his companion had frequently to swim their horses over creeks and rivers, and, to use his own words, they "frequently sat nearly a whole night exposed to a heavy dew, and in the daytime for hours to a burning sun, and in both cases without the protection of a hat, waiting a favorable moment to take the necessary observations." The whole report presents an example of economy, perseverance, and successful effort to the surveyors who in these later days link off the national domain, which they will contemplate with wonder.

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While Mr. Granger was Postmaster General, a case occurred worthy of observation, as indicating the views of that time as to the propriety of pensioning public servants for disability incurred in duty, and which, if considered a criterion at the present day, would leave Congress with an empty docket of private bills. We quote the Postmaster General's Report to Congress.

"Samuel Gordon, the petitioner, was employed in conveying the mail as a driver of the mail stage, on the second of March, 1804, between Albany and Schenectady, when he was overtaken by a violent snow storm which prevented the passage of the stage, and he took the mail on his back and conveyed it to the post office. From the violence of the storm and cold which it produced, he wholly lost his eye-sight, and has become dependent upon public charity. The petitioner is highly commendable for his exertions, and the unfortunate result is to be regretted. But it does not appear to the Postmaster General, that this case is to be distinguished from that of other citizens who have been disabled while engaged in their ordinary pursuits. The circumstances occurred in a settled country where there is already provision for the unfortunate poor, and where there is no occasion to encourage persons to enter into the public service with the hope of pensions in case of disability."

This report closes with the opinion that Samuel Gordon should not be provided for by Congress.

However opinions may differ as to the justice of such a report, its introduction will serve to show, besides its value as an illustration of the frugal policy of our ancestors and their strict idea of public duty, the enormous difference between the mail that run from Albany to Schenectady in those days, and that now carried between those places by the railroad cars on the Mohawk and Hudson railroad. The first was so light that the driver, amid the drifting snow, carried it upon his shoulders; the last is so heavy—weighing several tons—that it is carried by weight in a railroad car provided expressly for it. A few more illustrations of the comparative speed of the mails may here be introduced.

In 1798, it took forty days to write from Portland, Maine, to Savannah, Georgia, and receive an answer. In 1810, twenty-seven days. In 1839, twelve days.

In 1798, thirty-two days between Philadelphia and Lexington. In 1810, sixteen days. In 1839, eight days.

In 1798, there were nine persons employed in the General Post Office. In 1810, fifteen persons. In 1839, one hundred and thirteen.

April twenty-eighth, 1810, Congress passed an act for building a General Post Office, and May second, 1810, the building commonly called the Hotel, with six lots in square 430, containing twenty-six thousand seven hundred and ninety-one and three-fourths feet, was purchased for ten thousand dollars, and prepared for the accommodation of the Department. The entire expense of purchase and repairs was only twenty-six thousand five hundred and fifteen dollars and eighty-seven and a half cents: this building lasted until December, 1836, when it was entirely destroyed by fire.

Mr. Granger, in 1810, considered the transportation of the mail on the

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Sabbath a work of necessity. About this time the first Sunday mail remonstrance was presented to Congress by the Synod at Pittsburg, and laid upon the table.

Return J. Meigs was appointed Postmaster General by Mr. Madison, on the seventh of March, 1814. He was a man of fine talents and a great humorist, but of no great business habits. Investigations seemed to mark his period, thick and fast, notwithstanding he paid into the Treasury the largest sum paid by any Postmaster General, to wit, three hundred and eighty-seven thousand two hundred and nine dollars. During his administration, Washington was invaded by the British, but the office lost none of its books and papers during the incursion of the enemy. In the derangement of the exchanges occasioned by the war, great abuses were alleged to exist in the Department, by its officers selling drafts for their own benefit, which Mr. Meigs stated in a letter to the House of Representatives, and requested an investigation; and, on the twenty-ninth of January, 1816, a Committee of the House made an investigation accordingly into the condition of the General Post Office; and, on the twenty-seventh of March, Mr. Ingham, the Chairman, made his report exonerating Bradley and others from imputations of having sold Post Office drafts for *personal benefit*. On the eleventh of April, 1818, Mr. Ingham reported against establishing a branch of the General Post Office in the Western States; and on February 16th, 1819, Mr. Stokes, of the Senate, reported against authorizing the Postmaster General to employ an armed guard for the protection of the mail of the United States. February 20th, 1819, Mr. Hubbard, of the House of Representatives, examined into the financial affairs of the office, and reported a bill to cause the Postmaster General to pay money into the Treasury. February 28th, 1831, Mr. Phelps, from the Committee directed to investigate the affairs of the Department, reported against Mr. Meigs' administration, in part, and Mr. Meigs made his defence. His accounts were charged to be two years in arrear at the Treasury, and the reports of dates and duration of contracts had not been made to Congress according to law.

John McLean, of Ohio, was appointed Postmaster General by President Monroe, and was commissioned on the first of July, 1823. His salary was at first four thousand, and was afterwards increased to six thousand dollars per annum. Mr. McLean effected a change in the condition of the Department, by which the Postmaster General was made the head of a separate Department, instead of being, as formerly, an officer at the head of one of the Bureaus of the State Department.

The Post Office Committee of Congress, to prevent a continuation of daring robberies of the mail, which were frequent at this time, having recommended, instead of mail-bags, an experimental use of copper cases secured in iron chests, which the inventor, Richard Imlay, stated could not be opened without six hours' incessant hammering, thereby rendering the mail comparatively secure from robberies, the affair was referred to the Department for trial. The Postmaster General

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sent for two blacksmiths, and offered them one hundred dollars if they would open it in fifteen minutes; the smiths immediately closed with him, and taking hammers and chisels, they knocked the impenetrable mail-case into shreds, in six minutes, amid the laughter of the Postmaster General, and the groans of the inventor, who had stated that the same could not be done in as many hours. This shows how little the Postmaster General cared for theory, when he could have practice at a cheaper rate. He changed, in a few months after coming into office, the mode of collections from the long established plan of remittances by postmasters to the Department, to that of drafts on them in favor of contractors, with the most complete success and advantage to the Department. The postmasters were held by him to the strictest accountability, being compelled to render their accounts regularly, quarterly, which could never be enforced by any of his predecessors.

A case brought before Congress about this time shows the origin of those additional allowances which made so much noise in later years. It was that of John Donly, a contractor, who was allowed by Mr. Meigs two thousand dollars per annum, additional, for two led horses to carry the mail. This year, owing to a letter which a member of Congress had sent for the southern mail, but which was not franked by him and therefore detained, the city post office received an investigation by which it appears that it had five clerks, and mailed forty thousand letters per week; and that though it had some loose ways of doing business, nothing criminal could be found out. At this time the Post Office Department had twenty thousand agents employed—disbursed one million of dollars per annum—wrote six hundred letters, and made ten appointments of postmasters per day.

In 1828 there were—seven thousand six hundred and fifty-one post offices, twenty-six thousand nine hundred and fifty-six agents, seventeen thousand five hundred and eighty-four horses, and two thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine carriages; also at this time it had one hundred and fourteen thousand five hundred and thirty-six miles of post-roads, and the revenue amounted to one million five hundred and ninety-eight thousand one hundred and thirty-four dollars. The mail, on many of the important routes, was carried at the rate of one hundred miles a day. About this time, the question of suspending mail travel on Sunday became much agitated, from religious scruple; and on the nineteenth of January, 1829, Mr. Johnson, of Kentucky, made a report against stopping Sunday mails. In February following, Mr. McKean, of the House of Representatives, made a report, which closed with a recommendation to repeal so much of the eleventh section of the Post Office Act of March, 1825, as required postmasters to deliver letters, newspapers, &c., on the Sabbath: this was founded upon a report made to him by the Postmaster General, agreeably to a call made by the Chairman. Upon the accession of General Jackson, Mr. McLean was appointed an

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Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, which station he now fills.

Major William T. Barry, of Kentucky, was appointed Postmaster General by General Jackson, upon his accession to the Presidency, and gave evidence at the commencement of his duties of a brighter close; but evils of system, long growing in the Department, were fated to arrive at maturity under his easy administration, and called down upon him a measure of political rancor, greater than any of his predecessors had ever known.

Up to this time the Department had always been sustained by its own resources; and we find, from the first Report of Major Barry, that the sums paid into the Treasury by the different Postmasters General, up to his time, were as follows:

By Benjamin Franklin,	not known.
Richard Bache,	" "
Ebenezer Hazard,	" "
Samuel Osgood,	none.
Timothy Pickering,	$47,499
Joseph Habersham,	363,310
Gideon Granger,	291,579
Return J. Meigs,	387,209
John McLean,	13,466
Total	$1,103,063

After his accession to the Department, we find nothing but applications of new States for post-routes; while in other sections of the country, the religious crusade against Sunday mails was revived with increased vigor until 1830, when Mr. Johnson, of Kentucky, made his memorable Report on the subject;—a document which, to say the least of it, has been found to be the most efficacious of any similar paper ever written, for it has not only justified the practice, but put the complainants against it to an effectual silence. The following quotation is a fair specimen of the whole. As a State Paper it has few equals:

"If minor punishments would not restrain the Jew, or the Sabbatarian, or the Infidel, who believes Saturday to be the Sabbath, or disbelieves the whole, would not the same system require that we should resort to imprisonment, banishment, the rack, and the faggot, to force men to violate their own consciences, or compel them to listen to doctrines which they abhor? When the State Governments shall have yielded to these measures, it will be time enough for Congress to declare that the rattling of the mail-coaches shall no longer break the silence of this despotism. It is the duty of this Government to afford to all, to Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian, the protection and the advantages of our benignant institutions on Sundays, as well as every day of the week; although this Government will not convert itself into an ecclesiastical tribunal, it will practice upon the maxim laid down by the founder of Christianity, that it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day. If the Almighty has set apart the first day of the week as a time which man is bound to keep holy, and devote exclusively to his worship, would it not be more congenial to the precepts of Christians to appeal exclusively to the great Lawgiver of the Universe to aid them

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in making men better, in correcting their practices by purifying their hearts? Government will protect them in their efforts. When they shall have so instructed the public mind, and awakened the consciences of individuals as to make them believe that it is a violation of God's law to carry the mail, open post offices, or receive letters on Sunday, the evil of which they complain will cease of itself, without any exertions of the strong arm of civil power. *When man undertakes to be God's avenger, he becomes a demon.* Driven by the frenzy of a religious zeal, he loses every gentle feeling, forgets the most sacred precepts of his creed, and becomes ferocious and unrelenting."

Mr. McCreery also reported at the same time that it was expedient to grant the prayer of the petitioners. At this time, (notwithstanding there were poor-houses where he lived—the argument used by Granger against allowing a pension to the snow-blinded stage-driver,) Patrick Green was pensioned by Congress for his gallant conduct in guarding the mail between Baltimore and Havre-de-Grace, having been struck and much injured by the pistol of the robber. The contingent expenses of the Department becoming daily heavier, in May, 1830, Congress made enquiries as to advances for printing, changes in contracts, newspapers in which advertisements were printed, extra clerks, alterations, repairs, and furniture, incompetent contractors, and the duties of the assistants. The Postmaster General made a satisfactory and minute reply, in which, among other things, he stated that one-third of the business in the whole Department had been made in the four years past. The condition of the Department, however, continued to give the legislature much concern; and on March 3d, 1831, Mr. Clayton, from a committee of the Senate appointed to examine generally into the entire management of the Department, and whether further, and what legal provisions were necessary to secure the proper administration of its affairs, made a report of the evidence merely, the committee not agreeing upon any commentary—pretty conclusive proof at this day that nothing very heinous had been discovered.

On the tenth of January, 1832, the Postmaster General, in answer to a call made by the House of Representatives to inform them whether the postage on newspapers and periodicals could be dispensed with, reported a variety of facts, among which the gross amounts of newspaper and periodical postage are thus stated. For the year ending the thirtieth of June, 1830, one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and six dollars, thirty-four cents. Gross amount to the thirtieth of June, 1831, two hundred and twenty-three thousand four hundred and eighty-five dollars, one cent; and on the nineteenth of May, 1832, Mr. Grundy reported against repealing the act fixing a postage on newspapers and periodicals. May 17th, 1832, Mr. Barry reported to the Senate a list of improvements in mails within the preceding years of his administration: they were in number fifty-seven, and consisted of additional mails, and increased speed on all the important lines of routes in the United States, and show pretty conclusively how the balances of the Post Office funds were exhausted;—the increase of transportation, in 1832 alone,

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amounted to over eight millions of miles. The very stages that afterwards bore the charges of the Opposition, of extravagance in Major Barry, owed their origin and were kept in motion by the money specified as having been uselessly and illegally expended by him. January 22d, 1833, Mr. Grundy reported to the Senate that it was inexpedient to reduce the postage on letters: it was fixed in 1816, at the following rates, and never has been reduced:

Single letters,	30 miles and under,		6 cents.
	80 miles, and over 30 miles,		10 "
	150 "	" 80	12½ "
	400 "	" 150	18¾ "
	401 "	"	25 "

The immense operations of the Department, however, required such an amount of funds, and evinced in every branch an action so vast and complicated, that its affairs formed an incessant mark for party attack, and finally Congress determined on making a thorough investigation of its management and affairs. In June, 1834, a select committee was appointed by the House of Representatives to examine and report into all its extensive proceedings. This committee, on the thirteenth of February, 1834, reported through Mr. Connor, the chairman, condemning the administration of the Department under Major Barry. Reports of a more severe nature were also made by the minority in the House, as well as by the committee of the Senate. There is much important and valuable matter largely mixed with party slang and political clap-traps in these documents, and they extend to upwards of five hundred pages. The most valuable result which grew out of the whole affair was the entire re-organization of the Department.

Major Barry was a frank and generous man. With a desire to aid the distressed, with a heart which called each throb of sympathy its own, he came into the Department when it was already involved by the vast extension of mail facilities all over the remotest parts of the Union, and, without a sufficient initiation, wielded his power so heedlessly, as soon to make that involvement inextricable. The Postmaster General was besides, now, a Cabinet officer, and his duties alone were sufficient to employ the time of a man of greater business habits than Mr. Barry possessed, without his acting as book-keeper and treasurer of the Department.

Major Barry, desirous of giving each section of the country all the mail facilities asked for, and being too generous to refuse what he could legally give, followed, without hesitation, the bent of his disposition. Great extension of the mail facilities had come besides to be considered part of the policy of the Department, and he would seem, in granting them, to have no more than acted on the advice of his predecessor, who wrote to him upon leaving the office, as follows:

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"It was deemed good policy to permit the expenditures to go beyond the receipts, in order that a part of the surplus of former years might be absorbed. It is the true policy to keep the funds active, and never suffer a large surplus to accumulate. The above remarks are made because some persons are ignorant enough to suppose that the Department is sinking, provided its receipts do not in the current year equal or exceed the expenditures."

Major Barry therefore granted what he considered the reasonable requests of the people, generally forwarded through, and strongly recommended by, members of Congress. The consequence was, soon extensive embarrassment of the Department; but it is hard to see how the principle on which he acted could be honestly condemned by his opponents. By their own maxims it is yet to be proved, that when it is necessary for the people to have more mail facilities than the tax on letters will cover, that the surplus revenue from other branches of taxation cannot be used for a purpose so laudable.

What is the Post Office? Is it not a branch of the general executive government, as well as the channel of communication between mind and mind? Is it not moreover, in fact, the greatest practical agent for preserving the liberties of a free people? Taxation in America is for the purpose of free government; and if money collected by imposts can be spent for building national roads through the waste lands of speculators,—in fortifying barren rocks rendered by nature inaccessible to an enemy,—in erecting bridges over wild rivers, rarely, if ever, navigated but by the canoe of the red man,—providing educations, pocket-money, and professions for young gentlemen,—making turnpikes and canals where, to use the words of an orator, the Almighty has made much better ones,—draining western marshes, and building light-houses in the sky—can it not be used with as much propriety to distribute information—the life blood of commerce—between man and man, to send the smoking sheet teeming with knowledge to the settlers lonely cabin on the edge of the western prairie or on the banks of the Yellow Stone? Can it not be used to enlighten those who sit in darkness and sigh for glad tidings from their distant homes?—those who ward off the blow of the savage from the settled portions of the country by their brave and frontier breasts, and reap no other advantage from the country? Surely this is reasonable to suppose; and if the cost is greater than the revenue on letters, the reasons are quite as urgent for distributing the surplus revenue in making up the deficiency, as for loaning it to States to build railroad stumbling blocks over which future generations may break their necks, or be dissipated in fifty other methods to stimulate still higher the maddened fever of speculation. These certainly are reasons which it will be very hard for our tariff legislators to get over. We are far from defending the laxity of Mr. Barry, though it is not the less surprising that the clamour raised against the extra services ordered by him should have been so especially embittered, when those of previous incumbents of his office were stumbled over to get at them. And after all, what did the reports of the committees amount to? Why, that there

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was a great deal more mail transportation than means to pay for it; that extraordinary services (petitioned for in many instances by the very men who were afterwards the loudest in condemning them) were ordered, when, owing to an extraordinary extension of the franking privilege and the vast expenditures of former years, the Postmaster General had not the means to pay for the same from the receipts of one year. And in this connection, it is impossible not to note an especial instance of party inconsistence. Was it not singular, after his opponents in Congress had condemned Major Barry for improvidence, that they should have passed an act directing his successor to pay the amount claimed by Stockton and Stokes; an allowance, to say the least of it, as extravagant and undeserved as any ever made by him? How consistent the course of party in this case! Major Barry was almost martyred for making the allowance, and Mr. Kendall, his successor, was considered as setting at defiance all law and equity for even wishing to delay its payment until the eyes of Congress could be fully opened to the merits of the case.

The fact is, the Post Office was left, by legislation, like a neglected bantling, to take care of itself, without organization, system, or restraint. Receiving money, and paying it out at its own pleasure, through treasurers unauthorized by law, it is not surprising that great irregularity and profusion was the result. Want of personal integrity was never alleged against Major Barry.*

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* The following anecdote is a curious illustration of the denials by contractors to the statements of Postmaster General Barry, that extra allowances had been made them, which created so much sensation before the Committees of Congress and the country:

A contractor in Taunton, Massachusetts, who had carried for years nearly all the mails that ran from that village, saw, by the Blue Book, that he was charged with having received six hundred dollars extra allowance for carrying the mail on one of his routes; this the worthy old man stoutly denied, and a Whig editor, getting wind of the same, prevailed upon him to make oath to it. The affidavit was then published in the village newspaper, with a long tirade of wholesale abuse, and closed nearly as follows: "Our worthy townsman, J. S., Esq., who was charged by Major Barry with having received an extra allowance for carrying the mail, it will appear from the accompanying document, never saw the money—so much for consistency." This denial seemed to be a clincher, and it was bandied about throughout the Eastern States with becoming joy, until it came to the ears of a friend of the Department, who wrote to a gentleman in Taunton, and requested him to inquire of Mr. S. if he did not receive twelve hundred dollars, for carrying the mail on a certain route *six times a week*, when his contract only required him to carry the mail on the same *three times* a week, *at six hundred dollars.*

"Oh, yes," said the old man, "I received, of course, double pay, for double *service*, or else I would not have continued to perform it."

"Well," said the inquirer, "that six hundred dollars was the money alluded to in the Blue Book."

"That was?" said the astonished contractor. "Why, *I thought they meant they had given me six hundred dollars right out for nothing.* Well, I declare, I'm sorry I gave the *Affidavy*. Plague take that young scamp of *a Lawyer*—I meant no harm."

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Whatever may be the contrariety of opinion as to Major Barry's personal agency in creating the manifold embarrassments in his Department, which concentrated and called down the legislative indignation upon the management of the Post Office, there can be none as to the wretchedness of the condition in which he left it. The heavy involvement of its resources, and the inextricable confusion arising from an originally defective system, continued for above forty years, had created a chaos of difficulties that choked up and impeded the action of the Department, and threatened its total and immediate bankruptcy. The probability of its redemption to efficiency, order and usefulness, seemed so desperate, that it was the general impression no public man of ability could be found willing to risk his reputation in attempting it. General Jackson, however, who may be said to have possessed much of the unrivalled sagacity which has been attributed to Napoleon in the selection of his public assistants, cast his eye upon a gentleman who soon proved his abundant qualifications for the arduous task.

Amos Kendall had become extensively known to the country as Fourth Auditor; and while his ardent attachment to the broadest principles of Democracy, and energetic opposition to every species of legislative monopoly, had rendered him odious to our most influential party, when in the very zenith of its power, and concentrated upon him the bitterest enmity of the great body of the Federal—then known as the National Republican, party—he had become in a corresponding degree endeared to the body of the people, as a man who had carried into public life the energetic resolution of reform, and who regulated his policy and actions by the great principles of popular liberty which constitute the foundation of American Democracy. The appointment of Mr. Kendall was, therefore, received with a burst of indignation by the opposition press to which few parallels could be found in the annals of political rancor, while every one else looked upon it as a most auspicious omen for the public good.

Mr. Kendall was appointed Postmaster General on the first of May, 1835, and found the Department in a state of ruin and disorganization, that might have made the most iron resolution shrink and despair.

Major Barry had reported the Department in debt on the first of December, 1834, three hundred and fifteen thousand, six hundred dollars; but when Mr. Kendall took charge of it, it was soon found that no satisfactory account of its debts or its means could be obtained from its books, which had not been balanced for twenty years. "It was only perceived," says Mr. Kendall's first report, "from current incidents and detached accounts, that the unsatisfied demands of contractors from every quarter of the country were daily accumulating; that there was a debt of near three hundred thousand dollars due to banks; that the outstanding acceptances of the treasurer exceeded three hundred and ninety thousand dollars; that a considerable portion of the revenue of some of the large offices for the year had been antici-

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pated by drafts discounted in banks, which they had been instructed to pay at maturity; that additional allowances had been recently authorized to a considerable amount; that, to provide the means to meet the demands on the Department at Washington, created by the system of acceptances, upwards of two thousand of the most considerable post offices had been directed to deposite their income in banks; and that these means proving insufficient, the Department was subjected to continual embarrassment in devising ways and means to meet its engagements.

"Orders to deposite in banks, and drafts on postmasters in favor of contractors, constituted the system of collection found in operation. Upwards of two thousand post offices had orders to deposite, and upwards of eight thousand were instructed to retain their postages until drawn upon. Many of the deposite offices were dilatory, and defalcation among them was not uncommon. Many of the other offices were not drawn upon for several quarters, on account of the smallness of their income, or other circumstances. The necessities of the Department compelled it to draw on the more productive offices at the end of each quarter, before their accounts could be adjusted; and its drafts, being predicated on estimates, could not be for the exact sum in hand. To avoid the danger of a protest, in consequence of drawing for too much, the treasurer generally drew for too little, thereby leaving small balances in all the draft offices also. There were, consequently, balances remaining in the hands of more than eight thousand postmasters, which, though generally small, amounted in the aggregate to a large sum."

The contractors were in the habit of drawing on the Postmaster General at Washington for their pay, and this practice subjected the Department to the inconvenience of collecting its funds from the post offices throughout the Union, and transferring them to Washington to meet the drafts. The slowness and uncertainty of this operation made it an insufficient reliance to meet its acceptances, produced the necessity of looking elsewhere for the means, and rendered it difficult to manage its finances with any convenience or regularity.

With all this, it was the general belief that the current revenue of the Department exceeded its expenditure, and that the aggregate of its debt was in process of diminution. Mr. Kendall, therefore, proceeded at once to adopt the most vigorous measures for retrieving it. To remedy the system as it was would have been utterly hopeless. He therefore determined to effect an entirely new organization. The measures resorted to for that purpose were as follows:

1, A suspension of all recent allowances from the credit of the contractors. 2, A refusal to accept or pay any drafts drawn on the Department, except by special arrangement. 3, The application of the income of the current quarter to the payment of that quarter's expenses, the surplus only to be applied to the payment of pre-existing claims. 4, The introduction of a system which should effect a more prompt collection and application of the current income of the Department.

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The allowances suspended amounted to about one hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars. Without reference to their merits, it was believed that a preference ought to be given to other claims in making payments.

The discontinuance of acceptances was essential to enable the Department to command its means. A revenue arose wherever the mails were carried; and it appeared obviously appropriate, as well as convenient, that the services of contractors should be paid for in the sections of country where they were rendered, and, as far as practicable, out of the income which they produced, instead of drawing upon Washington, and compelling the Department, as formerly, to collect its funds from all quarters, at whatever inconvenience and sacrifice, to meet the demands. To remedy the disadvantages resulting from this practice, all the post offices in the United States were divided into three classes.

First. *Collection Offices*, (upwards of nine thousand in number,) which were instructed to pay the amount of their postages of the preceding quarter to the contractors who carried the mails along their respective routes, they forwarding the receipt, and the contractors forwarding their acknowledgments, or else reports of the failure to pay the postmasters. The contractors were only allowed to collect thus from so many postmasters as would afford them about seventy-five per cent. of their quarterly compensation, the balance being paid them in drafts or checks, after the examination of their accounts.

The second class, called "*Depositing Offices*," (about five hundred and fifty in number,) were instructed to deposite their income in banks quarterly, monthly, or weekly, according to its amount. This class embraced all the large offices and most others which could as conveniently deposit as pay to contractors, together with the most considerable offices on interior routes, which yielded a surplus revenue, and whose proceeds could not be used in paying the contractors who supplied them.

The third class, called "*Draft Offices*," (about two hundred and fifty in number,) embraced those not convenient to banks, whose proceeds could not be paid over to contractors at the close of the quarter, without danger of their being overpaid, but might generally be drawn for, in whole or in part, to pay the balances due, after giving the contractors credit for all their collections.

By strenuous effort the expenses of the quarter ending thirtieth of June were all paid by the nineteenth of August, and a considerable surplus remaining, the payment of the old debt was then resumed. "From that moment the Department was disembarrassed. In no instance since has any claim been refused for the want of funds"—was the triumphant boast of Mr. Kendall in announcing the auspicious fact to the President.

The old books of the Department with their twenty years' accumulation of balances were closed, and an entirely new set opened from the first of July, 1835. The balances of accounts were not carried forward from the old books to the new, but all collections made of moneys due before that day were credited to an account headed "*Arrearages*" on

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the n w books; and all payments made on debts contracted prior to that day were charged to the same account. That account, when closed, would, therefore, show the exact amount of debt and of available means at the commencement of the fiscal year.

In keeping the new books, care was taken, through the agency of general accounts, to show, specifically, from what sources the revenue of the Department was derived, and to what purpose it was applied; and they thus exhibited, at a glance, the entire income of the Post Office Department for the quarter, and the source whence it was derived.

The efficiency of a department, with so many thousand agents in its employment, essentially depends on the vigilance and energy of the directing and supervising power. Impressed with this conviction, it was Mr. Kendall's policy to make the supervision so complete that every individual in its service should feel that he acted directly under the eye of some of its officers or clerks.

To secure promptitude in the rendition of accounts, the postmasters, with the exception of a few at the large offices, were required to forward their accounts within two days, or by the first mail, after the close of each quarter. As a means of enforcing this requisition, the post offices were divided into four classes, in reference to their distance from Washington, and other circumstances. For the arrival of the accounts of the first class, ten days were allowed; for the second, twenty; for the third, thirty; and for the fourth, forty. It was made the special duty of a clerk to note the day on which each quarterly return arrived, and promptly call all delinquents to account when the allotted time had expired.

To produce an ever-active supervision over contractors, it was made the duty of postmasters, at the ends of all post routes, to keep, and return to the Department weekly or monthly, according to the importance of the route, registers, showing the exact time of arrival and departure of every mail, with such remarks as the occasion required. It was made the duty of a clerk in each division to see that the postmasters kept and returned these registers, to examine them when returned, and note all delinquencies of contractors.

The same principle of strict supervision was applied to the return of receipts by postmasters; to the making of deposites by the depositing offices, and the forwarding of certificates of deposite; to the printing and furnishing of blanks; and, as far as practicable, to all services required by law and the regulations of the Department.

The effects of a system so admirable were soon made apparent. On the first of October, 1835, it came into operation, and on the first of July previous, the debt of the Department had been one million sixty-four thousand three hundred and eighty-one dollars and ninety-two cents; before December there had been paid of it five hundred and seven thousand and seventy-seven dollars and forty-eight cents; and by December, 1836, all debts had been paid—and an excess of revenue over all liabi-

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lities had accrued of six hundred and forty-two thousand eight hundred and thirty-one dollars and forty-three cents—and this, notwithstanding an extension of mail service of nearly two millions of miles a year. Mr. Kendall, in his first report, recommended to Congress, as a further security to prevent the Department ever falling into a state of embarrassment and distress, similar to that from which it had just been rescued, that the whole system should be re-organized by law, and be brought under the superintendence of Congress. His views on the subject contain principles so sound, and evinced such a becoming sense of legislative pre-eminence over the executive branches of Government, that we give them entire, as presented in his report to the President in 1835.

"The experience of the undersigned has confirmed his prior impressions that the Post Office Department requires re-organization. The arrangement of the administrative branch of the Department is not particularly objectionable, but the organization of its financial branch is neither convenient nor safe, and it may be doubted whether it be constitutional.

"It is not convenient, because it imposes on the Postmaster General, whose administrative duties are sufficient for any one man—the responsibility of settling near fifty thousand accounts annually, and disbursing upwards of two millions of dollars.

"It is not safe, because the entire nett revenue of the Department, which now exceeds two millions of dollars annually, is by law put at the disposition of the Postmaster General, subject to be paid over to his check, draft, or order, without other safeguards than those he chooses to impose on himself.

"It is of doubtful constitutionality, because the constitution requires that 'no money shall be drawn from the Treasury, but in consequence of appropriations made by law,' thereby presupposing that the revenues of the Government are first paid into the Treasury; whereas, no part of the tax collected from the people in postages, amounting now to more than three millions of dollars annually, ever appears upon the Treasury books; and it is all expended without appropriation. If so large a revenue may be properly raised and expended, without going into the Treasury, by one department of the Government, it is not perceived why the other departments may not be authorized to sustain themselves in a similar way; thus evading entirely the constitutional provision. The more safe construction would seem to be, that all moneys collected by the Government, whatever may be the mode, shall, in the legal acceptation of the phrase, be paid into the Treasury, to be expended in conformity with appropriations made by Congress.

"There would be nothing impracticable, or seriously inconvenient, in the application of this principle to the revenues of the Post Office Department. To effect this object, it is not necessary that the moneys be collected and deposited in banks, or any other designated place, or that the existing system of collection should be deranged. Almost a third of the gross revenue is absorbed in commissions to postmasters, and the expenses of their offices. Upon settlement of the postmasters' accounts, the sums thus expended may be carried to the debit and credit of the Post Office appropriation at the same time. The amounts received by contractors from postmasters may be disposed of in a similar way. The result would be, that although the treasurer would have open accounts only with the deposite banks of the Post Office, his books would exhibit the whole amount received from the people and expended by the Government on account of the mail establishment.

"There is another feature in which the present organization of the Post Office Department is defective and unsafe. It is believed to be a sound principle, that public

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officers who have an agency in originating accounts should have none in their settlement. The War and Navy Departments are, in general, organized upon this principle. In the orders, contracts, and regulations of the heads of those departments, or their ministerial subordinates, issued and made in conformity with law, accounts originate. The moneys are generally paid by another set of agents, but partially dependent on the heads of the departments; and the accounts are finally settled by a third set, who are wholly independent of them. If, from any cause, an illegal expenditure be directed by the head of a department, it is the duty of the disbursing agent not to pay the money; and if he does pay it, it is the duty of the auditors and comptrollers to reject the item in the settlement of his account. But the Postmaster General practically unites these three functions in his own person. He issues orders, and makes contracts and regulations, producing the expenditure of money, settles the accounts, and pays the money. Although he is required to render a quarterly account to the Treasury, to be settled as other public accounts are, this requisition has long ceased to constitute any practical check upon him, nor can it ever be otherwise under the existing system.

"The most important improvement required is to separate the settlement of accounts entirely from the Post Office Department, and vest it in an Auditor, appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, whose duties shall in general correspond with those assigned to the accountant under the present organization.

"The Postmaster General would then be placed on a similar footing with the other heads of Departments. His power over the funds of the Department should extend only to a superintendence over the rendition of accounts, to prescribing the manner in which postmasters shall pay over their balances, to making drafts for the collection and transfer of Post Office funds, to issuing warrants on the Treasury for the purpose of paying the balances reported to be due by the auditor, and making advances in special cases. The remaining portion of his duties would be those of a ministerial character, now performed upon his responsibility, modified by salutary restrictions upon his discretion."

These ideas were afterwards carried out, and a law was passed by Congress in 1836, in conformity with them.

A question of much public importance respecting the functions of the Post Office arose in the summer of 1835, which for a time produced much excitement. The Society for the Abolition of Slavery having completed an extensive organization, fully supplied with funds, undertook to distribute by the mails an immense number of their publications. These were refused delivery by the postmaster at Charleston, and were afterwards burnt by the mob, and the postmaster of New York upon another occasion refused to forward them.

Great commotion was occasioned in the public mind by these circumstances, and the Postmaster General, on being appealed to, justified the course of the postmasters in both instances, which occasioned severe condemnation of his opinions at the North.

The means of the Department no sooner placed it in his power than it became an object with Mr. Kendall to increase the mail facilities, both as to speed and extension to distant places, to the utmost possible extent. The annual transportation of the mails had been increased under Major Barry's administration to above twenty-five millions of miles, and this immense amount, which excited the utmost wonder and admiration, even under the aggravated censures of the Congressional committees, was

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vastly extended by Mr. Kendall, while the pervading economy of his management kept the Department not only free from debt, but with its funds always largely in advance of all demands.

In the course of two years the contrast is so amazing as to be scarcely credible:

	1835.	1837.
Post offices, - - - -	10,770	12,000
Miles of mail-route under contract, -	112,774	142,877
Miles of annual transportation, -	25,869,486	36,228,962
Revenue, - - - -	$2,993,576	$4,137,056

In 1835 the Department was staggering under an extraordinary debt of six hundred thousand dollars. In 1837 it had achieved the brighter wonder of a clear surplus of eight hundred thousand dollars.

This improvement of the revenue was steady, and kept pace with the prodigious operations of the Department, as the whole expenses of 1838 were three millions, three hundred and three thousand, four hundred and twenty-eight dollars, leaving an excess of revenue of seven hundred and ninety-seven thousand one hundred and seventy-seven dollars and forty-seven cents, and proving a condition of this most important branch of the public service, of itself the greatest eulogy ever won by a public servant.

Mr. Kendall, in his first report, foreseeing, with the clearness which his perfect mastery of the system enabled him to attain, the large surplus which under his management actually accrued, recommended Congress to reduce the postage on letters. As that body did not act upon his suggestions, he resolved in 1837 to expedite the mails all over the country to a speed proportioned to the increased resources of the Department. Express mails were therefore established on all the leading post routes for letters and newspaper slips, which introduced an unexampled speed of communication into the country. By these routes treble postage was charged, but so effectual was the speed, that the expresses which the leading journals of New York and Boston were wont annually to establish for the conveyance of the President's message were suspended, from the impossibility of surpassing in quickness the daily mail of the country. The experiment was necessarily costly, but so valuable did it prove to the mercantile interests, that notwithstanding its expense and a regulation requiring payment of express postage in advance, the income in January 1838 was found to exceed the expenses above three thousand dollars. The speed of communication achieved by the express mail will complete the striking contrast with the year 1835, though the latter year was deemed, even by the censurers of the Department, almost the acme of mail improvement.

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		1835.	1837.
From New York to	Washington,	1 day, 8 hours.	1 day, 0 hours.
" "	Richmond, Va.,	2 " 13½ "	1 " 13½ "
" "	Columbia, S. C.,	6 " 3 "	3 " 5 "
" "	Milledgeville, Ga.	7 " 15 "	3 " 21 "
" "	Mobile, Ala.,	12 " 12 "	5 " 17 "
" "	New Orleans,	14 " 00 "	6 " 19 "
" "	Columbus, O.,	4 " 16 "	2 " 22 "
" "	Indianapolis, Ia.,	7 " 14 "	3 " 19½ "
" "	St. Louis, Mo.,	13 " 10 "	4 " 23½ "
" "	Huntsville, Ala.,	11 " 22 "	5 " 20½ "

To the remotest section of the Union was this magic speed communicated,—&c.

		1835.	1837.
From New Orleans to	Montgomery, Ala.,	3 days, 21 hrs.	2 days, 00 hrs.
" "	Nashville, Tenn.,	10 " 00 "	3 " 18 "
" "	Louisville, Ky.,	13 " 00 "	3 " 17 "
" "	Cincinnati, O.,	14 " 11 "	5 " 17 "
" "	Columbus, O.,	16 " 9 "	6 7½ "
" "	Pittsburg, Pa.,	15 " 5 "	7 " 8 "

These were the express mail rates—but the celerity of the regular mails was increased in a similar ratio, and it became an object of the Department to bring these up, whenever it was possible, to the express maximum of speed. In the course of 1838 this object was accomplished in nearly all the northern routes, and in the present year the improvement has been so general as to render the express line no longer an object.

These are, indeed, astonishing results, and no one can deny that we are mainly indebted for them to the energy, industry, and genius of Mr. Kendall. Like the touch of the magician's wand, his mind brought order from confusion, and restored the accumulated derangement of years to systematic regularity. Like Franklin, he commenced and worked in detail in season and out of season, he considered what was not wanted, dear at any price; he divided responsibility, and worked the true magic of division of labor.

The distant wilds felt the force of his power; he seemed intuitively to send his agents into the neighbourhood of the delinquents, till at last the lagging stage-driver peeped into the face of every stranger on his route, expecting to see an emissary of the Department in his person. In fact, horses seemed to quicken their paces,—the old coaches began to grow brighter;—complaints had only to be made, and redress was administered, and the censure of the Postmaster General came upon the faulty. The *late* mail was hardly assorted, before down upon the contractor came the fine: and the whole of the United States in less than one year became aware that a strong man was at the helm. The old rusty consciences were brightened up,—the defaulter found no mercy,—the

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tardy postmaster, who neglected to make his quarterly returns, was directed by the next mail to hand over his keys of office to a successor,—bonds were put in suit,—fines were made fines; no prayer could ward off the penalty decreed for neglect or wilful mismanagement. There was no coming to Washington to see the Department, and settle old balances of fines by hard begging and harder swearing. The swarm of drones were started from their snuggeries, and in a few months the monstrous debt, that awful burden under which the Ajax of the Senate trembled, and from which the Whigs had drawn new hopes of political ascendancy, and which seemed to promise an inexhaustible supply of unanswerable accusation, was wiped away;—the incredulous swore the statement recording the fact was a fable, but the bond was there in black and white; the debts were paid, and the mail was carried, and carried with a speed and safety without a parallel. Mr. Kendall is a man of discretion, with great decision of character; he thinks deeply, and when he brings his mind to bear upon any thing, he sees through the most intricate windings; sophistry is lost upon him—flattery and fawning are of little avail; he directs his attention steadily to the object in view, and never fails to carry successfully out the plans he has matured.

The Mississippi river has now become a permanent post-route, and a mail costing one hundred and eighty thousand dollars per annum is borne upon its bosom—a sum in itself treble the amount of the receipts of the General Post Office in 1790. And now, in 1839, forty postmasters are appointed in a week—a number equal to two-thirds of all in the United States from the Declaration of Independence to the year 1780. New routes for the nett proceeds of new offices are daily put in operation, and great improvements are constantly being made in the great arteries of the country. From a stout heart, the pulsations go forth like the ebbing tide of the ocean, and swiftly return laden with the tidings of new sources of revenue, and of new conveniences to the public.

To give some idea of the increase of the revenue and labor of the Department, the following comparison of a few offices is offered in round numbers:

Gross proceeds of Post Offices.	In 1790.	In 1838.
Boston, Massachusetts - -	$3,694	$94,000
Providence, Rhode Island -	380	15,487
New York - - - - -	5,537	347,000
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania - -	140	25,400
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania -	9,614	155,000
Baltimore, Maryland - -	3,936	76,550
Charleston, South Carolina -	1,040	47,000
Cincinnati, Ohio - - - - - -		38,129
New Orleans, Louisiana - - - -		94,743

But the annexed Table, which, through the politeness of Col. C. K. Gardner, we have been able to complete to the present time, will give the clearest and most interesting view of the progress of the Department.

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TABLE OF THE POST OFFICE ESTABLISHMENT,

Years.	Post Offices in Number.	Receipts, being total am't of Postage.	Expenditures. Compensation to P. M.	Incidental Expenses.	Transportation of Mail.
1789	75				
1790	75	$37,935	$ 8,198	$ 1,861	$22,081
1791	89	46,294	10,312	3,092	23,293
1792	195	67,444	16,518	5,282	32,731
1793	209	104,747	21,646	5,660	44,734
1794	450	128,947	27,156	9,812	53,005
1795	453	160,620	30,272	12,262	75,359
1796	468	195,067	35,730	14,353	81,489
1797	554	213,998	47,109	13,623	89,382
1798	639	232,977	56,035	16,035	107,014
1799	677	264,846	63,958	14,605	109,475
1800	903	280,804	69,243	16,107	128,644
1801	1,025	320,443	79,338	23,363	152,450
1802	1,114	327,045	85,587	21,658	174,671
1803	1,258	351,823	93,170	24,084	205,110
1804	1,405	389,450	107,716	24,231	205,555
1805	1,158	421,373	111,552	26,180	239,635
1806	1,710	446,106	119,785	25,895	267,839
1807	1,848	478,763	129,041	32,093	292,751
1808	1,944	460,564	128,653	28,676	305,499
1809	2,012	506,634	141,599	23,516	332,917
1810	2,300	551,684	149,438	18,565	327,966
1811	2,403	587,247	159,244	20,689	319,166
1812	2,610	649,208	177,422	22,117	340,626
1813		703,155	221,848	20,605	438,559
1814		730,370	234,354	17,170	475,602
1815	3,000	1,043,065	241,901	18,441	487,779
1816	3,260	961,782	265,944	16,508	521,970
1817	3,459	1,002,973	303,916	23,410	589,189
1818	3,618	1,130,235	346,429	24,792	664,611
1819	4,000	1,204,737	375,828	24,152	717,881
1820	4,500	1,111,927	352,295	26,206	782,425
1821	4,650	1,059,087	337,599	31,003	815,681
1822	4,799	1,117,490	355,299	23,655	788,618
1823	5,043	1,130,115	360,462	29,069	767,464
1824	5,182	1,197,758	383,804	35,276	768,939
1825	5,677	1,306,525	411,183	32,214	785,646
1826	6,150	1,447,703	447,727	33,885	885,100
1827	7,003	1,524,633	486,411	40,203	942,345
1828	7,651	1,664,759	548,858	55,873	1,086,312
1829	8,050	1,773,990	575,165	58,873	1,245,269
1830	8,450	1,919,300	615,476	71,477	1,272,156
1831	8,686	1,036,267	326,986	22,040	611,764
1832	9,205	2,258,570	715,481	68,111	1,482,507
1833	10,127	2,617,011	828,283	93,217	2,080,685
1834	10,693	2,823,749	897,317	87,744	1,992,070
1835	10,770	2,993,556	944,857	93,285	1,724,897
1836	11,091	3,408,323	819,334	282,872	1,739,559
1837	11,767	4,100,605	891,352	415,348	2,125,462
1838	12,519	4,235,077	933,948	472,861	3,215,027

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FROM 1789 TO THE PRESENT TIME.

Total Expenditures.	Balance in favor of the Department.	Balance against the Department.	Extent of Post Roads in Miles.	Miles of Annual Mail Transportation.
$32,140	$5,795		1,875	9,375*
36,697	9,597		1,905	9,525*
54,531	12,913		5,642	28,210*
72,040	32,707		5,642	28,210*
89,973	38,974		11,984	845,468
117,893	42,727		13,207	1,799,720*
131,572	63,495		13,207	1,799,720
150,114	63,884		16,180	2,208,570*
179,084	53,893		16,180	2,208,570*
188,038	76,808		16,180	2,208,570*
213,994	66,810		20,817	3,057,964
255,151	65,292		22,309	3,279,423*
281,916	45,129		25,315	3,504,800
322,364	29,459		25,315	3,504,800
337,502	51,948		29,556	4,120,200*
377,367	44,006		31,076	4,250,000
413,573	32,533		33,431	4,499,456
453,885	24,878		33,755	4,550,000*
462,828		$2,264	34,035	4,600,000*
498,012	8,622		34,035	4,600,000*
495,969	55,715		36,406	4,694,000*
499,099	88,148		36,406	4,694,000*
540,165	109,043		39,378	5,135,000*
681,012	22,143		39,540	5,160,000*
727,126	3,244		41,736	5,307,000*
748,121	294,944		43,748	5,601,000*
804,422	157,360		48,673	6,336,000*
916,515	86,458		52,089	6,767,000*
1,035,832	94,403		59,473	7,677,000*
1,117,861	86,876		67,586	8,585,000*
1,160,926		48,999	72,492	8,800,000
1,184,283		125,196	78,808	9,200,000
1,167,572		50,082	82,763	9,990,000
1,156,995		26,880	84,860	10,100,240
1,188,019	9,739		84,860	10,380,316
1,229,043	77,482		94,052	10,639,680
1,366,712	80,991		94,052	11,054,694
1,468,959	55,574		105,336	12,872,831
1,691,044		26,285	114,536	13,709,089
1,879,307		105,317	114,780	13,700,000
1,959,109		39,809	115,176	14,500,000
960,791	75,475		116,000	15,468,692
2,266,100		7,530	104,467	23,625,021
2,930,186		313,174	119,916	26,854,485
2,977,131		153,382	112,500	25,500,000
2,763,041	230,515		112,774	25,869,486
2,841,766	556,557		118,264	27,578,620
3,532,163	568,442		141,242	32,597,006
4,621,837		368,759	134,818	34,580,202

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Some idea may be formed of the amount of business done in the Post Office Department from the fact, that the communications of all sorts received in the different offices, excluding the Auditor's office, amount to a daily average of about 900 for the working days, equal to 281,700 a year; the communications sent, to about 500 daily, equal to 156,500 a year; and the cases actually decided by the Postmaster General, to 50 daily, equal to 15,650 a year.

The magnitude of the work done by the Auditor and his clerks may be estimated from the fact, that they examine and adjust the four quarterly accounts of each postmaster, making above 50,000 accounts a year; and the accounts of each contractor quarterly, or oftener, making above 8,000 a year; keeping the mass of books required in this service; closing each year the accounts of about 2,000 ex-postmasters, and carrying on the heavy correspondence growing out of these extensive duties, which do not amount to less than two hundred thousand letters a year. This vast business is conducted in the Postmaster General's Office by himself, his three assistants, and fifty-six clerks and messengers—whose aggregate salaries amount to $79,000. And in the Auditor's Office, by himself, and fifty-two clerks and messengers, whose aggregate salaries amount to $64,980.

From nothing, the General Post Office has worked its way to an importance equal to all the other departments of the Government; and in power and labor it is thought to exceed them all. With the exception of the Patent Bureau, it is the only office under Government that supports itself. Truly, it is a mighty engine. It is the distributor of light through upwards of twelve thousand channels, by the means of thirty-five thousand agents, to the people, and hand in hand with the prosperity of the country, the little clerkship of Franklin advances, and will rise in importance until it shall have reached that height of perfection which destiny has marked out for the institutions of our country.

List of Postmasters General of the United States from the origin of the Department:

Benjamin Franklin, 26th July, 1775;	Chosen by Congress under the Confederacy.	
Richard Bache, 7th November, 1776;		
Ebenezer Hazard, 28th January, 1782;		
Samuel Osgood, 3d October, 1789;	appointed by	Washington.
Timothy Pickering, 12th August, 1791;	"	Washington.
Joseph Habersham, 22d April, 1795;	"	Washington.
Gideon Granger, 27th November, 1802;	"	Jefferson.
Return J. Meigs, 7th March, 1814;	"	Madison.
John McLean, 1st July, 1823;	"	Monroe.
William T. Barry, 5th March, 1829;	"	Jackson.
Amos Kendall, 1st May, 1835.	"	Jackson.

NOTE TO THE TABLE.—In the column of annual transportation the lines marked with an asterisk (*) are estimates; the other amounts are given from documents in the American State Papers. For 1831 the half year is given to complete the "fiscal years" ending June 30th, to which day the subsequent statements are made in each fiscal year.

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TO A DYING INFANT.*

Sleep, little Baby! sleep!
  Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy Mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
        But with the quiet dead.

Yes—with the quiet dead,
  Baby, thy rest shall be.
Oh! many a weary heart,
Weary of life's dull part,
        Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling!
  Flee to thy grassy nest;
There the first flowers shall blow,
The first pure flakes of snow
        Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! Peace! The little bosom
  Labors with shortening breath—
Peace! Peace! That tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh—
        Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
  A thing all life and glee;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful, as now
        Baby, thou seem'st to me.

Thine upturned eyes glazed over,
  Like harebells wet with dew;
Already veiled and hid
By the convulsed lid,
        Their pupils darkly blue.

The little mouth half open—
  The soft lip quivering
As if (like summer air
Ruffling the rose leaves) there
        Thy soul were fluttering.

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Mount up, immortal essence!
  Young spirit! haste, depart.
And is this Death!—Dread thing!
If such thy visiting,
    How beautiful thou art!

Oh! I could gaze for ever
  Upon that waxen face,
So passionless! so pure!
The little shrine was sure
    An Angel's dwelling place.

Thou weepest, childless mother!
  Aye, weep—'twill ease thine heart—
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first!—thine only one—
    'Tis hard from him to part.

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
  Deep in the damp, cold earth;
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
    Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
  His small mouth's rosy kiss,
Then;—wakened with a start
By thine own throbbing heart—
    His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)
  A dull heart-sinking weight,
Till mem'ry on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole
    That thou art desolate!

And then to lie and weep,
  And think the live-long night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
    Of every past delight;—

Of all his winning ways,
  His pretty playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
    And all his little wiles!

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Oh! these are recollections
  Round mothers' hearts that cling—
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
        With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond Mother,
  In after years, look back,
(Time brings such wond'rous easing)
With sadness not unpleasing,
        E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say—"My pride! my blessing!
  It almost broke my heart,
When thou wert forced to go,
And yet, for thee, I know
        'Twas better to depart.

"God took thee in his mercy,
  A lamb untasked, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
        And thou art sanctified!

"I look around and see
  The evil ways of men;
And oh! beloved child!
I'm more than reconciled
        To thy departure then.

"The little arms that clasped me—
  The innocent lips that prest,—
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
        I lulled thee on my breast?

"Now (like a dew drop shrined
  Within a chrystal stone)
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove!
Safe with the Source of Love,
        The Everlasting One.

"And when the hour arrives
  From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await
The first at Heaven's gate,
        To meet and welcome me." C.

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THE COURSE OF CIVILIZATION.

Not many years after the discovery of America, a learned academy of Paris offered a prize for the best disquisition that should be written on the probable influence of the new world. The wise men of the day were profuse in speculations suggested by the pregnant theme; they presented it in every form that reason or ingenuity could create; yet not one of them all, in the widest range of their musings, happened upon that means by which America was most deeply to affect the history and modify the condition of the old world. It may be supposed that they spoke profoundly of the vast stores of natural wealth her endless tracts disclosed, of their importance to the growing commerce of the age, of the impulse given to the awakening spirit of adventure, of the facility of access opened to the Indian seas, of the desirable outlet provided to the teeming population of the continent; but not a word was said, nor perhaps was it even imagined, that this land was destined to become the birth-place of a new society, constructed in a new spirit and on a new plan, attaining the highest reach of civilization, and ordained to work a thorough change in the structure of European government and social existence. But this was, in the designs of Providence, committed to the restless workings of that principle of progression which is man's chief distinction, awaiting the developments of the course of time.

How wonderful have been the movements of the principle to which we thus refer. The fly that buzzed in the garden of Eden, on the first morning of creation, was in all respects similar to that which rejoices in the sunbeam now. But man has changed. The progress of events has wrought a complete revolution in all his relations, in his acquirements, arts, laws, institutions, and social arrangements. He has been moving for more than six thousand years, and at each move some alteration has been effected in the conditions of his being. Preserving his essential humanity, how broad the contrast between his earlier and his present state!

It is a great question whether these changes have arisen spontaneously, or in obedience to established and invariable laws. Have they occurred at random, without plan, or in consequence of strict ordinations of Providence? Is there a controlling spirit beyond the mere visible event, working out for the human race a high, and to us, no doubt, now, an inconceivable destiny?

The history of humanity is the record of a grand march, more or less rapid, as it was now impeded by obstacles, and again facilitated by force,

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at all times tending to one point—the ultimate perfection of man. The course of civilization is the progress of man from a state of savage individualism to that of an individualism more elevated, moral, and refined. Personal separation and independence were the beginning, as they will be the end, of the great progressive movement, with this difference—that in its last and more perfectly developed condition, the sense of justice shall have supreme control over the individual will. To the acceleration and extension of this progress, the various nations appearing upon the earth have contributed. As portions of humanity, they have taken part in the general onward movement. They have each had a mission to accomplish, special to themselves, though connected with the development of the entire human race. Step by step they have each removed from realms of thick darkness to regions of gradually increasing light. They have singly and collectively emerged from the abysses of ignorance and degradation, to the pleasanter atmosphere of expanding intelligence.

We are enabled, by a large view of this career of nations, to group the successive stages of society in the orders of civilization, all tending to improve the social condition of man, to accomplish his destiny, though the latest has always been the purest, the most liberal, and the best. There is always in the latest civilization some element giving it superior worth and excellence.

The order of civilization first in point of time prevailed in the infancy of our race, before reason obtained the mastery of impulse, and the souls of men were filled with vast thoughts yet unsubmitted to severe discrimination and scrutiny. It may be called the THEOCRATIC, and, being the earliest departure of the race from barbarism, was born among the oldest people in the East, in Judea, Persia, and India. In those countries the idea of what was infinite seemed to absorb and overwhelm every other thought. It pervaded their manners, laws, arts, and institutions, as well as their religion. The greatest, like the minutest, events of life were conducted under its immediate inspiration. Every thing appeared under the theological form. The human being, from its birth to its death, was perpetually reminded, in one mode or another, of his relation to a superior being of infinite power. Priests, of course, were the master agents of society, to whom the multitude bowed down in slavish reverence, and compelling even the obedience of kings. Representing themselves as the vicegerents and delegated ministers of Heaven, they acquired despotic ascendency, holding a rank in authority second only to that of God. There can be no difficulty in discovering the influence of this fact. Little social elevation, and less of personal freedom, could be found under such a dominion; yet it was a step beyond the condition of barbarism, more desirable and happy in its operations. It substituted holy instincts, divine laws, sacred authority, worship, cultivation, order, art, and domestic ties, for the wild and warring impulses of unrestrained ferocity and selfishness. It habituated the minds of its subjects to some degree of reflection, taught them to act in accordance with known rules, and created the feel-

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ing of respect for something higher and better than themselves. So far was it an advancement; but other things were necessary to the full development of humanity.

The second kind of civilization made its appearance in Rome and Greece, and the pervading idea of it was the indisputable supremacy of the State. Like the theological element in the East, the political element in these great nations gave form and color to all thoughts. A devotion to the public good was the chiefest of virtues; and all considerations of family, kindred, self-culture, and truth, were obliged to give way to the aggrandizement of the State. The arts, science, literature, wealth, education, and religion of society, were matters of State concern, subordinate to its interests, and at all times directed to its elevation. So omnipotent was the State, that there was no evading its requirements, no resisting its behests, no escaping from the tyranny of its pecuniary or personal exactions. Had any one man opposed its wishes, the combined power of millions was ready to crush him. He must live, think, and act, accordingly as his country willed, or die. To what extent this notion of subservience was carried is shown by the writers of those nations, numerous and great as they unquestionably were, who, in all their effusions, have uttered no word of individual freedom, have made no attempt to define the rights of society, to trace the origin of governments, or unfold their true and only functions. One towering thought, one master conception—that of the absolute right and supremacy of the State—seems to have swallowed up all others. What could have been more different in every respect than the Governments of Athens and Sparta? And yet how this idea of the State prevailed in the institutions of both—as a secret plastic power, presiding over the organization of custom and law, and controlling even the volitions of individual choice. No rights, no ties, no retirement too sacred to be invaded by the public power. It was superior to all these; and, though less tyrannical than the blind superstitions which preceded it, was still unfavorable to any real refinement of social intercourse, or the acquisition of personal virtue. Conquest and empire became the only glory, whilst the gentler arts of peace were despised.

The middle ages witnessed the rise of the third or aristocratic order of civilization, the leading feature of which was feudalism, or the spirit of exclusive rank and class. Power was then in the possession of the nobility, an order (assumed to be from birth better than all others) who wielded it for selfish purposes, exciting, through mutual envy and ambition, long and cruel wars. It was a sad time for the serfs and villeins. Many and grievous were the burdens they were compelled to bear. Driven about like yoked cattle, forced to obey the nods of haughty barons, pouring out in the battle fields their life-blood for causes in which they had no interest, dying in hosts to gratify the rapacity or rage of some puppet of privilege, their condition could not have been other than miserable. Yet it was better than that of the ancient world. All were not serfs. The predominant despotism was relieved and ameliorated by

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many circumstances of the age. It was not universal, but divided and weakened by opposition and restraint, and often softened by the feelings of attachment springing up between the retainer and the lord. That relation gave room for the display of some of the finest traits of human character. It allowed of an intercourse and commerce among men that gradually liberalized the spirit of society, diffused the disposition to free inquiry and independent thought, which prostrated every mark of feudalism and set a glorious reformation in its place—a reformation enhancing art, literature, manners, and religion.

The last order of civilization, which is the democratic, received its first permanent existence in this country. Many events, it is true, in the remote history of the world, prepared it for the reception of this principle, yet the peculiar duty of this country has been to exemplify and embody a civilization in which the rights, freedom, and mental and moral growth of individual man should be made the highest end of all social restrictions and laws. To this result the discipline of Providence has tended from the earliest history of the Anglo-American race. The old world was not the theatre for the development of the new civilization, so different from all that had preceded it, so incompatible with the spirit and hostile to the prejudices of existing things. It needed a broader sphere than institutions founded in exclusiveness could afford, and in which so many elements of restriction and partiality mingled. A land separated from the influences of ancient arrangement, peculiar in its position, productions, and extent, wide enough to hold a numerous people, admitting, with facility, inter-communication and trade, vigorous and fresh from the hand of God, was requisite for the full and broad manifestation of the free spirit of the new-born democracy. Such a land was prepared in the solitudes of the Western hemisphere. And, then, the men sufficient to accomplish the work needed to be peculiar men. They were not to be striplings made effeminate by the luxuries of courts, or weak and artificial by corrupt refinement, but stern, resolute, enduring men, ardent worshippers of truth, profoundly penetrated by great thoughts, living by faith in eternal principles, and ready to face death in defence of conscience and right. Such men were the pilgrim stock,—the sires of the busy multitudes that now fill the land. Both the circumstances of their origin and early history, and the relations of equality instituted among them as they set foot in the wilderness, coöperated in the formation of the right character. They sprung from a nation whose bloody wars for years had nourished the manly spirit of courage and endurance. They lived at a time when unrelenting religious contests prepared all minds for desperate trials, and infused in them the sternest moral convictions. They brought with them none to reverence, none to assert, an unjust domination. Kingly power they scarce recognized, aristocratic pretension they repelled, and priestly supremacy they had long resisted even unto death. They came simply as men with the sacred rights and eternal interests of men. The peculiar hazards of their position placed

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them upon grounds of equality. Mutual dangers strengthened mutual sympathy, whilst a common purpose fired them with a common zeal. Their first act, having reached this barren shore, was to frame a constitution whose object was the common good. A singular consistency pervaded the spirit of the early settlers, and the manifestations of it, in actual customs and laws. They asserted with remarkable directness and force the great doctrines of popular sovereignty, of political equality, of sacred individual rights. The supreme power they held to be derived not as a divine gift from God, not from the consent of monarchs, nor the concessions of nobility, but directly from the whole body of men. The perception of this truth distinguished them from the rest of the world. The same freedom from usurped authority, which marked their religious career, they carried into their political inquiries. It is true, it is to be regretted it was only comparative freedom, not entire. Many errors were mingled in their conceptions of man's sacred inalienable rights. Their notions were strong, but not comprehensive. They allowed truth with limitations. Without being grossly inaccurate, they were strangely confused. They respected private judgment, but confined it to certain subjects of thought. Conscience was sacred only within a circumscribed sphere. The full and ample discussion of certain topics was prohibited by painful penalties. The discipline and doctrine of a church themselves had organized was too high a theme for vulgar approach—too holy to be disturbed by profane touch. Religion, or the mysterious affinities of man to higher beings, they were unwilling to leave to his own soul. It was a thing to be controlled and regulated by the State, for which the arm of civil power was to be invoked, to compel outward conformity and force inward faith. Here was their weakness. Here they departed from their own principles, and, submitting to the prejudices of the past, brought grievous tyranny on man. Here they were as intolerant and narrow-minded as the bigots of other nations, and a remoter age.

Yet it was impossible for a people of an origin like theirs, or of such convictions as they had, long to submit to oppression of any sort. Much as they were willing to concede to religious injustice at home, they were disposed to yield nothing to political usurpation abroad. The spirit of resistance awakened with the very first assertion of foreign control, and arose as the arrogance of authority grew bold. The more formidable the danger, the more bold and unrelenting became their opposition. Purposes of freedom kept pace with despotic pretension. Every year gave them energy, by augmenting the justice of their cause, and discovering new means and materials of strength; when, at last, after expostulation and remonstrance failed, a transcendant expression of popular will severed the chains of allegiance, and made a whole nation free.

The Declaration of Independence was a tremendous act of revolution, founded upon the rights and sanctioned by the natural justice of mankind. The history of the world records nothing like it either for sublimity of

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purpose or importance of result. It was as peculiar in its design as it has been permanent and extensive in its influence. A nation, poising itself upon the rights of its people, solemnly absolved its political connection, and instituted a government for itself;—it did more, it instituted a government drawn from popular choice, and confessing the equal rights of men. This was the origin of democratic liberty—the source of true civilization. It established the distinct existence of democracy as a social element, and began a reform destined to cease only when every man in the world should be finally and triumphantly redeemed.

What, then, is the nature of this Democracy? What are its claims and objects as a social element? What its views of government; and what its means as well as hopes of success? Simply, it is the political ascendency of the people; but let us attempt to state in what sense: It is not the government of a people permitted, in the plenitude of their power, to do as they please, regardless alike of the restraints of written law or individual right. A more terrible condition of society than this, the wickedest despot could not readily conceive. Wild uproar would make room for fanatic excesses of passion, or the alternate bloody triumph of miserable factions. Nor is it the government of the majority carried into the determination of all questions that concern the rights and duties of men. As a safe and wise arbiter of controversy, the will of the majority is to be respected. Where thought and expression are free, it can seldom become oppressive. Adverse parties watch the movements of each other with sleepless vigilance, and, in cases of manifest violation of right, never fruitlessly invoke the correcting spirit of reform. Nothing is more certain to prostrate even the most triumphant party than the usurpation or unjust exercise of power. Still, to prevent the beginnings of evil, majorities must submit to restraint. There are some things over which they can rightly exert no control. There are personal feelings, domestic ties, social dependencies, commercial rights, too exalted or subtle to be meddled with by human legislation, and which legislation touches only to wither and destroy. They are to be set apart as sacred things, which the ruthless arm of power, though upheld by every letter of law, and directed by the delegated will of overwhelming numbers, should never invade. Democracy, therefore, is the supremacy of the people, restrained by a just regard to individual rights—that condition of society which secures the full and inviolable use of every faculty. Its foundation is the fact of perfect equality of rights among men. It recognizes the distinct existence of individual man in himself as an independent end, and not barely as a means to be merged in a mass, and controlled as a thing by public caprice or policy. His instinctive convictions, his irrepressible desires, his boundless capacity for improvement, conspire with all the indications of Providence, with all the teachings of history, and all the designs of his internal condition and adjustment, to make the doctrine of individual rights the greatest of political truths. Clearly to define and religiously to respect those rights, is the highest, almost the

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only duty of government. All its action beyond this tends to gross abuse and wrong. When it institutes partial laws, when it creates a superior class, when it erects artificial distinctions, when it grants monopoly, when it lays restraints upon free intercourse and trade; in short, when it establishes any law or custom of unequal operation, it departs from its true functions, it begins a course of injustice and fraud, it opens the way for any degree of oppression. So severe is even-handed justice, that not even in the name of liberty can liberty be violated. Hence Governments perfect themselves in proportion as they allow a larger measure of freedom to remain with the people. Their first care should be to expand the sphere of individual action, to loosen the bonds of inequitable usages, to break the fetters of proscription, and to harmonize the interaction of mutually dependent wills, by removing the distance and separation which is the source of jealousy and contest. It is true, a long time must elapse before the point of ultimate perfection is attained; though, meanwhile, the duty of Democracy is to correct abuses, one after another, until the nature of individual man is thoroughly emancipated.

As an element of social progress, the recognition of these principles is of the utmost importance and weight. Until they are widely received and permanently adopted, there can be no complete civilization. If we apprehend it, civilization consists in the establishment of elevated social relations, upheld by lofty and refined personal character; or, in other words, the development among men of the best powers of the mind and heart. It suggests at once the idea of a high degree of advancement in social organization and in individual culture. It supposes a condition of prosperous trade, intellectual elevation, and moral development; but literature, science, politics, and morals, must have reached a considerable progress, and physical comfort, commercial ease, and mental attainments, be generally possessed by the people.

Now, one proposition is, that the highest degree of civilization can only be reached by a rigid application of the democratic principle. Society can only find its true perfection by a broad recognition of the doctrine of individual and equal rights. As to its influence, in the first place, on outward prosperity merely, can any thing be clearer than that industry will be productive in proportion to the freedom with which its energies are applied and its gains appropriated? To leave men free in the direction of their pursuits, not only imparts immediate happiness, but gives tenacity to their purposes and strength to their power of execution. They labor more effectively, because they labor willingly. What would be otherwise drudgery becomes pastime, attended by a pleasing conviction of usefulness, and the calm assurance of ultimate competence. The stupid inertness of the man-machine is exchanged for the cheerful vigor of the husbandman, and the depressing prospect of endless toil is brightened into a future of seductive ease. For acquisition would be secure from the exorbitant taxes of unrighteous government, whilst no pampered aristocratic class would hang or make weight upon society, or exclusive

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interest absorb and impede all the channels of commerce. Such a change introduced into all modes of enterprise would produce results of immeasurable magnitude, and uniformly good.

It would tend to equalize the distribution of wealth. Without wholly removing poverty, it would lessen dependence. The strange contrasts created by overgrown affluence and wretched poverty would give place to apportionments of property more equitably adjusted to the degrees of personal capacity and merit; whilst the poor would be raised, the rich would be made better; restless heart-burnings would cease to embitter the intercourse or provoke the deadly animosity of classes feeling themselves to be equals; arrogance on one side would engender no spleen on the other; and destitution, which is the fruitful parent of crime and misery, would occur only as the retributive consequence of ignorance and vice. All ranks of men would begin life on a fair field, "the world before them where to choose, and Providence their guide." Inclination and sagacity would select the sphere, and dictate the mode and measure of exertion. Frugality and vigilance would compel success, and defeat and ruin be felt only as the requital of ill-desert; or, if such things be, as vicissitudes inflicted by Heaven among its inscrutable designs.

Every kind of labor being thus effectively applied, an abundance of products would compensate its toils. At the same time, means and leisure for nobler pursuits would be provided. Prosperity admits of various employments among men, by augmenting the number and wants of a population, and at the same time commensurately multiplying its resources. As physical comforts increase, the taste for elevated and refined enjoyment springs up. The demand for artists, poets, and philosophers expands, science becomes a distinct pursuit, literature is made profitable, and all the more delicate and ennobling modes of exerting human faculties receive invigorating rewards. Discovery and invention enlarge the scope, master strokes of genius stimulate the activity, lofty moral instructions refine the nature of thought. A humanizing influence spreads itself through public sentiment. High notions of justice soften while they give dignity to manners. Mind, warm in purposes of generosity, strong in adherence to virtue, takes the control of social movements; in short, we behold a people rich, powerful, enlightened, and no less happy in self-respect than in the universal regard of the world.

Nor less auspicious would be the adoption of the democratic idea to the elevation of individual character. In times past, the greater number of men have been nothing at all, because nothing was made of them. There was little in their circumstances to let them know that they were moral agents. All the influences around them were adapted to produce impressions directly the reverse. Living creatures they were, machines of curious workmanship, admirable as drudge-horses, effective as self-moving engines of destruction,—things wherewith superior classes might pamper themselves, or ruin and destroy their adversaries—but more they

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were not. Neither the society of the past, or its governments, could teach men their true nature, or inspire them with self-reliance or cheer them with hope. Were they not the unreasoning tools of power,—were they not curs to be cuffed at will,—chips to be hurled about at caprice? Well might they have said to their heartless oppressors,—we have obeyed like cowering slaves, we have toiled until blood has stood upon our limbs as sweat, we have drained the dregs of life's bitterest cup, for your gratification,—and what have you given us in return? Only curses and blows. And all this, because haughty man refused to confess his fellow man; because the lust of dominion expelled the sense of right; because the divine impress on each human soul was not read, or if read, despised. Matters have since measurably advanced. The grinding foot of oppression has been raised, but not altogether removed. Better notions have grown up in the hearts of men, but, alas! how much is there to stifle and impede full growth. A hateful despotism still too often actuates human will—the spirit of exclusion, of scorn, of tyranny, of selfishness, still lingers about the high places, and makes itself felt in the depths of society. Nothing short of the broadest reception of the principles of democracy can regenerate man. There must be something in his circumstances to remind him of his inherent worth; something that, amid withering and depressing care, will ever bring back the fresh consciousness of his manhood. How can he whose life is perpetual toil, whose existence is lost in that of the many whose highest conception of excellence is fidelity to another's pleasure, whose only exercise of conscience and free-will is in the stern struggle for subsistence—how can he attain a true insight of his immortal value. Some virtue, it is true, is found in the least favored conditions. There is room enough in the lowest walks for the sweet play of affection. There are every where friends to be esteemed, kindred to cherish, or a wife and children to love. There are endurance and energy imparted every where by the discipline of life, but how little is all this compared with the perfect stature of a man. No, let it be understood that the same nature is common to all men, that they have equal and sacred claims, that they have high and holy faculties; that society respects, and the whole force of government is pledged to protect their rights; and then will they acquire some adequate notion of who and what they are, of their divine origin, and their imperishable being. A feeling of exaltation and nobleness would pass into their souls, and the humblest person would expand with a sense of innate dignity—a sense that would raise him above the dusty, beaten paths of life, give a respite to depressing care, strengthen self-respect, infuse warm and liberal emotions, quicken the best sympathies, and lend animation and support to the noblest powers. He would feel at once that he was man, known and honored as such, of higher importance, and more inestimable worth than the whole outward world. In this ennobling influence Christianity and Democracy are one. What, indeed, is Democracy but Christianity in its earthly aspect—Christianity made

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effective among the political relations of men. Christianity, in which it accords with every design of Providence, begins with individual man, addressing its lofty persuasions to him, and makes his full development its chief solicitude and care. The obstacles reared by artificial life it throws aside; the rubbish heaped by centuries of abuse upon the human spirit it removes, the better to unfold man's inward beauty, and bring forth man's inward might. A single soul is worth more in its sight than suns or stars. It has a value more enduring than States. The proudest thrones may crumble, the broadest empires contract and become nothing, but the spirit of the meanest man can never perish; for it is the germ of an immortal, ever-expanding, ever-quickening existence.

HYMN TO OUR GOOD GENIUS.

"Each soul is watched by two genii; one, its friend and faithful guardian, is unceasingly engaged to guide it unharmed through the mazes of life."—*Wieland.*

O, protect us, gentle spirit,
  Ever linger near our side;
Leave us not alone to wrestle
  With our fearful, fiendish guide.
Oft we see him bending o'er us,
  Haunting us with visage grim;
Wilt thou soothe our frantic anguish?
  Shield our trembling souls from him?

We would cling to thee for shelter
  From his vile malignant arts,
When with semblance fair, deluding,
  He would lure our trusting hearts.
Like those bright unreal fountains,
  Wary travellers ever shun,*
In the treacherous distance floating,
  Ever gleaming, never won!

We would ask no vain redemption
  From our heritage of ill;
We would tread this harsh ordeal,
  With a brave, unshrinking will;

* "The Shuhrab or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat."

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Fain would we shine forth more holy,
  Touched by fleeting, earth-born wo,
Like that lake,* which, tost by tempests,
  Sparkles with more radiant glow.

Lead our souls to worship Nature,
  With a deep impassioned joy;
Let not wild Ambition tempt us,
  Let no vain regrets annoy;
Let us tread this land of changes,
  Loving all things true and fair,
Finding gladness by the way-side,
  Culling beauty every where!

Weak and erring, we implore thee,
  Guide us, guard us, holy one—
Like a tender mother, linger,
  Watching o'er her recreant son;
With serene and buoyant spirit
  Let us roam this foreign strand,
Ever ready for a summons
  To our blessed Father-land! A. E.

SONNET.

TO A CHILD.

How oft, fair form, when we have bent above
  Thy slumbering loveliness, to catch the breath
So soft, that scarce the down-flake it might move
Loosed from the gentle bosom of a dove,
  And sweet as a flower's sweet heart uttereth—
But for those strange, faint smiles whose fitful beams
Played, as we gazed, across thy infant dreams,
  When angels whispered thee, it seemed like death,
While now thy death a gentlest slumber seems!
Yet were it sin that grief our hearts should wring,
That they have come, so soon, alas! to bring,
  Those whispering angels, back to heaven again
  Thy spirit's sinless innocence, ere stain
Of earth one shade could cast upon its sunny wing.

August 13*th*, 1839.

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* "The Lake of Herkend, which, when tost by tempestuous winds, sparkles like fire."

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THE TASTE FOR POETRY.

Few persons are so rash as to say they do not relish Milton's Paradise Lost, and still fewer read it. We appeal to the critics themselves, and ask them, How often, during the last ten years, have you held in your hands Milton or Spencer, or even Shakspeare? And how often have you recurred to these great names, and spoken of them as if they were your daily study? It is as bad with the Bible, which is forever a subject of conversation. Its sublimity and pathos; its simplicity and clearness; its wisdom and adaptedness to all our moral wants and feelings, are set forth, upon occasions, with earnestness; and yet few books in the libraries of scholars are so seldom read and so rarely studied. It is considered proper to say such things, and generation after generation will repeat the axiom upon trust, and the scanty knowledge gained of the Sacred page by hearing it read on Sundays.

There are a set of conventional ideas, or so considered axioms, among literary people, to depart from which no one more dares than he does, at this day, to wear a cocked hat, and cue, and white-topped boots. Milton is in every body's mouth who hopes for reputation, scholarship, and taste, while his volumes lie dust-laden on the shelf. It is no small matter to get up a taste for poetry. It is no small matter to learn to read any book; to be able to feel in the mind ideas transferred from the printed page, as vividly as when uttered by the human voice, enforced by the gesture, and illuminated by the countenance. "Mistrust," says the author of Imaginary Conversations, "mistrust easy writing, easy verse-making, a knack at poetry." True poetry is hewn out from the deep mines of the soul. As it is not easily uttered, it is not easily read. We must come prepared to the task, as the priesthood who robe themselves and burn incense around the altar when about to touch the symbols of their religion. Milton and Shakspeare can no more be read and appreciated by a mind engaged in frivolous pursuits—can no more be fathomed by him who has never thought long and hard, and suffered, and wept, and agonized—than can the child's tiny boat live in the tempest on the broad ocean, or the back-thread, with which the boy fishes for minnows, can sound the depths of the sea. If, according to Bacon, "Poetry is the accommodation of the shows of things to the desires of the mind," how high and deep, how far and wide must be his reach who would understand and sympathize with the susceptive heart of the poet, with his "nameless unrest," "the blind struggle of a soul in bondage," "his sad, longing discontent;" often with his life-weariness, his moody melancholy, and mad, stormful indignation, borne on the tones of a wild and quite

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artless melody? What must be his preparation who would follow the poet in the aspirations of an immortal mind, spiritualized, in solitude perhaps, by communing with nature and abstraction from all gross and worldly pursuits?

At college anniversaries and Phi Beta Kappa festivals, in all professedly literary performances, there are certain names which the speaker feels bound to invoke and lug into his exercise; no matter whether he speak from actual knowledge or not; no matter whether he has ever read the authors he invokes or takes their sacredness by hearsay, he is safe in saying all manner of flattering things about them, and gains a reflected credit for taste and general acquaintance with literature. The fact is, the standards, as they are called, are studied little enough. In the flood of books, good and bad, which deluge the times, the old land-marks of literature are overwhelmed. It is as much as one can do to keep up with the march of modern writing, without making excursions backwards and sideways, to examine the castles and fortifications which thought once erected in the wars against ignorance, and superstition, and folly. Splendid editions of Addison and Goldsmith, of the English essayists and poets, grace the shelves of public libraries and private studies, while Talfourd and Bulwer, Lamb, Martineau, and Wordsworth are found never at hand upon the table. This is not written in a spirit of fault-finding, but as a bare statement of fact; and away, say we, with bubblings, affectations, and lying! Let men seem what they are; say what they know and feel; praise what they really admire, and choose what they love. To expect scholars to gather their food from the past alone is idle. They must find their main nourishment in the productions of those who embody in their works the spirit of the age, its deep interests and noble schemes for human advancement. Every writer is best understood in his own time. His forms of expression, his figures, allusions, his satire and praise, must all grow out of these passing events, important at the moment, but hardly worthy of a record in public memory. We except from this remark, of course, those who have portrayed *man* and not men; who have illustrated principles and not manners; who have not been so anxious for present fame and popularity as for truth and others' good.

The perfect scholar will become acquainted with the ancients and the predecessors of his age in letters, as the politician will record the progress of governments, but his interest and heart will be given to the present. Antiquity and distance will not blind him to faults; and he will remember that, if age and experience are worthy of attention, this is the old age of the world; that *now* we are profiting by the experience of the past.

However, to present one subject fully, there is some reason why we should look back for models upon which to form a taste for poetry. All the arts attained their highest perfection in a comparatively rude age, because there seemed to be a necessity for them. The people of those times, when books were unknown, were instructed by statues, pictures,

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and poems. Verse was the vehicle in which national events would most easily be handed down from father to son. Music and measure kept unadulterated what would have been liable to addition or subtraction in prose. Victories, sacrifices, instances of elevated patriotism, were embalmed in song. We may, then, well suppose that poetry attained a higher elevation in a time when it was needed, than when it was only a refuge from ennui or the pastime of a luxurious taste. Hence, Homer became the model of Virgil, and Milton was indebted to his predecessors.

But to return—while we contend that the majority of readers can have no appreciation of the highest poetry—a notion which accounts for the general neglect the best books have met with in the age in which they were produced, excepting national poets, like Homer and Burns—there are some fugitive pieces of poetry which have found an immediate answer in the human heart; so natural, so true, so easy do they seem; so directly do they address those feelings which warm the bosom of the ploughman and artisan no less than that of the scholar, the prince, and the sage. Gray's Elegy needs no commentator, almost no study. Its beauty, and harmony, and completeness, strike every reader, at once. Children love to recite it. Age finds consolation in its philosophy; and humble merit blushes, while he reads, to believe that there are some who respect his unnoticed existence. There are besides passages from Shakspeare and Milton, and short poems without number of other writers, which have passed into common use and notoriety, from the fact of their being found in school books, and their being drilled and hammered, *vi et armis*, into the ears of the young. But these are not always the purest specimens of poetry or of the style of their authors. They have been selected for their moral sentiment, for their obvious sense, perhaps their martial tone and adaptation to declamation. Such passages and poems are never forgotten. They go far to form the taste and ear; and in after-life they often come to us with new meaning and force, as we have become prepared by the events of life and growing minds to read them deeper.

Poetry exists in two forms, as does music: First, there is what may, for distinction, be called the poetry of nature; sweet harmonies dimly expressed in words; a sense of the beautiful and lovely, of peace, purity, and God, struggling up through an imperfect utterance. The affections of woman, love, childhood, evening, flocks, woods, and streams, contented labor, and family worship, form the theme of the natural poet's numbers. We sometimes find a simple story touchingly related, not depending upon the foreign aid of ornament, but the more graceful and winning, as it is left to stand by itself, like the "We are Seven" of Wordsworth. This is true, natural poetry. Those verses of Burns, to "Mary in Heaven," would occur to any warm, devoted heart, under like circumstances; he had the habit of versifying, and put them down for every one to admire and weep over. These, too, are natural poetry.

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Burns was a natural poet, almost more than any other. We read such poetry with a feeling similar to that with which we listen to the music of birds, or the noise of waterfalls. Second, comes poetry as an art; lines and poems written by rule and precedent, conforming to the definitions, criticisms, and conventionalities. This last, like difficult pieces of music, performed with great skill of execution, where the pleasure we feel arises rather from wonder than any concord of sweet sounds we can discover, may surprise, please, and satisfy the judgment, but it touches not the heart.

There are many minds which have a taste for poetry without any trick of rhyme, as there are some with exquisite ears for music, who know nothing of the science. They perhaps do not even know the name of distinguished poets, and they make no pretensions to knowledge. These have been educated and prepared for this gift "by the gentle breeze of Heaven," by suffering, by blessings, by joys, and tears. Their sensibilities have been tuned to chord with rich notes and deep mysteries. Who that has never wept and mourned can do full justice to the poetry of a Hemans? Who that has never had his mind torn and distracted by doubt can understand the poetry of Shelley? Can he who never loved find out Shakspeare's meaning in his sonnets? Can he who never prays understand the Bible? When men bring out their arranged stores of learning, and display them by art, these impulsive minds we speak of may withhold their sympathy, for their thoughts and emotions must come unbidden, and of themselves, as the wind in blowing when it listeth may chance to touch the strings of the Æolian harp, and awaken heavenly concords.

But it is not a love of the mysterious and vague which constitutes a taste for poetry. It is not a love of harmonious words and flowing sentences, apt antitheses, and ingenious rhyme. A love and taste for poetry is the love and taste for beauty and excellence, for noble sacrifice and devoted patriotism, for disinterestedness and self-forgetting, for nature and God. These feelings must be at the bottom of every heart that would hope to find an answering chord in his bosom for the true inspiration of the poet, however they may be hidden from observation by habit and passion, by bodily wants and infirmities. There are no contradictions in the character any more than there are in mathematics and the natural sciences; it is our imperfect knowledge of each other's motives and feelings that gives appearances of them.

"To be a good orator," says Cicero, "one must be a good man." No less necessary is goodness to the poet, the artist, and philosopher. How vain to look for those states of holy enthusiasm and entrancement, in which great deeds are accomplished in the arts, in minds debased by selfishness and mean vices! "Let him who would write heroic poems," says Milton, "make his life an heroic poem," and let him who would read and feel the true spirit of poetry devote himself to noble ends and lofty contemplations; otherwise he will see, as through a glass, darkly.

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EISLEBEN—THE HOME OF LUTHER.

Spot blessed of heaven! the halo round thee shed,
  Is a bright emanation from above;
A glorious mantle softly o'er thee spread
  By him whose self is purity, whose motive, love.
The spirit has descended like a dove,
  And rests upon thee, as if glad to find
One genial place on earth, wherein to move:
  A home with man, whose reason sin would bind,
  Unless 'twere conquered by the immortal mind.

Here genius dwelt; and glowing like the sun,
  Its rays gave light and heat to all around;
Here inspiration hung on mortal tongue,
  And fancy soared from hence, on wings unbound.
While man was bent with error to the ground,
  And darkness brooded o'er benighted earth,
A ray of light shot through th' abyss profound,
  Which from the heaven of heavens received its birth—
  Borne on by wings divine, the ray went forth.

As when the summer sun,—which veiled has been,
  The live-long day, peeps slily forth at eve,
And bids the world, and every busy scene,
  A short adieu, as if 'twere sad to leave—
Is mirrored brightly from the placid wave
  Of some sequestered, quiet, forest lake,
Which still, like hope to all this side the grave,
  Is bright, the gathering storms too soon may break,
  And that which now reposes, then awake.

So gleamed this heavenly ray; and shining here,
  Found, midst surrounding gloom a mirror bright,
Which, tho' the world without was dark and drear,
  Was fitted to reflect its holy light.
Long may it shine, and long to mortal sight
  Be like the "fiery pillar's" awful glow,
Which guided Israel's hosts through darksome night,
  When to the promised land they journeyed slow,
  And 'scaped from bondage, misery and wo.

Cambridge. M. D.

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THE BEQUEST.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

"Is he coming?"

A lamp dimly burning upon one of those curiously-carved oak tables so common in the times of our ancestors, displayed, as the words were spoken, an intense anxiety in the countenance of an aged man, evidently "sick unto death," and who seemed to fear that life would not hold out until the object of his wish had been attained. The nurse to whom the enquiry was directed, who stood leaning against the post of the antique bed, holding back, with her hand, its thickly-figured arras hangings, turned a listening ear to the half-open door for a moment, and then, reverting to the pale features of the invalid, answered, in that low, hesitating voice so affectingly assumed by almost all attendants towards the dying—as if afraid to dissipate the slightest hope that could be formed at such a time—"I don't hear him yet, but he'll be here this moment; he can't be far off."

"I hope not—I hope not," said the patient, closing his eyes in the very intensity of his feelings—"My George cannot sure be so lost as to avoid the dying bed of his father."

"No, no, sir, indeed not," answered the nurse in an earnest tone, and again turning anxiously to the door. "I am sure he will be here—— Stay"—and she listened a moment longer—"There he comes—I hear his step below." As she spoke, the distant sound of a footstep could indeed be distinguished. It became more distinct; and an evident satisfaction, in the certainty of accomplished hope, lightened up the stiffening features of the aged man: his eyes were closed, but his lips moved in the utterance of a grateful devotion. Another moment, and a young man—his face flushed from the midnight revel, and his whole appearance highly indicating the excitement of intemperance—rushed hurriedly into the room. There is something in the silence—in the gloom—in the unworldlike seclusion of the sick apartment, which, stern and callous must be that heart of which it will not instantly and deeply solemnize the feelings. Thus immediate was the change in the deportment of the reveller: the hasty, almost boisterous step with which he had ascended the stairs was instantly, even unconsciously, hushed into the stealthiest pace; and the features, inflamed with prolonged excitement, assumed at once an expression of seriousness as tender as if the heart alone had caused the difference. Even his very air seemed to lose the wildness which excitement and disordered dress had imparted to it;

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and, as he softly and with downcast eyes approached the bed where his suffering parent lay—his expressive features indicating the deep sorrow of a disposition naturally affectionate—he looked more like a penitent, coming to receive a deserved and promised blessing, than a rake, scarce conceding to the solemn and oft-repeated message of the dying the few moments reluctantly snatched from his absorbing pleasures. When he reached the bedside of his father, and took the clammy hand which was in silence extended to him, and saw, by the faint light of the solitary lamp so strongly contrasting with the glare and brilliance he had left, the damp dew of approaching death gathering upon those features which, in the unwarped impulse of his better nature, he had loved,—the last remnant of hardened feeling at once gave way, and, completely overcome by the sight, he burst into tears. The old man was evidently gratified by the exhibition of a tenderness he had scarce expected.—"George," said he, in a voice tremulous between pain and satisfied desire, "I knew you would not disappoint the last wish of your father." The young man, as if awakened fully, though too late, to the value of the parent's love he had lost, answered only by more convulsive sobbing.

"I feel I shall not be long with you," he continued; "and what little I have to say, I must say quick." As he spoke, he motioned the attendant from the room.

When they were alone, he desired his son to hand him some papers from the drawer of a neighboring secretary. The father watched him narrowly, as the young man laid a large bundle of parchments and sealed writings upon the bed; but his features betrayed no sentiment incompatible with the deep emotion of the time. The invalid, as he took the documents in his hand, made an effort to raise himself in the bed, and, with a voice strengthened to the utmost of his power for the occasion, addressed his weeping son. "George," said he, "here are the title-deeds of a noble property, which you will inherit, unimpaired, from a long line of ancestors. There was a time when your talents and your disposition alike made me look forward to the prospect of your succession with pleasure, in the hope that, while you enjoyed and improved it, you would be, like them, a blessing to your country, and reflect credit upon an ancient name. That hope is gone; and, while I make over to you an estate which the whole object of my life has been to cultivate and embellish, I do it with the melancholy presentiment that, in a few years, if not less time, it will pass from your hands to some of the profligate associates with whom you have connected yourself.—The hopeless infatuation which characterizes your conduct can tend to no other course; and the melancholy reflection is aggravated by the consciousness that your conduct is the result of criminal and disgraceful folly."

Here the venerable man, overcome by his feelings, sank back upon the pillow, and remained silent for a moment; during which, his son, as if conscious of the justice of his reflections, continued only to sob with

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increasing bitterness. When the invalid had recovered sufficient strength, he again proceeded:

"My perfect conviction of the hopelessness of your conduct has caused me to make over to you my hereditary castle and estate, with one reservation, to the observance of which I will bind you by the most solemn promise you can give."

Here the old man was interrupted by the earnest and half-choked voice of his son. "Dearest father!" said he, "you crush me to the ground with your bounty. I am quite undeserving of even the smallest kindness. I now see how atrocious, how unpardonable, have been my crimes."

"That consciousness on your part, my son," resumed the dying, "awakens hope which soothes me in my last moments; but the long trial I have given you will not allow me to swerve from my resolution. I leave you all the property of which I am possessed, with this single reservation—that, so long as *you, yourself*, remain master of the estate and Castle of Bullafrin, where your ancestors have resided in honor for six centuries, *so long will you allow the small chamber beneath the tower in the left wing to remain* UNOPENED."

The young man started with involuntary surprise. The testator, without manifesting any emotion, continued:

"If—as I am not without hope—the feelings of the present time may strengthen your heart to a life of virtuous and manly resolve, then, as at present, that chamber is to remain during your life consigned to obscurity and neglect. Sufficient for yourself and for me, that you have become reformed: in that event, you will never seek to unveil a secret intended only for the last and most abandoned state of depravity to which human nature could arrive."

Surprise and astonishment contended with contrition in the repenting son, as he heard the simple, but singular, condition annexed to such a munificent bequest. Self-abased and deeply affected, he had thought that to cut from him two-thirds of his estate had not been a punishment equal to his deserts; and there was deep sincerity in his heart when he solemnly and earnestly assured his dying parent that his first act would be to build up the door he had alluded to, and so let it remain for ever. With energy and full determination, he inwardly resolved, indeed, to abandon a course of life which he now bitterly reprobated, and of which he regretted, with agony, that he had not awoke to its enormity sooner.

"Father," said he, in a voice which, while it faltered with deep distress, was still strengthened with the firmness of a settled purpose, "I will from this day reform. If I have hurt your best feelings while living, I will not disgrace your memory when dead, by a continuance in conduct so abandoned. O that I had resolved so earlier!"

"Had you, my child," resumed the evidently much-suffering invalid, "you would not have broken your father's heart—you would have been spared the pain of witnessing a deathbed which, however soon it might

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have been expected in the course of nature, has nevertheless been the premature result of the profligacy which I could not stem. However, could I be but certain of the durability, as I am of the sincerity, of your present determination, I should die happy in having witnessed such a change—which I now solemnly pray may be lasting."

"Indeed—indeed, father, indeed it will," sobbed the deeply affected son.

"In that case, George, you will inherit this estate with your father's blessing; and long and happy may your enjoyment of it be. But if, on the contrary,"—and here his features relapsed into that unmoved solemnity which, at such a time, always indicates incredulity,—"if you should disappoint my present hopes—if, contrary to my expectations, you will desecrate the wishes of your parent in the grave—if you return to your present practices, and continue in them until your profligacy has ruined yourself, dishonored me, and disgraced your ancestors—if, lost to every sense of virtue and of shame, you go on till you have dissipated, by your reckless extravagance, the splendid inheritance that I leave you,—then, when you have squandered all, when you are completely destitute, and have consigned away that ancient castle and its wide domains—then, and then only, will the unusual condition with which my painful impression as regards your conduct has induced me to clog your inheritance, become operative. When, therefore—and not before—you shall have squandered away the estate on which your ancestors have lived for so many centuries, and shall have been reduced, by your misconduct, to hopeless and absolute beggary—THEN, *and not till then, you are to open the chamber I have mentioned; which, otherwise, you are to keep eternally and sacredly closed.*"

Here the old man stopped for a moment, as if to observe the effect which a communication so singular would make upon his agitated son; but he seemed too entirely absorbed in grief to attend to any thing else. He proceeded: "I have now done. You must give your promise to a dying man that you will adhere to these conditions."

There was evident truth in the voice and the manner of that young man, as he knelt by the bedside of his departing parent, and solemnly promised a reformation of his ways; and there was satisfaction, even happiness, in the look of the aged father, as he witnessed his sincerity of purpose, and heard him, in the deep stillness of night—his voice only broken by sobs of penitence—give utterance to the assurance that his profligate son would, throughout life, direct his conduct by the resolution of that moment, and ever after live so as to justify the hopes and disappoint the fears of a dying father. However, though in pleased approval he put his hand upon the head of the kneeling and contrite youth, the old and now fast sinking man did not speak again: perhaps he could not. In the long effort which he had made, he had evidently collected and exhausted the last energies of sinking nature; and, now that the great object of his heart, and of so many years, and sighs, and tears, had been

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accomplished—when he heard that vow of reform breathed by his apostate son—as if he had nothing further for which to live, and as if nature had seconded his wish—with his hand scarce yet removed from the head which it had blessed, he fell back gently and expired.

So softly had the good old man yielded up his breath, that, for some moments, the young heir remained still in the attitude of the penitent, waiting for an expected response: but it came not; and the awful stillness of the apartment, broken by his own sob-like breathings, arresting his attention, he raised his eyes—and they rested upon the dead! He was deeply shocked. The lamp, now flickering in its socket, diffused a fitful light throughout the apartment; and there, with its rays, now dim, now unnaturally bright, playing upon the repulsive features of recent death, lay, for ever still, the venerable man, whose heart had been too surely broken by him who now survived to gaze upon the ruin he had wrought. The first impulse of a disposition far from naturally profligate, was to fling himself upon the bed, beside the corpse of his parent and benefactor, and give way, without restraint, to the bitterness of the grief which oppressed him. There the nurse found him; and there—such is the sympathy ever felt for such emotion—the good woman left him, with touching consideration for his sorrow; and she softly closed the door upon the dead father and the mourning son, with feelings considerably changed towards the youth, since, as a hardened and almost heartless youth, he had entered the apartment, reluctantly obeying the earnest and oft-repeated summons of his parent.

The next morning, his eyes still swollen with copious weeping, and his countenance bearing strong traces of his penitence and sorrow, George De Vezé sat in a lower apartment of his residence, while his attendants were busied in rendering the last offices to the deceased. He had scarce yet recovered from the shock which the solemn event he had witnessed had given to his feelings, and had completely given way to the deepest regret, mingled with projects of future amendment, when the door suddenly opened, and a young man, dressed in the extreme fashion of the time, entered the apartment. A laced hat, borne under his left arm, displayed to advantage an elaborately curled and powdered peruke, while his richly embroidered dress was arranged with the nicest taste, and the sword, then universally worn, rested in an affected manner upon his left arm: he advanced rapidly towards the weeping, sorrow-stricken youth, and before he had time to say a word, had seized him by the hand:

"Ha—my dear George! How d'ye do, my fine fellow, I wish you joy from the bottom of my heart—seven thousand a year, unencumbered—a town residence, and fifty thousand in the funds,—and last and not least, your old croaking father got rid of. By G—, you ought to be a happy fellow. What—weeping!—Poh, this is too bad before me. *That* may do very well for the fusty old aunts and uncles, but it is too good a joke for Phil Richter. Get up my boy and give me an heir's shake of the hand." So saying, he slapped him on the back, and before his friend could reply to his

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disgusting volubility, the overjoyed rake, as if anticipating the first pluck from the full feathered heir, hurried him out of the room. Dissipated, reckless, profligate as young De Vezé had been, he was not heartless; and in the unhealed soreness of his sorrow and his contrition, there was an openness of depravity in the conduct of one who had been till now his most intimate associate that struck him with horror and indignation. Forcibly disengaging himself from his grasp, he rebuked him in a manner that abashed the licentious fop; and still further confirmed in his intention to reform, by the unfeeling levity he had witnessed, he retired to spend the remainder of the day, and to fortify his resolutions, in the chamber of the dead. However afflicted he was in truth, the heir of so large a fortune could not be left long to sorrow in retirement. The death of his father occurred at his town residence in Dublin, which, in the beginning of the last century, was one of the gayest cities of Europe. Enlivened by the presence of a court little inferior at all times, and under some viceroys even superior in brilliancy to that of St. James, then scarce existing under the formal and repulsive auspices of the First George, and the residence, for half the year, of the munificent nobility of Ireland, besides the members of its old aristocratic parliament, and of the numbers of the young nobility of England employed in the public offices, there was no species of refined or profligate pleasure that was not to be found within its limits. While ever remarkable for the social and hospitable qualities of its inhabitants, it was the continual resort of those gay and happy spirits, who are ever anxious to seek in society a relief from care. In such a place, and among such circles, it was not to be expected that the heir of a property so large, or the son of a man so much respected as was his deceased father, would be allowed to spend the days of his mourning in solitude and silence. Visits of condolence from many, and of congratulation from more, were to be received; and though George De Vezé celebrated his father's obsequies with far more of real grief than is generally found amid similar pompous ceremonials, yet the continual repetition of such visits, with the habit of finding himself master of a splendid residence and almost unlimited wealth, gradually wore off the first severity of his grief, and with it the rigid sincerity of his penitence.

George De Vezé took possession of the noble estate of which he had become the master. In one of the western counties, on a bluff that overlooked the wide Atlantic, stood the lofty baronial castle of his fathers. Its turrets, that had often echoed to the trumpet of the times of chivalry, overlooked a demesne and grounds of wide extent and unrivalled beauty; and as the young lord of that feudal heritage stood on one of its towers, and beheld the fields and woods and lawns stretching into distance, which had come down to him unimpaired from so long a line of ancestors, he could not help honouring the care and anxiety which his venerated father had taken to preserve it, and he vowed more ardently than ever to adhere to his resolution of never again indulging in a course of profligacy which might possibly endanger its possession. He went down to view the apart-

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ment which had been left to him under such a singular restriction. At the end of a low and heavy arched way, he stood before the door, secured with triple locks and bars, which closed out the dread secret which his dying father had so strangely yet so awfully surrendered to his discretion, and which, in his then feelings, he could not help wishing might never be divulged. "Yes," said he with solemnity, as he gazed upon the strong fastenings of the door, "remain forever shut upon the dark knowledge, the attainment of which is to be horribly inseparable from the last and the basest state of depravity. The object of my father was wise; but what he has stored for me in that forbidden chamber shall never be revealed, and these doors, so strongly closed, shall remain inviolable as his own tomb." Full of this resolution, and chastened by unavoidable reflections, he turned away, and gave immediate orders to have the doorway built up with the strongest masonry, that the apartment might remain for ever concealed, and after his death be forgotten.

* * * * * * *

Fair fell the light of a hundred lamps upon a brilliant scene: walls old and fantastic, but wreathed with fresh flowers of many a varied hue,—dresses stiff and cumbersome, but decking fair and happy dames and gallant and courtly men. The heir had taken possession of his estate. George De Vezé had mourned in decency for his father, and the world had rumoured that, like Henry the Fifth, he had forsaken his former practices and companions, and, with better opportunities and better means, had resolved to become a better man. The old castle was alive with visiters. Its narrow windows poured forth a stream of brilliance on "the dusky air," which, to anxious visiters continually pressing through its dark avenues of oak, made it seem like the illuminated palace of a fairy king—and music echoed from its walls, and the song and the dance lent wings of pleasure to the night. All, all, were happy; and elated was the gentleman, and proud was the lady, who attracted the notice of the young lord in whose honour was this festal mirth. It may seem strange to the reader that a distinguished individual among the throng was the courtly Richter, whose unseemly congratulations on the morning of his father's death were so offensive to the fresh grief of young De Vezé. Yet so it was. That heartless rake was one of the most eminent leaders of the city ton. One of those common characters in European fashionable life, who, without rank and destitute of fortune, often mysteriously contrive, by means unknown to the world at large, to support a brilliant appearance, and by a specious plausibility to render themselves arbiters of taste, and make even their vices glitter to the public. Repulsed in the first sincerity of his former companion's sorrow and repentance, he had too much sagacity not to comport his future demeanour to a state of feeling which he dare not ridicule, and his designs upon the facile disposition of the wealthiest heir of the day were far too important to himself to be abandoned without an effort towards their attainment.

The accomplished libertine had not reckoned without his host; the

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easy and generous disposition of George, for ever leading astray a mind naturally noble and inclined to virtue, the force of long continued dissipation and of uneradicated habits, alike disposed a young man easy of temptation, and with unbounded means to gratify his desires, to listen to the insidious counsel of advisers such as Richter, ever on the look-out for similar objects as their prey.

The guests had departed; the gala days of festivity and rejoicing were over, and only the more favoured intimates of its owner remained to share the quiet and elegant hospitality of Bullafrin Castle. The evening of one of those lovely autumnal days, that sometimes diffuse the beauty of a brighter climate through the moist but invigorating atmosphere of Ireland, had shed its own peculiar purple and transparent light over the rich landscape which the noble residence of De Vezé commanded. Near a rustic seat, beneath a clump of magnificent oak, on the lawn, stood the young heir and his friend;—our readers, we presume, can already guess the individual who stood to our hero in that sacred character. Both were admiring the superb appearance which the imposing castle before them gave to the view. Based upon a high and abrupt eminence in their immediate front, stood the noble fabric, in full relief against the glories of the setting sun, while a patch of water that half filled the valley, glowing with gold and purple, caught the full beauty of its massive shadow, and mirrored the whole edifice in its breezeless surface. A conspicuous feature in that first object of a landscape which Claude Lorraine would have loved to sketch, was the great western tower of the castle, which, proudly towering over the rest of the building, and surmounted by the drooping folds of his family ensign, seemed an object to catch and fix the attention where there was so much beside to interest it. The mysterious secret locked up within its silence, heightened as it was by busy rumour and exaggerating conjecture, was, however, the spell which fixed upon it the eager eye of curiosity, and none could gaze upon its noble and time-worn outline, without feeling the strongest anxiety to know what could it contain of wonderful or momentous, the disclosure of which would cause the forfeiture of the lordly domains around. Such were the feelings that actuated Richter, and most probably its owner, as they stood gazing upon the tower. The feelings of the former were intensely excited—"George," said he, after a pause in which the eyes of both had been directed to the same object; "there must be an astounding sum buried in that chamber by your eccentric father; his expenses were trifling, and the ready cash he has left is not by any means so much as might have been expected from a man of his wealth; besides, what became of that immense fortune which was left him in India many years ago. I would not be surprised if he has not withheld millions from your enjoyment by that singular and insidious clause. If it were me, now, I would say such a provision would be better broken than kept."

"*Never*," was the emphatic answer which the young man returned. His mind was yet too full of the recent scenes and recent feelings to

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permit another. The cautious querist changed his course and continued:

"At all events, my dear fellow, there is no reason why you should waste yourself and your income here in obscurity. Come with me to the city; your appearance there will be hailed with joy, and with your advantages you may become with ease the undisputed leader of fashion and fashionables."

The wily speaker had well calculated on the latent propensities of his hearer. The love of such distinction was organized in the heart of De Vezé, and he, who would have started in horror from a more open attack of vice, found himself listening with complacency to the glowing pictures of one who only drew them to destroy him. His companion marked well the effect of his words, and continued: "There can be no destiny, my dear George, more glorious than to find yourself acknowledged by the best and the greatest in the land as the paragon of taste, and the mirror of accomplishments; to be looked up to; to be envied by your superiors in rank; to find yourself the idol of the fair, and the orb round which every votary of pleasure must circle, or be dim. What say you, my dear fellow—all this is in your power: come with me to the city and fulfil your fate."

How easily are the weakly virtuous misled from good. Young De Vezé had once been the gayest of the gay; he had quaffed the intoxicating cup of enjoyment so often, that the pure and simple delights of a good life had lost their relish; and though a mind not naturally vicious would have started at the idea of again plunging into the depths of dissipation from which he had been recalled, and a return to which by him would be deepest infamy, yet the prospect of indulging in his favorite gaiety, without breaking his proposed amendment, was too dazzling a temptation for a character whose good resolves were not the effect of conviction, but of feeling; besides, he had so long been in the habit of looking to the prospect of his inheritance as a means of new and unattainable pleasures, that even had his virtue been of a sterner cast, it would have endured many trials, ere such cherished inclinations could have been sacrificed to it. With such feelings and such a state of mind, the conversation and company of the most veteran and designing rake of his time could not but produce an adequate effect. After the departure of Richter, young George De Vezé might have been seen thoughtfully pacing, with folded arms, along the walk where they had been standing. In his conversation with his dying father, he had not been insincere; but there was a kindling flash in his eye, and high excitement on his cheek, with a wreath of triumph on his lip, which told that his thoughts and his determinations were far different from those watered by his repentant tears.

The last lingering objection of virtuous inclination answered or overcome, how very soon the passions and the disposition become seared to the warning voice that ever rises in the breast. De Vezé removed to town; the commodious residence of his father suited not the elegance

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of his taste, nor the ambition of his heart; the most splendid mansion in the city accommodated his magnificent fetes, and echoed night after night with the most brilliant revelry of the season; the useful equipages of his parent gave way to every variety of luxurious vehicle, and the most high-bred racers of the turf. In every refinement of an expensive era he indulged, and in every fastidious taste he was a model. George De Vezé was admired by all, and was talked of by all: he saw himself at the head of fashion's throng, and he was content, nor cast a single thought in the fulness of his enjoyment towards either the deep memories of the past, or the dark probabilities of the future. Not so, however, was the bosom friend, who, it was observed, was never absent from the side or house of the prodigal. Of all the lavish expenditure of his dupe, he found that but a small portion reached himself, and he dreaded the time when such unexampled proficiency of an unembarrassed heir in the arts of profusion would reduce his abundant means to penury, and leave *him* no better than he was. The gambling table hitherto had De Vezé avoided; but a time when habits that would have shocked the nicer morality of a later period were customary, even with the sober and respectable, could not fail in ways by which one disposed to squander could scatter amazing wealth. Thus two seasons of continual dissipation had already crippled the great resources of the wealthiest young man of the day, and De Vezé found himself considerably embarrassed at a time when he would have needed all his unencumbered resources to support the character which was his ambition, and which he had already acquired. A young monarch had ascended the throne of England at a time when all the subjects of the empire were excited by the successes of a glorious war, and the pageantaries of a new succession afforded an opportunity for one of De Vezé's habits to distinguish himself, which he was eager to embrace. By the aid of usurers, the large sums he required were speedily raised, and, transplanted to the gay court of London, a new and a higher circle of pleasures were opened to the grasp of him who so shortly before had sworn to renounce them, and in the acquisition of which he soon proved himself to be one of the aptest of scholars. As the means of the growing profligate, however, diminished, his appetites increased, and in a short time he resorted to the dice-box, both for its precarious chances of better fortune, and for the excitement, without which he could not live. At first he was sparing of his money, and not very prodigal of his time; but no habit grows like that of gambling, and it soon became the whole employment of his life. This was the state to which the *friend* to whose guidance he had committed his destiny had longed to bring him, and that insidious designer soon found his profit in the facility of his victim, and the magnanimity with which he sacrificed enormous sums and a credit unimpaired. How terrible is the intoxication of the soul; how deep, deep must be the draught of excitement which can bury reason, and conscience, and fear in the dreadful desire of more, more, more. George De Vezé soon found himself involved in

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stupendous embarrassments; but their weight seemed only to impart a more feverish anxiety for indulgence in their cause, and instead of endeavoring to extricate himself by the strenuous exertions of self-denial and resolution, he only sought to destroy them by the same means by which they were created, and feasted himself with the deadly hope of a sudden disenthralment by deeper indulgence in the course which had brought them on.

There is nothing new in the gambler's history; each vicissitude in the dark progress to destruction has been so often narrated, that ingenuity can add nothing of horror to its details: so that De Vezé having been once smitten with that insatiable mania which is the worst feature of play, it can excite no surprise that in a short time he could have arrived at that state in which he could do nothing else. But there are changes and seasons even in such periods of intense excitement, and with him all the former fevers he had ever endured of agony, or hope, or fear, had become wrought up and surpassed in one last and fearful spasm, to which all his energies had been wound up. For three successive days and nights the risks had lasted, and without closing an eye during the time, De Vezé found himself, on the evening of the fourth, not only cleared of all his embarrassments, but interested favorably in a very large surplus, which, once his own, would have repaired the follies and extravagancies of years. His antagonist was the only individual with whom our tale has made him acquainted, and who now, sinking the insidious game which he had long been playing, had thrown off the mask and stood forth, in the most hateful colours, his stern and determined spoiler. Both parties were interested to a state of wild excitement—the one maddened that the gathered gains of all his villainy should be so near being swept from him, and the other trembling with agony at the hope, that with one successful throw the inroads of extravagance on his property would all be repaired. The loaded dice which were to decide the whole were in the hands of Richter, and fearful was the look of both, when, after a convulsive rattle, he dashed the box upon the table. There was no disguisal in the strain of each ere the cover was removed from the arbiters of their fate, and no concealment of emotion in their faces after they had seen the throw. With terrible quickness De Vezé saw that he had lost, and with a more terrible determination he called for another throw, and redoubled his stake. With ready acquiescence his companion acceded, and again the demented youth lost an independence. Now indeed had the scene became terrific: a few more throws, as if to dare his determined bad fortune, and George found himself divested of every thing available that he possessed, and involved in liabilities greater than the whole amount of his property was worth. At that moment, all awfully as he was roused, he felt and knew that the turning point of his existence had arrived. Stop then he might and be ignobly poor, but not dishonest, for the remainder of his life. Go on, and he might be ruined beyond a remedy, or he might be restored in another moment to the independence

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he had lost. Those who have passed through the symptoms of that dread disease where choice is dragged along by maddened passion, and where every moral impulse is strained to the keenest consciousness, can be at no loss to know in what his hesitation ended.

"Again, again!" he cried; "all or nothing. I'll try it once again"—while his face, perfectly pale, except one crimson spot on either cheek—as if all the hot blood of his frame had been concentred there—showed how tensely the springs of life were wound up in his excitement. His adversary, ghastly and trembling in the certainty that he had realized his wildest hopes, yet still preserving all a villain's purpose, threw off the mask at last.

"Before we play again," said he, "you must produce your stake, or its equivalent: now, we cannot go on words."

Exasperation, rage and insulted feeling were all evident in the excited features of the denuded heir.

"This from you to me!" said he—and his lip quivered as he spoke; but, as if feeling, after a moment's pause, that now was his time or never, he drew from his pocket, and dashed down upon the table, an assignment of his whole estate. "There is my stake," said he, in a half-choking voice; "that surely will be sufficient."

The spoiler could not conceal the glistening rapture in his eye, nor prevent his hand from eagerly clutching at the precious paper; but the hardened iniquity of the gambler did not even then overcloud the determined wickedness of his nature, now that he was secure of all that his wretched dupe could give. He looked at the instrument for a moment, then coolly flung it down. "Embarrassed as this property now is," said he, "it is not worth, by many thousands, the amount of the stake for which we play; nor is the assignment complete—the possession of one chamber and its contents is expressly reserved."

"So it must—so it shall be," said the irritated and disappointed profligate, with iron purpose.

The successful gambler saw the state to which his dupe was roused; and, not content with the possession of property greater than he had ever imagined for himself, he still grasped, with insatiable purpose of heart, at more. The recollection of that mysterious chamber had made a deep and ineffaceable impression on a diseased and dishonest mind; and, now that it was in his power, he eagerly grasped at an opportunity of seizing its contents, and he demanded that it should be opened, and one-half of its probable treasures included in the stake—on which condition alone he would agree to play on.

It was a dreadful moment for the wretched prodigal. Were then his father's worst anticipations to be not only realized, but was he, after having attained that very height of infamy which had been laid down as indispensable in order to obtain a knowledge of that secret—which, in any aspect should be called calamitous—was he then to divide his very interest in its possession? Even in the feelings to which he was roused,

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the thought was staggering; but that craving which gnawed his soul must be satisfied, and that recurring and ever-destructive thought to the gambler—"I *may win*"—served to decide his wavering determination. All, all was granted; and, with energies now screwed up to their highest point of tension, he sat down to witness the result of the last throw he could ever make.

Even while his fate was pending, there was something ominous and appalling in the appearance of the place and circumstances of the deed, which made the heart of the unfortunate young man feel sick and loathing. The red, dusky light of the untrimmed lamps contrasted horribly with a few pencils of golden daylight that found their way, ungracious and unregarded, to the unholy scene. There was expectation—eager, concentrated, burning expectation—in the eye of the successful gambler, that made his utterly bloodless visage seem completely fiendish; while the intensity of hope half turned to sickness—for knowledge was fearful even in that hour of its eclipse—and strong revulsion at his own degeneracy, made De Vezé feel half careless as to the result of the throw which he had procured by the deliberate consignment of himself to a father's curse. The other spectators, too, seemed scarce less interested, and surrounded the two principals in a haggard group. There was wretchedness in the very splendour of the apartment, and the wild disorder with which the costly furniture was strewed about, showing that all ordinary concern was infinitely beneath the thought of those around. All made up a picture which, had it been utterly divested of its fearful reality of life, would have formed, of itself, a most dread remembrance. At last, the throw was made; and, with a crash like thunder, George bolted from his motionless position. He had lost!

More he waited not to see. Other thoughts he delayed not to form. Foul play?—he dashed aside the suggestion: he only cared to know that *he had* arrived at that tremendous degeneracy he himself had believed impossible, and that he now stood out to the world—pointed at by the finger of the dead—the most depraved and abandoned wretch it had ever seen. But the fever was not yet over. Crime, and the consciousness of crime, were his; but that impurity of remembrance in which the possibilities that *he might* have won were only dwelt upon. There still existed in his mind the same dark renewal of the chances which might have altered his fate; and, while he felt the deep depth of depravity to which he had sunk, that purity of feeling was not yet born within him which would lead him to shun the courses which had brought him down. Could he have commanded then the wealth of a world, it would only have been to furnish him with the means of prolonging his infatuated career. The first relapse, therefore, from the agony of his disappointment, was occasioned by the hopes of finding an enormous treasure in the mysterious chamber of his father's will; and, full of the idea—with nothing to damp his anticipations but the thought that he must share what he discovered—he set out upon his return.

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His journey back was far different from the splendour with which, a short time before, George De Vezé had entered the British metropolis. An outcast from society and from virtue, he felt that he was degraded in his own estimation not less than in that of the world; for well he knew that his was one of the few cases of reversed fortune for which the sympathy of mankind is never felt. In destitution, therefore, and in misery, he travelled on his way; but, if he writhed beneath the grasp of poverty, it was only to curse the bad fortune, and not the practices, which had brought him to it.

It took two months of privation and weariness ere the outcast had arrived at the noble property which was once his own. The sun was just setting—but setting, shorn of his beams, upon a wintry landscape—and that dreariness and chill inseparable from the objects of nature then, sent back a current of agonizing feeling with more than sympathetic rigor to his heart. The blindness with which perverted and hardened sentiment never fails to obscure the moral sense began to roll away; and, for the first time, he was struck with the terrible depravity of his conduct. Sorrowful and ashamed, he made his way to that ancient avenue of oak in which, happy and contented, the last time he was at the place, he had stood in company with the very wretch who was now its owner, and admired, in conscious pride, the noble edifice of which his insidious friend had so soon despoiled him.

Had, then, all the dark and painful fears been realized which had obscured the dying moments of his father?—and stood he there, as that venerable man had dreaded, or rather predicted—and after all his promises of reform—a renegade and a beggar?—and saw he before him that very property estranged, by the madness of one intemperate minute, which, through so many generations, his ancestors had taken a pride and pleasure in preserving? There was enough of bitterness to himself in the thought; but the melancholy came home with a still sharper feeling, as the icy blast of night made him shiver through his tattered garments, and he saw, right before him, a burst of radiance streaming through the windows of the castle, still brighter with the accompanying noise and the laugh of careless merry-making within. After execrating the villain who had so deeply injured him, his only feeling was never to open the chamber which, in his unregenerate mind, had formed for so long a time his sole and ardent hope. But how strange is that constitution of mind, by which it ever comports itself and its sentiments to its present state, and seeks for every comfort and privilege that state will admit of. Thus, the very next thought of De Vezé, in his perfect consciousness of his predicted wretchedness, was—"Since I *have* then arrived at that very degree of infamy which once I deemed so visionary, why not attain that mysterious knowledge which was to be its privilege?—why not see what could be the singular secret which my father had so jealously guarded from the least degree of living worth?" His distempered imagination thought only

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of wealth; and already, in anticipation, once more possessed of enormous riches, and meditating, *with them*, schemes of future wariness and improvement, he resolved to submit his mind to the qualified degradation, and examine what was destined for him in the impenetrable chamber.

He quite forgot himself as he mounted those accustomed steps, and, as he rung the bell "with a chieftain's air," he recollected not for a moment what a desolate and degraded outcast he had become. He was soon, however, recalled to his present state, when a foreign porter, who opened the door, replied, in the surly insolence of office, to his inquiries for his master, "Master don't see such varment—beggars must go to the back gate—out, fellow!" and, suiting the action to the word, attempted to shut the door in his face. An intense gush of overpowering sensation for a moment made the wretched young man silent; but exasperation soon succeeded, and, dashing the minion back, he demanded, in the tone of a master, to see the owner of the castle. But there was still deeper exasperation in the breast of the wronged, but high-spirited outcast, when that wretch appeared, and, with the arrogance of a successful villain, demanded what the intruder wanted.

"Base miscreant," cried the irritated youth, "I want what you cannot withhold, and what will perhaps upset your ill-got and infamous title to the castle of De Vezé."

The tone of the villain instantly changed. Conscious that he held the princely property he had basely acquired solely by the denouement of the singular errand on which the injured youth had come, and expecting immense benefit from his own half of the expected treasures of the secret chamber, which, unless in the presence of its rightful owner, he dare not open, without forfeiting the estate, he affected ignorance of his identity, and led the outraged spendthrift to an inner apartment, where he endeavored, by every blandishment in his power, to make him forget the humiliating reception he had met with. But there was too much high-souled contempt for the mean scoundrel who had betrayed him, and too much self-abasement in his own mind, to permit any such approaches; and he sat down, in bitter silence, to await the time when he could proceed to his work without observation. Richter, who knew how much, to him, depended upon the former owner of the castle's recognition of his false and unattested claim to half the contents of the chamber, altered his manner, and attempted to menace his defenceless guest into submission. "Know, sir," said he, his dark and haggard features assuming all their natural ferocity, "that I possess an equal right in that chamber to yourself: the die on which I risked so much had that express stipulation. Half of its contents must and shall be mine." "Wretch," said George, all his lofty feeling kindling as he spoke, "I know the false and infamously acquired claim that you put forward. You shall have all, all that your infernal practices authorize you to claim—every spoliation, every exaction, shall be deducted; and what then remains my own, were it but a shilling, I will call too much.

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Now, leave my sight." He covered his face with his hands as he spoke, and sank back in his seat, speechless from bitterness and rage: the other, though well knowing how sacred was the word of De Vezé, was still too much of the villain not to make sure of the spoil, and demanded that none but themselves should be present at the opening of the room.—"Yes," said the unhappy young man, with emphasis, "let no one earthly witness the unholy deed—enough of spectators for me will be my own conscience and the angry spirit of my father."

"Now," said the exulting villain, as he left the room, quite unable to conceal his joy—"now are all my plans and wishes complete: a few short hours, and I will have attained the rich reward of all my deep-laid schemes." In the fervor of his animation, he uttered the malicious sentiment loud enough for the miserable George to hear it; but the pang it sent to his heart was too late to make it sorer—and, with eyes set and teeth clenched, from the conflicting horror of his feelings, the unhappy spendthrift awaited the silent hour of the night which was to determine whether he should be for ever a beggar, or enjoy the undeserved means of a more comfortable life.

Richter, altogether engrossed with the near prospect of the magnificent reward his atrocious villany was so soon to attain, was scarcely able to curb his impatience until the hour had arrived. He early dismissed the profligates who had assembled to wish a kindred spirit joy; and, when the castle clock had struck one, and all its inmates were buried in sleep, he proceeded to seek the unfortunate dupe of his artifices. Richter had provided a lanthorn, and the necessary implements to break down the wall; and, loaded with these, they both proceeded in silence through the subterraneous passage that led to the chamber which was the mysterious centre of the hopes of both. They arrived, without speaking—for each was too deeply engrossed with his own thoughts—at the end of the passage, which was far removed from the habitable parts of the building. They had some difficulty in discovering the aperture of the door which George, in the first sincerity of his transitory reformation, had so securely built up; and it was not without a sigh that betrayed agony of the deepest kind, that he contrasted, in his own mind, the sacreligious wickedness of the present attempt, and the holy feelings which actuated him then. He fancied he saw the glassy eyes of his father looming in the dusky shade; and, as the shrill wind whistled through the vacant vaults, he thought it was the fiendish laugh of demons exulting in his destruction. Quite unable to go on, he leaned upon his crowbar, and watched listlessly the progress of his comrade, who, with no such compunctious visitings, had already proceeded a good way in the destruction of the wall. Nothing could be stronger than the contrast the two figures presented. A lamp upon the ground threw a strong, but flickering light upon the scene; and, leaning on the iron bar—tall, ghastly, and spectral,—stood the disobedient son; his once beautiful hair, uncurled and powderless, fell in long, lank masses over his shoulders, and he stood gazing

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upon the door, as it was gradually disclosed, with an intensity of abstraction from which it would seem nothing could rouse him: the other, stripped of the richly laced coat of the time, plied the pickaxe and the chisel with incessant assiduity; the flowing locks of his thickly curled and stiffly powdered hair were tied back with a carelessness that denoted how all-engrossing was his present occupation—and his embroidered waistcoat and diamond-fastened silk stockings seemed strangely at variance with his employment;—this, with the full flush of expectation strongly pictured in his face, made him seem, as contrasted with the ragged garments and intensely set features of the other, like some brigand captain employing the information of a famished wretch to unveil some mighty spoil, which he was anxious to engross entirely himself.

When the masonry was all removed, De Vezé roused himself from his lethargy, and, from a receptacle which he had caused to be hollowed for the purpose, he took the keys of the triple-bolted door. Now, stimulated alike by dread curiosity and excited hope, each essayed to unlock the bars. After some difficulty, they succeeded; and, while the hearts of both were trembling and throbbing between high-raised expectation and an inexpressible awe and fear, they applied all their strength to force back the massive door. Creak upon creak, of fearful harshness, it yielded to the pressure. Finally, it flew back, with a violent crash, that echoed loudly through the vault, and with a force that dashed them both upon the ground, and immediately closed again violently upon them. The lamp which Richter held in his hand did not go out, and both were in an instant on their feet—their distempered imaginations picturing uncounted treasures of gold around them. Richter eagerly stretched out the lamp, and George strained his eyes to catch the first glimpse of well-filled coffers; but the thick dust which filled the air not only blinded them, but nearly put out the lamp with its dense clouds. As it subsided, they found themselves in a small square chamber, without any other furniture than a huge and triply-locked chest—towards which both immediately rushed.

"Here," cried the impatient Richter, utterly unable to conceal his grasping avarice or his extravagant joy. "Here are those enormous hoards which your singular father had been for years accumulating. Recollect the full half is mine! Half, Half!" "Wretch," cried De Vezé, himself completely unprepared for so vast a treasure, and forgetting alike his remorse and his sufferings in the possession of the rich legacy, "doubly accursed wretch, the tenth part of what you claim would have made up the deficiency which I required. But I care not. Though, as in everything, I have been most infamously cheated and plundered, you shall have your half, even to the uttermost farthing. Let us open the chest." The atrocious profligate, more than half afraid that a demand so much exceeding either his hope or his fancied claim would never have been complied with, was overjoyed to find so much honour exist in one whom he had so grievously wronged, and with eager haste endeavored to open the locks which would

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make him one of the richest men of the country. "I dare say," said he, as he worked with earnest assiduity to force the rusty lock, "that this immense sum will be all in Caroluses of the last century; good coin they are, and fine gold; the old gentleman used to say they were the only things to lay past." The scoundrel even seemed to think that in this unexpected good fortune, the dupe he had ruined, and betrayed, and swindled, ought to forget his villany. "George, my brave fellow," continued he, "I told you never to despair: you have now got what will set you up once more; you will be able again to cut your accustomed figure." But the young man had too deep a sense of the lasting and irreparable injury the knave had done him, to have any answer for his raillery, and he continued working with silence and earnestness to open the chest. After great difficulty, first one lock, then another was removed, until finally there existed no impediment to the gratification of their desires. "Now, recollect," said Richter, laying his hand upon the yet unopened lid, "even if it should contain jewels, I must have the half." "Yes, villain," said the angry heir, "you shall have your due;" his impatience at the unconcealed and odious rapacity of the rascal becoming almost savage. That personage, however, altogether intent upon expected gain, heeded not his disgust, and applied himself with all his force to assist De Vezé to lift the iron-ribbed lid. "Here it comes at last," he said, as they slowly and with great difficulty raised the ponderous mass. Up, up, with many a hideous but most welcome creak, it gradually went, until at last it was opened and put back against the wall.

"The lamp," said the heir impatiently, as he stood, his hand upon the uplifted lid, intently gazing into the depth.

The lamp was brought, and the other as eagerly endeavored to catch a glimpse of the enormous treasures he had expected.—

Silent and motionless, but with feelings immensely changed, each stood looking at the receptacle of their stupendous hopes!

The chest contained nothing but a coil of rope, one of those tall three-legged stools, so common in the beginning of the last century, and a slip of paper.

The faces of the two spectators changed wofully. That of De Vezé exhibited utter, withering, deadly, despair; not a muscle was changed, but remorse now was become venemous, and misery palpable, and he stood in his ghastly anguish like a famished goule of the east, over a rifled sepulchre. The other looked disappointment itself—blank, bitter, and miserable disappointment, and clutched the lamp tighter, lest it should fall from his nerveless hand in the recoil of his lofty expectations. So stood they for a moment, the beggared spendthrift and his spoiler;—the gamester was the first to speak.

"What's that paper at the bottom," said he in a quick tone: "old Vez never went to all this trouble to play hide and seek: that will tell—there must be a false bottom—there must be a vault below the floor. There's

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plenty of treasure in this room—see what the paper says; quick—I'll get my half yet."

The other, now convinced that his father meant only the stern moral of disappointment, and overwhelmed with unavailing remorse, stooped down and picked up the paper; with a deeply throbbing heart he saw it was a note addressed to himself. His comrade peered eagerly over it as he read as follows:—

"You have done as I predicted. You have squandered the patrimonial inheritance of your family—you have disgraced a long line of ancestors—you have dishonoured your father—you have forsworn your conscience and violated your own solemn vow—an appropriate termination to a life of infamy would be a death of shame. All that remains for you to do is to hang yourself. You will find a hook in the ceiling of this apartment; mount upon the three-legged stool, attach to it one end of the rope you will find in this chest, and place the other round your neck, kick the stool from under you, and your end will be worthy of your career, and much better than to live and inherit your father's curse."

As they perused the singular paper, intensely different were the emotions of each; the hapless prodigal, now completely and awfully awake to the full guiltiness of his conduct, and the misery of his situation, looked as unutterable and spectral horror as if he had received a rescript from the world of the tormented. The features of the betrayer attempted a hideous grin at what appeared to him to be a fiendish jest, and he would have laughed in his bitterness, but it died away in his throat when he saw the ghastly countenance of his ruined dupe, that widely portrayed the most terrible conflict of emotion. A damp moisture of fierce and deadly purpose had gathered over his bloodless face, and his despoiler trembled to his inmost soul as he grinned his teeth with a kind of maniac laugh, and shouted out,—

"Are you ready *now* to take your half?" Now, why don't you advance your claim—you are surely better entitled to it than you were before"—and he gnashed his teeth and shook the coil of rope at him in a manner that made the guilty wretch thrill with intensest fear.

"George, George," said he in a supplicating tone, "you are surely jesting;" and he stole furtively towards the door.

"Jesting, wretch," shrieked the other in a voice of thunder, while with knitted brow and set teeth he continued deliberately tying a noose upon the rope, "did you not come here to share my legacy?—you are not surely going to be so generous as to decline your due—ha! ha! ha!"

The alarmed profligate now attempted to open the door, but he was arrested by the iron grasp at his throat of the infuriated George.

"What, wretch! escape would you? You shall get no more than what I mean to take myself. And won't you let me be the *executor* of the legacy, your half of which you so imperiously demanded but a moment

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ago? You have already possessed yourself of all my other inheritance —you have a better right than all to my last and merited Bequest."

Justly and fearfully terrified as he was, the guilty miscreant saw that escape was impossible, and knowing how completely unable he would be to cope with the maddened energies of his infuriated companion, the wily gamester thought his only chance for life would be to seem to humour the determination of the maniac, hoping that he might succeed in suspending himself in a harmless manner, until the unfortunate youth would have completed his own destruction: for he rightly calculated that the unhappy son, in the wildness of his remorse, would interpret the awful jest of his parent literally, and then he could easily effect his own escape. Assuming, therefore, as firm a voice as he could master, he said,

"Well, George, since it has come to this, it is but right that I should share your legacy, though it is so different from what we both expected. But I am afraid there is not enough for two."

"Plenty," said the other with exultation, as he divided the rope, "there is an abundance here to hang us both. My father must have contemplated that the friend who had brought his son to such an end, would come to share his fate."

"But," said the conscience-stricken gambler, relapsing into fear, and terribly apprehensive of the experiment he was compelled to make, "we can't both hang upon the same hook—how are we to manage that?"

"Here," said George, with deadly looking satisfaction, "even that is ready," pointing to a large spike in the wall above the chest. Seeing from the dread determination of his companion's face, that nothing remained but to carry on the fearful joke, the trembling caitiff endeavored to fasten the noose upon his neck in such a manner, that, by supporting himself by the chin, he might be able to remain in suspension for a few moments without danger. He was then compelled to mount by his zealous assistant on the chest, while he firmly fastened the end of the rope upon the spike. In this dreadful situation did the profligate remain, his agonizing fears deriving some mitigation from the effectual means which he saw his wretched and heart-stricken dupe take for his own destruction; not but that compunction crossed his mind, to see one formed for virtue's noblest uses brought by his artifices to such a frightful end: but all such feelings were absorbed by the imminent danger to which his own villainous cupidity had brought himself.

Unhappy and heart-stricken indeed was the inheritor of that extraordinary legacy. In the state of mind to which he had been brought by the glaring contrast of his betrayer's conduct and condition with his own, he felt but too much disposed to fulfil to the letter the frightful irony of his bequest; and now that to his imagination he saw retributive justice seize the wretch who had ruined *him* to aggrandize *himself*, he felt as if he had no wish or even right to live, and, sincere in all his actions, he prepared to inflict upon himself that doom which to his self-angry feelings was his rich and only reward.

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"Yes," said he to himself, as he went on with steady hands arranging the few fearful preliminaries to his fate, "rightly did my father guard a legacy so useless to a virtuous life. Had I lived on as I vowed I would to him in his dying moments, I should never have known this appalling secret. Rightly did he enjoin its knowledge only to the most depraved and abandoned state of destitution, and now that I have attained the infamy requisite to its attainment, it is but just that I should suffer its penalty."

As he spoke, with the cord around his neck, he had mounted the stool, and it was with secret satisfaction that his jeoparded despoiler had seen him take the most fatal care to make the forfeit of his life as certain as it was extraordinary.

When he had all his arrangements completed, the self-doomed young man called to the agitated wretch who was so singularly, yet justly, the companion of his fate.

"Now then for expiation—jump from the chest." Not daring to disobey, and fully relying on the measures he had taken, his miserable betrayer instantly complied, and the young man he had ruined, when he had witnessed what he thought was a just retribution for his spoiler's infamous career, felt that his own misspent life ought no longer to be protracted, and, with deadly purpose, dashed the support from his feet and resigned himself to death.

* * * * * * *

The jump he gave was dreadful. Had the rope broke?—had the ceiling given way?—or was he actually dead and transplanted to the paradise of the gamblers? But the instant he had precipitated himself, quick as thought fell the suicide with a crash to the ground. With him the whole ceiling seemed to have come down, and as he lay half dead, half dreaming on his back, shower after shower of golden guineas came pouring on his prostrate body. No sooner did the vile miscreant who was suspended in such jeopardy, waiting for that fatal spring of his doubly betrayed dupe, see such an unexpected termination of the young man's sincere attempt at destruction, than, eager to share in the glittering booty, he threw off the deception of his supposed death and called out, "Here, share that gold. I claim the half." At the same time he made a violent effort to untie the noose and reach the ground, but, in his eagerness the cord unfortunately slipped from his chin, and in a moment he met that death he so richly merited, and which he had hoped to see inflicted on the hapless but noble minded youth whom he had ruined by his artifices and his crimes.

As for the wonder-stricken George, he remained still for a moment in half-conscious stupor. But perfectly unable to comprehend such a result of hanging, he put up his hand and loosened the choking stricture from his throat, sat up, rubbed his burning eyes in wonderment, and soon discovered what turned his previous horror into transports of ungovernable joy. The hook had been fixed into a trap-door in the ceiling, which had

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been so contrived as to yield with his weight, and brought down with it such a stream of gold as would have reconciled the most determined suicide to life. Still, however, he was at a loss to know to what benignant and provident genius he had been indebted, not only for his life, but for such a bountiful provision for his support. His doubts, however, were soon removed when he saw a paper among the treasure, which, like the former, proved to be a note addressed to himself, and read as follows:—

"My dearest George,—As by this time you will have been quite cured of your extravagance, and perhaps sick of your bad practices, a rational hope may be entertained that you will reform your life, and yet become honoured and respectable. You will find here a sufficient sum of money to enable you to retrieve your fortune. Shun all evil habits—avoid all dissipation and bad company, and the excellence of your declining life may even yet atone for its unduteous commencement, and reflect honour instead of disgrace on the memory of your affectionate

FATHER."

It was some time before the happy George could wake from the trance into which this fortunate reverse had thrown him. His strong natural sense, however, soon led him to appreciate the deep and accurate knowledge of his character on which his father had speculated, in laying a scheme so extraordinary for his amendment: rightly had that clear-sighted, but eccentric man judged that his son's first promises of amendment would be but transitory; and as well did he know that George, all of whose feelings, however they might be warped by dissipation, were in their right place, would never permit himself to enter a chamber which was to be accessible only when the last light of goodness had departed, until in a state of mind altogether ripe for the experiment. Valuing money, too, as a means only for an end, he little cared whether so large a sum might possibly be lost for ever, as it would have been in case of his son's continued amendment, compared with the chance of its discovery, rewarding a life of virtuous improvement, and checking a course of reckless depravity. The extraordinary contrivance he laid, likewise, for his son's conversion, though at first sight it might seem culpable and enormous, was deeply calculated and judicious. He well knew that should George, a spendthrift and a beggar, yet with all his good feelings slumbering in his bosom, ever attain the worthlessness of heart which would make him enter that forbidden chamber, the instant destruction of all his bad hopes would dispose the disappointed profligate to put an end to his life by a certain and more awful death. Planning, therefore, a ready means of fictitious suicide was a sure, as it was a singular way of at once gratifying and disappointing that dark propensity, and acted like a conducting rod to the lightning, to draw off passions and dispositions, that, under any circumstances must, sooner or later, have proved his destruction.

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As he had calculated, so it turned out. George De Vezé, thoroughly awakened to the vileness of his conduct, became, from the moment, an altered man. Fully roused by the happy but most marvellous device of his father to a consciousness of the pernicious and deadly consequences of gambling, he renounced that and all his other evil practices, and by a course of steady and judicious improvement, he soon acquired the means of repurchasing his estate, and of embellishing it far beyond its original appearance. Though the extraordinary manner in which the reformed rake had re-acquired his fortune, and the circumstances attending the death of the infamous associate who was known to have robbed him, excited much speculation and even judicial inquiry at the time; yet the bequest of the locked chamber was made so clearly manifest, and as it was well known that Richter had taken possession of his estate with the expectation of sharing *half* of whatever that chamber contained, that that half should have turned out so very contrary to his hopes was deemed, happening to a character universally hated, a subject only for amusement; and it was remarked as an accident almost amounting to a judgment, that, instead of an additional reward for his villany, the reprobate should have met a just punishment for his crimes. De Vezé afterwards married into one of the noblest families of England, and after his death his name became merged in one of the most illustrious peerages of the realm.

After George's death, and the removal of the family residence to England, an accidental fire left the princely castle of Bullafrin a heap of ruins. They are still an object of great interest to the traveller, not only for their romantic beauty, but for the singular legend told of their last possessor. Part of the great western tower still remains, and as you explore its mouldering apartments, the voluble peasant will conduct you to one, half filled with weeds and rubbish, in which a singular aperture is still visible in the vaulted ceiling, which your guide will point out to you as the scene of the remarkable incident recorded in our story: and if it has not since been destroyed, he will at the same time show you a rusty spike in the wall, whereon, he will tell you, with that simplicity which marks an entire belief in the story, once every year a haggard-looking corpse might be seen to hang, still stretching out its hands in the agonies of death, as if to clutch at the gold he was no longer able to enjoy.

Attach what degree of credibility to the whole story that you may, it is not without its moral, and may convey a salutary lesson of fear to those ruined gamblers whose fathers may not be so provident as was George De Vezé's in providing against extremity such an effectual Bequest.

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THE SPARTAN MOTHER.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

When Sparta, rich in all but gold,
  Most rich without it, to the field
  Sent forth her sons the lance to wield
For Freedom in her strongest hold;
A mother—(could the man be less
  Than hero, when the woman rose
  Above her sex, and scorned her foes,
And in her high devotedness
Gave to the land a larger love
  Than to the children she had nursed?)—
  A mother, turning to her first
And fondest, then about to prove
His earliest prowess, to his hand
  His father's shield, by many a thrust
  Dinted, and soiled by blood and dust,
Gave, with the brief and stern command,
"With it, or on it;"—further word
  She added not, but passed him by
  With step of pride and tearless eye,
And cheek unblanched; for feelings stirred
Her Spartan heart, of power too deep
  For mother's love to turn aside,
  Or woman's weakness to divide;—
Alone for Sparta could she weep,
Should Sparta fall. Her native soil
  To her was husband—parent—son—
  And him, her cherished one,
She saw go forth to strife and toil
But as a comely sacrifice
  Her country needed, and her heart
  Leaped, as she marked the boy depart,
To think that she had offered twice
Victims so glorious on the shrine
  Of Freedom, as the one who now
  Went forth with proud, undaunted brow,
And him, whose form and face divine

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She saw repeated in their child —
  The husband whom, long years before,
  Stretched on that shield, his comrades bore
Homeward with songs and triumph wild.
Better so brought than from the fray
  A recreant he should seek her side
  To live dishonored,—to abide
Scoffs, jibes and curses day by day.
Had she not seen, in throes of death,
  The sole survivor of a fight
  Where Strength had triumphed over Right,
Come home, and with his dying breath
Tell the sad tale? And from the throng
  Heard she not then the bitter jeer
  That fell upon his closing ear,
And told him he had lived too long?

* * * *

A day of less barbaric pride
  And milder virtues dawns for us;
  But may not still the mother thus
Speak to the son who quits her side,
Not with his country's foes alone
  To cope, but in the walks of life
  To hold with Vice a nobler strife,
And hurl the Passions from their throne?
'Tis then the mother's part to frame
  The shield of Principle, and say
  "With it, or on it"—"Cast away
All but thy God and thy good name;
Come back with innocence, or come
  Borne as a corse, if there *must* be
  A choice for death or infamy,
And I will joy to take thee home.
Thy death would grieve me, but far more
  My son's dishonor: from the field
  Bring back this bright and sacred shield,
Or die defending it. My door
Would ope unwillingly—my heart
  Would break if bitter shame must burn
  My aged cheek, at thy return
To see thee other than thou art."

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"COMMERCE AND PROTECTION."*

This is a new periodical, devoted to subjects interesting to the mercantile community. We trust it may become a valuable addition to our literature.

The article to which we would more particularly direct attention is a defence of the restrictive, or protective, system in commerce. That such an article should have appeared in a mercantile magazine, may excite surprise, but need occasion no regret, if it be (as it professes) the evidence of a desire to stimulate thought upon subjects perhaps too much neglected, and to submit the principles by which commerce is to be regulated to calm and deliberate philosophical investigation.

We have no desire to be captious, or uncourteous, but we must beg to complain of the want of logical acumen, and legitimate deduction, in the article before us: it appears to us better fitted for the declamatory arena of a debating society than for the pages of a philosophical journal.

It would, at the outset, appear that the object of the article is merely a defence of the tariff, as a means of raising revenue. Upon this view of it, we shall not now dispute: we must, however, take leave to point out the injustice of the operation of our present laws, even regarded in this light. Silks, wines, and very many other commodities, which may be classed as luxuries, and are consequently consumed by the more wealthy portion of the community, are admitted free of duty; while cottons, which are principally worn by the poorer classes, are subjected to an impost of 25 per cent. Thus, the poverty of the poor is disproportionately taxed, while the abundance of the rich is comparatively untouched.

But this article is not, in point of fact, a defence of the tariff as a mode of raising revenue, but as a protective measure. Let us see how far the writer has succeeded in establishing his case. He thus states the question: "Is it expedient that the great producing interests of the country be fostered and stimulated to their highest possible activity and force, or that they be left entirely to take care of themselves?"

We wonder whether the author was aware that thus, upon the very threshold of the argument, he was begging the question. If he did not know this, we can give him but little credit for an extensive knowledge of his subject: if he did, what are we to say to his fairness?

The advocates of free trade admit, and indeed affirm, that it is commercially expedient that the great producing interests of the country be

* Hunt's Merchants' Magazine—No. I., Art. 8.

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fostered and stimulated to their highest possible degree of activity and force; but they also contend that this cannot be done by artificial means, or legislative enactments, but will be best brought about by leaving them entirely to take care of themselves.

The argument, thus baseless, must at once fall to the ground, where we might perhaps safely leave it; but, having taken up our pen, we shall proceed with our author to the conclusion, and then, as briefly as may be, give our own view of the subject.

It is stated that our manufacturers compete successfully with Europeans in the South American and Chinese markets, but that, if they were unprotected at home, they would be unable to do so. The fact in the first part of the sentence we admit: the correctness of the assumption at its conclusion we unequivocally deny.

If we successfully compete with European manufacturers in foreign markets, it is because we can produce goods, and carry them to market, as cheaply as our competitors: and, in this case, we must inevitably cut them out of the home market entirely, and can therefore require no protection; for, having the goods at home which successfully compete with Europeans abroad, with the additional expense of freight, insurance, &c. &c., we must the more successfully compete with them here, where these expenses are saved to them, while they still remain on the imported goods.

That the great element of foreign commerce is home production: That foreign trade consists in the exchange of the surplus products of one country for the surplus products of others: That the amount of a country's productions should be as large as possible: That we can only import goods to an amount equivalent to the value of our own surplus produce—are positions which have been invariably urged by the advocates of free trade. The writer of the article before us has somewhat ostentatiously arrayed them on his side of the question. They serve, however, only to encumber his ranks, and to weaken his case; for we cannot, for our lives, discover that any use is made of them, his whole case resting entirely on the assumption that home production is facilitated and increased by the aid of protecting duties, while we maintain, and shall shortly endeavor to prove, that it is diminished.

That the anticipations of a total failure of our foreign commerce, resulting from our restrictive system, (if, indeed, any such were ever entertained,) should have entirely failed, is no proof that the system does not *tend* to produce that result. If its tendency is to lessen importation, it must, of necessity, in the same degree, check exportation, and so injure foreign commerce. The extent of the injury depends upon the point at which our opponents stop: if they fully carried out their own principles, foreign commerce would be annihilated.

The distress of the years 1825 and 1836 is, with the most obvious inconsistency, charged to the operation of free trade principles. Not the shadow of a reason is adduced in favor of this view, but, like the other

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notions, (we cannot designate them by the name of arguments,) it rests upon assumption. That the distress of those years can be clearly traced to the circumstance of our having, and acting upon, a false standard of value, we are, at the proper time, prepared to demonstrate, if need be.

We have stated that protecting duties, instead of stimulating production, restrict it—or, in other words, that a country acting upon the principles of free trade, other circumstances being the same, will produce a greater amount of wealth than a country following a restrictive policy.

We might establish the truth of this proposition to the satisfaction of most men, by saying that individuals understood their own business better than legislatures, and that, consequently, if uninfluenced by legislative interference, they will direct their labor and capital into the most profitable channels.

We wish, however, to leave no room for cavil, and shall therefore inquire more minutely into the actual operation of protecting duties.

It is admitted that foreign trade consists in the exchange of the surplus products of one country for those of others, and that, whatever amount of goods we import, we must export an equivalent for them in our own produce. On what ground, then, is a protecting duty required for any article? On the ground that we can import it more cheaply than it is produced at home?—which means that, with the same outlay of labor and capital which is required to produce the article at home, we can produce a greater amount of other commodities than is required in exchange for it; consequently, a course of liberal policy would enable us to obtain the article by a smaller expenditure of capital and labor, leaving the remainder to be employed in adding to our wealth in some other way.

Thus, by the operation of the restrictive system, capital and labor are diverted from the production of commodities which were previously exported to pay for our importations, and thereby sustain an injury—commerce is, in a degree, discouraged—a sickly interest, unable to sustain itself without extraneous support, is created—and the wealth of the country is diminished.

It is pretended that the effect of free trade would be to reduce the wages of labor. The pretext is, as usual, unsupported, and is almost too shallow to require exposure. We have shown that a greater amount of wealth would be produced, with a given expenditure of labor and capital, under the free trade system, than under the restrictive; and it follows that, the laws regulating the distribution of wealth remaining the same, the laborer would receive his proportionate share of the increased production. But what is the condition of the laboring classes in the European countries, which have so long enjoyed the blessings of protection? Our own workmen will not easily suffer themselves to be brought into comparison with these masses of suffering humanity. Let them, then, if they wish to preserve their high standing—if they would advance, instead of retrograding—raise their voices, as one man, against

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restriction—against legislation which advances the interests of a class, at the expense of a people—which raises the few, by depressing the many.

Where a country has a superabundance of capital and labor, there may be some pretext for endeavoring, by tariff laws, to create a demand for them, futile though it be; but, in this country, there can be no such pretext: capital is wanted, labor is scarce, and profitable employment awaits both. How absurd is it, then, to enact laws which divert labor from the most productive channels, and check the accumulation of capital.

It has been sometimes urged that it will be impolitic to remove our restrictions, so long as other nations continue theirs. We must, however, confess that we cannot see the policy of suffering "another man's folly to be master over our wit." If other countries choose to pursue a course of policy hurtful to themselves, is there any reason why we should follow in their footsteps, for the sake of reciprocating an injury?

Nor is it true, as has been insinuated, that the English do not act upon their free trade principles. Since the time of Mr. Huskisson, the free trade party has exerted a perceptible influence on the policy of Great Britain; and the recent struggle against the corn laws has shown that that party is by no means insignificant. Let these laws be repealed, and the restrictive system in Britain is for ever annihilated; and whenever the people are fairly represented there, this will happen.

The high tariff men are wise in their generation—they have commenced the campaign early;—and they are right.

Now is the time for discussion. At the moment of action, the minds of men are agitated by various conflicting and extraneous circumstances, and are, in a degree, incapacitated from forming just and well deliberated conclusions. Let the people "think on these things," before passion and excitement obtain possession of the public mind, and deprive it of any portion of its deliberative power. Let them consider well what course is pointed out by justice, policy, and a spirit of enlarged philanthropy. Then shall they "know the truth, and the truth shall make them free."

The whole machinery of a Tariff—even apart from the economic truths we have just touched upon, which have well nigh exploded the principle on which the system is defended—is insidious, anti-republican, and dangerous to liberty. As a means of raising revenue, it argues a fear of the people unworthy of American and constitutional government. Tariffs were the subtle invention of monarchy and despotism to conceal taxation from the people, but are not requisite in a free government, where every citizen has a direct interest in the State, and should be willing to pay his quota of the public expense by the simple and manly process of direct taxation, without having it trebled in amount by being disguised in every thing he wears, and eats, and drinks. This open and honest course, too, will be found of all others the greatest and surest safeguard of liberty and of public virtue. National profusion and direct taxation cannot exist together, and our institutions can never be endangered when a severe economy is the maxim of the State.

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THE TREASURE DIGGER.

["A very deep meaning lies in that notion, that a man in search of buried treasure must work in profound silence, and not speak a word, whatever appearance, either terrific or delightful, may present itself."—*Goethe.*]

One moonlight eve, at midnight hour,
A pilgrim seeks the ruined tower,
Which, in its classic grandeur stood,
'Midst the green covert of a wood;
O'er its old walls the ivy bent,
And clasped each time-worn battlement;
In early youth, the traveller seems,
Though in his eye deep forethought gleams:
A princely treasure, legends say,
Lies buried near those columns gray,
And known to him the magic spell,
Which guards that precious treasure well.

And awful stillness hovers o'er
Each forest-path, and moss-clad moor;
Onwards he treads, unawed, alone,
His mattock o'er his shoulder thrown,
And as he nears the ancient tower,
Dark clouds around his pathway lower,
And with their black and envious screen,
Veil the sweet face of midnight's Queen;
But heedless he of gathering cloud,
  His weapon delves the heath-clad ground;
  But hark! that wild terrific sound,
Of shrieking demons, hoarse and loud—
  Not more heart-rending is the cry,
  Of mandrake in its agony,
Uprooted* by a mortal's grasp;—
  The intruder stands, awe-struck, and pale,
Releases his unhallowed clasp,
  Distracted by its frightful wail!

Hushed are those deep unearthly moans,
Lost in more shrill, malignant tones;
Grim shapes before his vision rise,
With frantic mirth, and fiendish eyes:
Misgivings vague his breast alarm,
Yet, mindful of the mystic charm,

* "The mysterious mandrake root which when torn yields such heart-piercing moans, that the person who has hurt it runs distracted by its wailing."—*Ludwig Tieck*

He speeds him to his task again;
With throbbing heart and dizzying brain,
In *utter silence*, on he plods,
Delving amidst the spell-bound sods;
By patient toil, the unwilling soil
Alone will yield the buried spoil.

But ah! what greets our traveller's eyes—
Temptation in a lovelier guise,
Vision more fair may only gleam
On poet's soul, or lover's dream;
One hapless moment are forgot
The hoards of that enchanted spot;
The mattock trembles in his grasp,
He loathes his stern unceasing task,
His dearest impulse is to clasp
That bounteous prototype of pleasure,
And spurn the priceless, blessed treasure:
Forgive the momentary sin,—
Saint Kevin's self such eyes might win.

Joy, joy, his glances fall once more
Where lies the heap of glittering ore,
And breaking rudely from his chain,
He delves the rocky soil again;
The phantom by his side still lingers,
And beckons with her graceful fingers;
As on he plods, with spirit bold,
His weapon strikes the gleaming gold;
Cruel want can pierce him never,
The rich meed is won for ever!

A meaning deep, a purpose stern,
The young enthusiast here may learn,
That *Wisdom* is the buried spoil,
Won by self-sacrifice and toil,
With steadfast will, and cheerful mood,
In silence and in solitude;
Unmindful of the withering sneer,
The scornful laugh, the maddening jeer;
From each seducing flattery turning,
With fix'd resolve temptation spurning;
Human ills shall reach him never,
The rich meed is won for ever;
Richer far than earthly throne,
Second but to God alone!

A. E.

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THE LAST ENGLISH TOURIST IN AMERICA.*

By the above title we by no means intend to signify that the peculiar genus described by the designation of "English Tourist in America," has become extinct—like those mammoth productions of antediluvian nature, whose mouldering relics have been brought together by the genius of Cuvier from their buried sleep of countless ages, and almost reanimated with a new life. Such a fate to so valuable a species in modern zoology were indeed a consummation devoutly to be deprecated. But let the apprehension which may have been possibly excited in the mind of some reader, by the ambiguity to which we have to plead guilty in the above title, be soothed again, by the reflection, that—instead of having incurred, or being in danger of, such a catastrophe—the history of the species in question, brilliant as are the names that have already graced its annals, is yet but in its infancy. The Atlantic Steam Navigation Companies have taken the matter in hand; and in all probability we shall witness within a short period, for a number of years, a geometrically progressing increase of the numbers of English travellers to see Niagara and Democracy. Out of which, it is fairly to be presumed, will spring the due and proper proportion of Diaries, Tours, Journals, Personal Narratives, and Philosophical Analyses, to make the many curious marvels and monstrosities of which a few hundred dollars will suffice to purchase a peep, as familiar to all our trans-Atlantic brethren and sisters, as to any of the peripatetic penny-a-liners themselves. It is not, therefore, as the "*Ultimus Romanorum*," nor as the "Last Man" of his tribe, that we give a few pages to the notice of Captain Marryat's book; but the meaning of the designation by which we have entitled them is simply, that, as the actual last, at the date of these presents, and professing to be the last and best, of those that have heretofore appeared, we may give our readers some idea of the contents and composition of this long announced "book on America;" and since the American public is in general excessively prone to run after these productions, to save to as many as will listen to our advice the silver half-dollar which a foolish curiosity induced us to throw away upon Captain Marryat's "Diary in America, with Remarks upon its Institutions."

As the physical creation is—or used to be, in the good old times—composed of four simple elements, so in like manner do four simple elements enter into and constitute the composition of this book, to wit, pretension, ignorance, flippancy, and mendacity; though to which of these

* A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions. By Captain Marryat, C. B., Author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," "Frank Mildmay," &c. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1839. 12mo, pp. 268.

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ingredients we are to assign the preponderance over the rest, we have not thought the book worth a sufficiently close attention to enable us to pronounce with that certainty with which alone we should venture to speak to such a point. It will suffice to exhibit a few specimens of each upon which, in glancing over it again, our eye may chance to rest.

Captain Marryat's Introduction opens with a ridiculously pompous announcement of the preëminent qualifications which he, in strong contradistinction from all his predecessors, brings to his task of analysing the social and political system of the great American Democracy. Like another "Ulysses fertile in Council," he has—

> Wand'ring from clime to clime observant strayed,
> Their manners noted, and their states surveyed.

He informs his readers that it was not till he had exhausted the rest of the inhabited globe—till he "had seen men under almost every variety of government, religion, and climate"—till he "had traversed the old country until satisfied, if not satiated"—until "people, manners, and customs were looked upon by him with indifference"—till he had, in short, become possessed of such an accumulation of infinitely various wisdom, derived from observation upon other countries, and profoundly analysed and digested by philosophical reflection—that at last, *blasé* with his too intimate and profound knowledge of men and things, as the species is to be found spread over all the rest of the earth, he "looked round to discover if there were not still new combinations under which human nature was to be investigated." Captain Marryat looked round; and, happier than Alexander, he had not to weep that there were no more worlds left for him to conquer. His "curiosity was excited" by the contradictory reports of former travellers in America; while his astonishment at the "meagre materials" of their "gleanings"—when they had so rich a harvest-field of observation as "America, its government, its institutions, and the effect which these had upon the people"—induced him to undertake the task of solving this enigma—of unravelling this *dignus vindice nodus*—to which he determined to apply "more investigation and deeper research" than any of his predecessors, in their "hasty movements," had been able to bestow upon it. He afterwards adds, with a slight relaxation of this amusing tone of conceited arrogance: "I do not assert that I shall myself succeed, when so many have failed," —he pauses, however, but for a single comma, or "breathing," before he again winds up the string to its former point of tension, proceeding: "but at any rate this I am certain of, my remarks will be based upon a more sure foundation—an analysis of human nature."

And so he proceeds, in the same cool strain, to talk of his own "greater degree of acumen, and fuller investigation of cause and effect," than have been exhibited by his predecessors; dispatching them summarily with the flippant dictum, that "they have searched with the curiosity of a woman"—instead of pursuing *his* better plan of "examining and surveying with the eye of a philosopher;" and again, that *he* did not sail across the Atlantic to ascertain whether the Americans eat

their dinners with two-prong iron, or three-prong silver forks, with chop sticks, or with their fingers," but that his object, on the contrary, was, "to examine and ascertain *what were the effects of a democratic form of government and climate upon a people which, with all its foreign admixture, may still be considered as English.*" We have here, by the way, in the very statement of his theorem, a felicitous instance of our "philosopher's" analytic clearness of thought and language. It would certainly be a field of research, entirely Captain Marryat's own—untouched as yet by any preceding 'gleaner'—to investigate the effects upon national character of a 'democratic *climate*,' or '*form of climate.*'

We might multiply examples of the first of the four ingredients, as above stated, into which our best analysis resolves this book, namely, *pretension;* but we fear by a continuance of similar quotations to urge the patience of our readers too far—*ad nauseam.* Those already cited will abundantly suffice to exhibit the character in which Captain Marryat chooses to introduce himself to his readers, in strongly defined contrast to all preceding tourists over the same ground, as the first truly competent, acute, liberal, philosophical, and profound observer of all the interesting and important social and national phenomena to be found within the magnificent scope of investigation which he has undertaken. And it is, in fact, the inconceivably ridiculous contrast between this sounding phrase of the manifesto and the actual performance of the work itself, that consists the most amusing feature of the book.

Captain Marryat speaks positively and dogmatically enough about our politics, and disposes of the Democratic party in a very summary way, calculated to be all that can be satisfactory to a Whig reader, while amusing enough to a Democratic one. His references to political events and parties are generally made in an easy, off-hand way of allusion, implying an intimate familiarity with them which must have been,—as he evidently wishes us to believe,—the result of much observation and study. He was here during a period when the waves of party excitement ran higher, perhaps, than at any other within the recollection of the present generation, having landed in New York a few days previously to the general suspension of specie payments, in May, 1837. One of the first subjects of inquiry which must have pressed itself upon the attention of an intelligent observer, under the circumstances and with the objects stated by himself, must of course have been the relations between the two great parties between which he found the country so violently agitated—the principles and objects of both—and especially the leading events, and acts of the party in possession of the administration, which were the immediate subjects of discussion, of denunciation on the one part, and of justification on the other. What, then, will be thought of such profound ignorance of the politics of the country whose political system he came to inspect in its actual working, with such lofty pretensions of philosophical investigation, as is exhibited in the following passages?—to which we could add many others if they were worth the trouble of looking for.

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In speaking of the suspension of specie payments by the banks, he says: "The banks in the country and other towns have followed the example of New York, and thus has General Jackson's currency bill been repealed without the aid of Congress." He here alludes to "*General Jackson's currency bill*," as though a matter of which he possessed the clearest and most familiar understanding; when it is evident that he writes from some vague and floating idea which he had gleaned from some flaming Whig editorial, about "the Specie Circular." A "bill," needing to be repealed, is an act of Congress; and "General Jackson's currency bill" means the "currency bill" introduced into Congress by General Jackson, or under his auspices, and passed by that body, through all the forms of legislation, into the law of the land. The English reader may be surprised to learn, that the only "currency bill" that had passed through Congress had been virtually vetoed by General Jackson, by withholding his assent, under the forms of the Constitution; and that the "Specie Circular" was nothing more than an Executive instruction from the Treasury Department to the Receivers of the Land Office, requiring them to receive only gold and silver in payment for public land,—issued under a law of the year 1816, which specified the several kinds of funds to be received in payment of public dues, and left to the responsibility of the Executive discretion (according to the construction of it under which the Specie Circular was issued) the designation of the kind to be received under any particular circumstances. This *Executive order*, in his consummate ignorance of what he is so flippantly speaking about, it is that Captain Marryat calls "General Jackson's *currency bill*." In proper keeping with this appears the remark shortly after: "To check this madness of speculation was one reason why an *act of Congress* was passed, obliging all purchasers of government lands to pay in specie." No such "act of Congress" has been passed, the Executive "Specie Circular" being again what he intends to allude to.

In the same chapter appears the following *morceau:*

"At the same time that they (the government) refuse to take from their debtors the notes of the banks, upon the ground that they are no longer legal tenders, they compel their creditors to take those very notes—having had a large quantity in their possession at the time that the banks suspended specie payments—an act of despotism which the English Government would not venture upon."

For the benefit of the English reader it may be stated, that the refusal of the Government to receive irredeemable paper—apart from the propriety of such reception—was in no respect discretionary, but absolutely compulsory by the laws which it is the sworn obligation of the Executive functionaries to execute. And with respect to the "act of despotism" here denounced, the fact is simply, that, being suddenly cut off from all other resources by the general suspension of the banks, in which its revenue had been collected and deposited, the Government—a government of law and of limited powers—neither had, nor could procure, any other medium of payment for its current expenditures; it did not and could not

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"*compel*" its creditors to receive those notes, but simply allowed them the voluntary option of receiving them or waiting till the first meeting of Congress should provide other and more satisfactory funds. We again see in this, as in nearly all his other allusions to political events, the mere reflection of the vague and erroneous impression conveyed to the mind of a careless reader of a little of the random partisan slang of the whig newspapers, without any understanding of the affairs alluded to, or any intelligent inquiry into their true merits.

His ignorance of the mere rudiments and external forms of our political organization stands fully revealed in the two following passages.

"It must be remembered * * * that by the institutions of the Union a district required a certain number of inhabitants before it could be acknowledged as even a district." He means of course a "territory," the two words having distinct technical meanings both in the constitution and in common parlance in the United States, the want of acquaintance with which betrays an almost inconceivable degree of pains to avoid the trouble of learning what every American schoolboy knows, and what every observant foreigner cannot fail immediately to inform himself of, in his first inquiries about the simple outlines of the political structure he comes to investigate.

Lord Durham, by the way, in his recent famous Report on the Canadas, makes the same misapplication of the term district. In his case it was a mistake natural enough, with his distant and superficial view of the Union. In the case of Captain Marryat it betrays a degree of careless ignorance entirely unpardonable.

And again, in speaking of the burial of Mr. Cilley, a member of the House of Representatives from Maine, he alludes to an eulogium passed on the merits and virtues of the deceased by "the surviving representative of the State of Maine"—betraying the supposition that the State of Maine, like the English countries before the Reform, had but *two* Representatives in that body.

But the following remark presents such a beautiful concentration of ignorance—so curious a *multum in parvo*—that it will supercede the necessity of any farther quotations to illustrate our present point. In his chapter on Washington, in speaking of a lamentable deficiency of principle and patriotism which he observes in the national legislature—with but a few exceptions which "show with more grace and attractiveness from the hot-bed of corruption in which they have been engendered"—he proceeds to inform his readers, that "there has been a sad falling off in America *since the last war, which brought in the Democratic party with General Jackson.*" This is the supreme of the ridiculous. The Democratic party came "in" with Jefferson in 1801; the victory of New Orleans was in 1815; General Jackson's presidency commenced in 1829; and the ascendency of the Democratic party throughout the whole of the present century was interrupted only by the single minority term, of four years, of the younger Adams, from 1825 to 1829. The English public may form a judgment of Captain Marryat's competence to write

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on American institutions and affairs, from the opinion they would themselves entertain of an American who should write of the English whigs, as having *come in with the Duke of Marborough at the battle of Waterloo.* The gross and pervading ignorance of the suppositious case can scarcely be said to parallel that of the real one, which it may be necessary to assure the reader is a *bona-fide* literal quotation from this book which is presented to us as embodying the profound results of the "more research, greater degree of acumen, and fuller investigation," of our travelling "philosopher."

Flippancy being a pervading attribute of style and manner, we deem it unnecessary to adduce any more particular instances of this, the third of the ingredients into which we resolve this consummately silly publication, than are sufficiently contained in the passages adduced to exemplify its other three conspicuous merits. It remains therefore only, before closing a task in which we fear that the game is scarce worth the trouble, to cite a few instances of the plain and downright *mendacity* with which the pages of the gallant naval captain abound rather too profusely to be consistent with American notions of either professional honor, or personal integrity. In this connection should be borne in mind the emphatic pledge given in the introduction, of the spirit of scrupulous veracity which the reader is assured pervades the whole work. In speaking of the imputed American practice of "hoaxing" any itinerant foreigner suspected of an intention of writing a book, he says:

"This practice, added to another, that of attempting to conceal, (for the Americans are aware of many of their defects,) has been with me productive of good results; it has led me to much close investigation, and has made me very cautious in asserting what has not been proved to my own satisfaction to be worthy of credibility."

We pass over such instances of harmless mendacity as are contained in several of the stories he tells, as amusing personal occurrences happening to himself, which we recognize as some of the floating newspaper jokes of the time—such as the remark made to him, in a conversation, on board one of the North river boats, as to the severity of the weather, by way of proving how cold it was: "Why, I had a cow on my lot up the river, and last winter she got in among the ice, and was carried down three miles before we could get her out again. The consequence has been that she has milked nothing but *ice-creams* ever since." We let these pass, as not worth the pains of quotation. The following is from his picture of the Fourth of July festivities in New York:

"On each side of the whole length of Broadway were ranged booths and stands similar to those at an English fair, and on which were displayed small plates of oysters, with a fork stuck in the board opposite to each plate; clams sweltering in the hot sun; pine-apples, boiled hams, pies, puddings, barley sugar, and many other indescribables. But what was most remarkable, Broadway being three miles long, and the booths filling each side of it, in every booth there was a roast pig, large or small, as the centre attraction. Six miles of roast pig, and that in New York alone; and roast pig in every other city, town, hamlet, and village, in the Union. What association can there be between roast pig and independence? Let it not be

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supposed that there was any deficiency in the very necessary articles of potation on this auspicious day: no! the booths were loaded with porter, ale, cider, mead, brandy, wine, ginger-beer, pop, soda-water, whiskey, rum, punch, gin-slings, cock-tails, mint-juleps, besides many other compounds, to name which nothing but the luxuriance of American-English could invent a word. Certainly the preparations in the refreshment way were most imposing, and gave you some idea of what had to be gone through with on this auspicious day, &c."

And it winds up with:

"What with sea-serpents, giant rockets, scaling heaven, Bengal lights, Chinese fires, Italian suns, fairy bowers, crowns of Jupiter, exeranthemums, Tartar temples, Vesta's diadems, magic circles, morning glories, stars of Columbia, and temples of liberty, all America was in a blaze; and, in addition to this mode of manifesting its joy, all America was tipsy.

"There is something grand in the idea of a national intoxication. In this world vices, on a grand scale, dilate into virtues; he who murders one man is strung up with ignominy; but he who murders twenty thousand has a statue to his memory, and is handed down to posterity as a hero. A staggering individual is a laughable, and, sometimes, a disgusting spectacle; but the whole of a vast continent reeling, offering a holocaust of its brains for mercies vouchsafed, is an appropriate tribute of gratitude for the rights of equality and the *levelling spirit* of their institutions."

Now all this caricature is a matter of not the slightest imaginable consequence; but immediately following his particular declaration that he is about to describe what he "actually saw," it will serve as well as any other passage to illustrate Captain Marryat's views and practice of veracity in narration. The most stupid kind of 'humor' in narration is that in which the point of the joke turns upon a pure fiction, gratuitously added to the real facts of a story or description, either by an entirely original inventor, or by such monstrous exaggeration as is equivalent to it—proving only the narrator's indifference to truth, and the dulness of his appreciation of that more refined and true humor which stands in no need of any such addition of grotesque caricature. Now what will remain of the above description of the Fourth of July in New York, in the estimation of the English reader, when we reduce the six miles of booths and stands to the mere length of the Park in Broadway, a few hundred yards, and one side only—when we dismiss the uniform "roast pig" as pure fiction—and when the "national intoxication" dwindles into a very insignificant proportion of the lowest of the low who may, of course, be seen staggering in the streets of such a city as New York, at the close of such a day? We do not say, what an unblushing *inventor* does this instance alone prove the worthy captain to be, but how exceedingly dull and common-place a one!

Here is another parallel instance of a simple and unadulterated personal lie:

"I was amused by a reply given me by an American in office here [Sault St. Marie.] I asked how much his office was worth, and his answer was six hundred dollars, besides *stealings*. This was, at all events, frank and honest; in England the word would have been softened down to perquisites. I afterwards found that it was a common expression in the States to say a place was worth so much besides cheatage."

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We might have supposed the plausibility of the first half of this pass-

age, as a poor joke on the part of the individual alluded to, but for the round assertion with which he illustrates it, by a "common expression," which we will venture to affirm will be as new to the ears of every other American reader as to our own. Of a piece with which may safely be pronounced the following:

"Progressing in the stage, I had a very amusing specimen of the ruling passion of the country—the spirit of barter, which is communicated to the females as well as to the boys. I will stop for a moment, however, to say, that I heard of an American, who had two sons, and he declared that they were so clever at barter, that he locked them both up together in a room, without a cent in their pockets, and that before they had *swopped* for an hour they had each gained two dollars a piece. But now for my fellow passengers—both young, both good-looking, and both ladies, and evidently were total strangers to each other. One had a pretty pink silk bonnet, very fine for travelling; the other, an indifferent plush one. The young lady in the plush eyed the pink bonnet for some time: at last *Plush* observed, in a drawling, half-indifferent way:—'That's rather a pretty bonnet of yours, miss.' 'Why, yes, I calculate it's rather smart,' replied Pink. After a pause and closer survey,—'You would'nt have any objection to part with it, miss?' 'Well, now, I don't know but I might; I have worn it but three days, I reckon.' 'Oh, my! I should have reckoned that you carried it longer—perhaps it rained on them three days.' 'I've a notion it did'nt rain not one. It's not the only bonnet I have, miss.' 'Well, now, I should not mind an exchange, and paying you the *balance*.' 'That's an awful thing that you have on, miss.' 'I rather think not, but that's as may be—Come, miss, what will you take.' 'Why, I don't know,—what will you give?' 'I reckon you'll know best when you answer my question.' 'Well, then, I should'nt like less than five dollars.' 'Five dollars and my bonnet! I reckon two would be nearer the mark—but it's of no consequence.' 'None in the least, miss, only I know the value of my bonnet.' 'We'll say no more about it.' 'Just so, miss.' A pause and silence for half a minute, when Miss Plush looks out of the window, and says, as if talking to herself, 'I should'nt mind giving four dollars, but no more.' She then fell back in her seat, when Miss Pink put her head out of the window, and said: 'I should'nt refuse four dollars after all, if it was offered,' and then she fell back to her former position. 'Did you think of taking four dollars, miss?' 'Well, I don't care, I've plenty of bonnets at home.' 'Well,' replied Plush, taking out her purse, and offering her the money. 'What bank is this, miss?' 'Oh, all's right there, Safety Fund, I calculate.' The two ladies exchange bonnets, and Pink pockets the balance.

Again, in his chapter on Washington, Captain Marryat thus honors the present Administration:

"As for the party at present in power, all I can say in its favor is, that there are three clever gentlemen in it—Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Poinsett, and Mr. Forsyth. There may be more, but I know so little of them, that I must be excused if I do not name them, which otherwise I should have had great pleasure in doing."

It must certainly be very distressing to the other prominent members of the party referred to, that Captain Marryat's scrupulous veracity would not allow him "to name them," because he knew so little of them—and it may be doubtful whether he can be "excused" for so mortifying a neglect—especially when we add the remark made by one of the three individuals here "named" as "clever," and as having been honored with the implied intimate acquaintance of Captain Marryat, on the above passage being mentioned; namely, that "*he wondered how Captain Marryat had found that out, as his only acquaintance with him consisted in their having met on one occasion in a store.*"

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Here, again, is another specimen too ridiculous to be entitled to any other remark than its simple quotation. Speaking of the administration of justice in the United States, he says:

"The next error is, that political questions are permitted to interfere with the ends of justice. It is a well-known fact that, not along ago, an Irishman, who had murdered his wife, was brought to trial upon the eve of an election; and, although his guilt was undoubted, he was acquitted, because the Irish party, which were so influential as to be able to turn the election, had declared that, if their countryman was convicted, they would vote on the other side.

"But, worst of all, is the difficulty of finding an *honest* jury—a fact generally acknowledged. Politics, private animosities, bribery, all have their influence to defeat the ends of justice, and it argues strongly against the moral standard of a nation that such should be the case: but that it is so is undoubted."

And again:

"In the Southern and Western States you may murder *ten* white men, and no one will arraign you or trouble himself about the matter; but *steal one nigger*, and the whole community are in arms, and express the most virtuous indignation against the sin of theft, although that of murder will be disregarded."

The above specimens of the *mendacity* we have undertaken to prove, are only amusing. The following, with which we shall conclude them, is the only passage in the book which could excite in our minds a feeling rising to the level of indignation:

"And now let us examine into the particulars of this duel between Mr. Graves and Mr. Cilley. It was well known that Mr. Graves had hardly ever fired a rifle in his life. Mr. Cilley, on the contrary, was an excellent rifle shot, constantly in practice: it was well-known, also, that he intended to fix a quarrel upon one of the southern members, as he had publicly said he would. He brought his rifle down to Washington with him; he practised with it almost every day, and more regularly so after he had sent the challenge, and it had been accepted. It so happened that, contrary to the expectations of all parties, Mr. Cilley, instead of Mr. Graves, was the party who fell; but surely, if ever there was a man who *premeditated murder*, it was Mr. Cilley. I state this, not with the wish to assail Mr. Cilley's character, as I believe that almost any other American would have done the same thing; for whatever license society will give, that will every man take, and moreover, from habit, will not consider it as wrong."

Now this black mass of falsehood, applied to the vilification of so noble a fellow as poor Cilley, is really too bad. It is utterly destitute of apology or palliation, because Captain Marryat was at Washington at the time, and all the real facts of the case were so fully and strongly brought out in authentic publications, which were read with the utmost avidity, that there is no excuse for misstatement of them. Captain Marryat's object is here to illustrate the depraved state of American morals, in relation to the practice of duelling, by contrasting the public honors* of Mr. Cilley's

* Captain Marryat spreads out at full length, with every extraneous aid of the tricks of typography, the details of Mr. Cilley's funeral, to be able to make the remark that a man who according to the laws of England "would have been condemned and executed for murder," "should now, because he falls in the attempt, have *honors paid to his remains*, much *greater* than we paid to those of *Nelson*, when he fell so nobly in his country's cause." He does not state, what he could not but have well known, that these proceedings were nothing more than the cu stom-

funeral, of which he has before given a detailed account, with the atrocity which, for the purpose of bringing out the former in the stronger relief, he undertakes, in the teeth of all the known facts of the case, to impute to Mr. Cilley's former conduct. For this purpose he has not only directly falsified nearly all the material facts, by pure and gratuitous *fiction*, but has the effrontery to present a state of the case which no enemy of Mr. Cilley ever ventured to whisper in public or private, as a something generally understood and admitted—as "well known," and "publicly said!" Again we ask, what credence will any English reader give to any assertion of a work stamped with such gross and reckless mendacity?—when he is told: 1, "That it was *not* well known that Mr. Graves had hardly ever fired a rifle in his life;" that on the contrary, Kentuckians were to be presumed familiar, as a matter of course, with what may almost be termed their peculiar national weapon; and that he shot well enough to stretch his antagonist dead on the ground, at a distance exceeding ninety yards,—Mr. Cilley having chosen that weapon because he regarded himself as forced by a deliberate persecution into a duel, and because he was entirely unacquainted with the pistol. 2, That Mr. Cilley was *not* "constantly in practice;" that though he had been a good shot ten or twelve years before, he had not fired a rifle within that period. 3, That the imputation of a publicly announced intention to "fix a quarrel upon one of the southern members," has never before

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ary forms of the public burial of a member of Congress, dying during the session of that body—the House of Representatives having simply omitted to take any official cognizance at the time, the facts not being in any official way before it, of any peculiarity in the manner of his death. The deep feeling which was manifested on the occasion was universally understood, as having been simply called forth by a general and deep sympathy with the fate of Mr. Cilley as the victim of an unrelenting and deadly persecution, well calculated to make every bosom throb with emotions as painful as profound. Captain Marryat speaks of the attendance of the Judges of the Supreme Court on the occasion, in the face of the fact, brought prominently into public relief by the universality of the opposite tone of sentiment, that that body declined to attend, by a formal, published resolution, in consequence of the understood manner of the death of the deceased member.

It may here be worth while to notice the following specimen of Captain Marryat's sagacious generalization, whenever he undertakes to reason "philosophically" upon the characteristics of Democracy:

"Duelling always has been, and always will be, one of the evils of Democracy. I have, I believe, before observed, that in many points a young nation is, in all its faults, very like to a young individual; and this is one in which the comparison holds good. But there are other causes for, and other incentives to, this practice besides the false idea that it is a proof of courage. Slander and detraction are the inseparable evils of a Democracy; and as neither public nor private characters are spared, and the law is impotent to protect them, men have no other resource than to defend their reputations with their lives, or to deter the defamer by the risk which he must incur."

The absurdity of such stuff does not need any other refutation than a reference to the practices of other countries, and to the important sections of the United States in which duelling is almost utterly unknown, and where it is utterly discountenanced by an almost unanimous public sentiment and usage. If in others it is unhappily frequent, it is manifestly from causes entirely distinct from the democratic institutions common to all.

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been even hinted, and is the very reverse of the well known fact, which is, that he was of a remarkably mild and peaceful character, representing a section of country in which duelling is held in utter reprobation, and in which it is perfectly understood that the fact of having fought a duel would be irrevocable destruction to the political prospects of any public man—and that in this case the quarrel was fastened upon him, in the face of earnest attempts to avoid it by the amplest protestations of good will and respect to his antagonist. 4, That instead of his having "brought his rifle down to Washington with him," he had none, and that he fought with a borrowed one. 5, That instead of having practised with it in the manner stated, he had simply gone out twice within a few days of the duel, after he had become apprehensive that it was the intention of his opponents, in the correspondence that preceded it, to force upon him the alternatives of disgrace or a duel. 6, And finally, that instead of having "sent the challenge," he was the party challenged, the ground of that challenge being nothing more than his having refused to allow himself to be called to account by a certain notorious editor for words spoken by him in debate, and his having refused to disclaim any intended imputation upon the honor or gentlemanly character of the editor in question, when required to do so in a very imperious manner (to use a mild term) by Mr. Graves, the friend of the latter, and the bearer of his communication; Mr. Graves asserting to his friends that Mr. Cilley had made such a verbal disclaimer to him, in private, in opposition to all Mr. Cilley's communications with his own friends, and to his positive and unvarying contradiction. Now all this was public—spread out in authentic published documents, and familiar to all the friends of all the parties—and yet this reckless scribbler has the unblushing hardihood, on the other side of the Atlantic, to outrage the memory of the dead, and the feelings of the living, with such a statement of the "particulars" as we have quoted above—addressed, too, to a public which the contradiction can never reach!

We have no desire to re-open the deep and unhealed wounds left in many a heart by this sad business—neither to revive resentments, in some bosoms, upon which time may have begun to exercise its mitigating influence, nor to quicken or embitter the pangs of remorse which we are too well assured it has planted deeply and forever in others. Foul as was the murder of the noble, kind and manly friend—justice to whose memory dictates this indignant contradiction of this most atrocious of slanders—we are yet well disposed to extend a mantle of charity over every reminiscence of that wretched period—and, judging not that we be not judged, to leave the motives and conduct of all, even all, of its actors, whether of good or evil, to their own consciences and to the final common judgment of us all.

We have now said enough to sustain fully, in its quadruple aspect, the opinion above expressed of this very contemptible publication. It may be added, in general terms, that Captain Marryat exhibits throughout a great abhorrence and contempt of Democracy. About half of the

volume is filled with the "Diary," and the remainder with some meagre remarks under the titles of Languages, Credit, Penitentiaries, &c., Army and Navy, Religion, Education, Slavery, Law, &c.—in which a few common-place statistics are collected, eked out with quotations, and some shallow and trashy commentary to disparage, generally, the state of things observed here, under those several heads, comparatively with that of England—the dulness of which is in general only relieved by a little smart sparkle of flippancy, one degree less tolerable than itself. He promises at the conclusion a continuation—the probable value of which may be readily estimated by the data of which we have now placed the reader sufficiently in possession. We may add, too, that many parts of the volume are amusing enough, especially to readers very fond of that low, broad, "Peter Simple" kind of humor which is Captain Marryat's peculiar and only *forte*. Of his sneering ill-humor with the country and people, perhaps, a partial explanation may be found in the following:

"Admitting this, of course I have no feelings of ill-will towards them for any want of hospitality towards me; on the contrary, I was pleased with the neglect, as it left me free and unshackled from any real or fancied claims which the Americans might have made upon me on that score. Indeed, I had not been three weeks in the country before I decided upon accepting no more invitations, even charily as they were made. I found that, although invited, my presence was a restraint upon the company; every one appeared afraid to speak; and when any thing ludicrous occurred, the cry would be—'Oh, now, Captain Marryat! don't put that into your book.'"

* * * * *

"But if I admit, that, after the usage which they had received, the Americans are justified in not again tendering their hospitality to the English, I cannot, at the same time, but express my opinion as to their conduct towards me personally. They had no right to insult and annoy me in the manner they did, from nearly one end of the Union to the other, either because my predecessors had expressed an unfavorable opinion of them before my arrival, or because they expected that I would do the same upon my return to my own country. I remark upon this conduct, not from any feeling of ill-will or desire of retaliation, but to compel the Americans to admit that I am under no obligations to them; that I received from them much more of insult and outrage than of kindness; and, consequently, that the charge of ingratitude cannot be laid to my door, however offensive to them some of the remarks in this work may happen to be."

The fact is, Captain Marryat made in general a very unfavorable impression in America. It was pretty well understood what sort of a book was probably to be expected from him; and his own manners spoke for themselves as those of a vulgar, half-educated sort of man, with a certain coarse and boisterous humor, but very imperfectly entitled to the appellation of a gentleman—such a personage as the quarter-deck, especially of the British service, is very apt to produce—but who may almost literally be said, when engaged in such a "tour in search of the picturesque" on shore, to be a fish out of water. He speaks of invitations having been "charily made" to him;—from the accounts we have heard of the unpleasing personal impression left by him, in at least some of the places visited by him, he would probably have found them, on a repetition of his tour, still more "charily" renewed. His object was

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evidently to get materials for the indulgence of his swaggering, coarse kind of humor in ridicule and abuse of America, which he has put together in a very flimsy, catch-penny fashion. An air of absurdity, however, peculiarly its own, is given to it by the ridiculous contrast between this, the real character and calibre of the book, and that affectation of intelligent research, and liberal philosophy, with which it abounds, and of which so imposing an ostentation is made at the outset. We now dismiss it—with many misgivings whether it is worth the pages we have given to the exposure of the imposture of its pretensions—with the following narrative, which will have a sad interest for many of our readers, of Sir John Colborne's atrocious massacre of St. Eustache. Captain Marryat accompanied the expedition as a volunteer. He does not, however, mention the flag of truce and offered submission, and rejected appeals for quarter, of the insurgents, nor the brutalities that succeeded the massacre, which have rendered the "horrors of St. Eustache" darkly memorable in the annals of the atrocities which have too often disgraced the glory of the British arms, when they have been directed to the object of crushing or punishing the heaving throes of oppressed humanity, when roused into a convulsive and feverish action by the spirit of liberty. As a narrative by a British officer of a British exploit, it is entitled to a credit we would not accord if he had the least bias towards the opposite side.

"The town of St. Eustache is very prettily situated on the high banks of the river, the most remarkable object being the Catholic church, a very massive building, raised about two hundred yards from the river side upon a commanding situation. This church the insurgents had turned into a fortress; and perhaps, for a fortress '*d'occasion*,' there never was one so well calculated for a vigorous defence, it being flanked by two long stone-built houses, and protected in the rear by several lines of high and strong palisades, running down into the river. The troops halted about three hundred yards from the town, to reconnoitre; the artillery were drawn up and opened their fire, but chiefly with the view that the enemy, by returning the fire, might demonstrate their force and position. These being ascertained, orders were given by Sir John Colborne, so that in a short time the whole town would be invested by the troops. The insurgents perceiving this, many of them escaped, some through the town, others by the frozen river. Those who crossed on the ice were chased by the volunteer dragoons, and the slipping and tumbling of the pursued and the pursuers afforded as much merriment as interest; so true it is, that any thing ludicrous will make one laugh, in opposition to the feelings of sympathy, anxiety, and fear. Some of the runaways were cut down, and many more taken prisoners.

"As soon as that portion of the troops which had entered the town, and marched up the main street toward the church, arrived within half musket-shot, they were received with a smart volley, which was fired from the large windows of the church, and which wounded a few of the men. The soldiers were then ordered to make their approaches under cover of the houses; and the artillery being brought up, commenced firing upon the church: but the walls of the building were much too solid for the shot to make any impression, and had the insurgents stood firm they certainly might have given a great deal of trouble, and probably have occasioned a large loss of men; but they became alarmed, and fired one of the houses which abutted upon and flanked the church,—this they did with the view of escaping under cover of the smoke. In a few minutes the church itself was obscured by the volumes of smoke thrown out; and at the same time that the insurgents were

escaping, the troops marched up and surrounded the church. The poor wretches attempted to get away, either single, or by twos and threes; but the moment they appeared a volley was discharged, and they fell. Every attempt was made by the officers to make prisoners, but with indifferent success; indeed, such was the exasperation of the troops at the murder of Lieutenant Weir, that it was a service of danger to attempt to save the life of one of these poor deluded creatures. The fire from the house soon communicated to the church. Chenier, the leader, with ten others, the remnant of the insurgents who were in the church, rushed out; there was one tremendous volley, and all was over.

"By this time many other parts of the town were on fire, and there was every prospect of the whole of it being burnt down, leaving no quarters for the soldiers to protect them during the night. The attention of every body was therefore turned to prevent the progress of the flames. Some houses were pulled down, so as to cut off the communication with the houses in the centre of the town, and in these houses the troops were billetted off. The insurgents had removed their families, and most of their valuables and furniture, before our arrival; but in one house were the commissariat stores, consisting of the carcases of all the cattle, sheep, pigs, &c., which they had taken from the loyal farmers; there was a large supply, and the soldiers were soon cooking in all directions. The roll was called, men mustered, and order established.

"The night was bitterly cold; the sky was clear, and the moon near to her full; houses were still burning in every direction, but they were as mere satellites to the lofty church, which was now one blaze of fire, and throwing out volumes of smoke, which passed over the face of the bright moon, and gave to her a lurid reddish tinge, as if she too had assisted in these deeds of blood. The distant fires scattered over the whole landscape, which was one snow-wreath; the whirling of the smoke from the houses which were burning close to us, and which, from the melting of the snow, were surrounded by pools of water, reflecting the fierce yellow flames, mingled with the pale beams of the bright moon—this, altogether, presented a beautiful, novel, yet melancholy panorama. I thought it might represent, in miniature, the burning of Moscow.

"About midnight, when all was quiet, I walked up to the church, in company with one of Sir John Colborne's aid-de-camps: the roof had fallen, and the flames had subsided for want of farther aliment. As we passed by a house which had just taken fire we heard a cry, and, on going up, found a poor wounded Canadian, utterly incapable of moving, whom the flames had just reached; in a few minutes he would have been burned alive: we dragged him out, and gave him in charge of the soldiers, who carried him to the hospital.

"But what was this compared to the scene which presented itself in the church! But a few weeks back crowds were there kneeling in adoration and prayer; I could fancy the Catholic priests in their splendid stoles, the altar, its candlesticks and ornaments, the solemn music, the incense, and all that, by appealing to the senses, is so favorable to the cause of religion with the ignorant and uneducated; and what did I now behold?—nothing but the bare and blackened walls, the glowing beams and rafters, and the window-frames, which the flames still licked and flickered through. The floor had been burnt to cinders, and upon and between the sleepers, on which the floor had been laid, were scattered the remains of human creatures, injured in various degrees, or destroyed by the fire; some with merely the clothes burnt off, leaving the naked body; some burnt to a deep brown tinge; others so far consumed that the viscera were exposed; while here and there the blackened ribs and vertebra were all that the fierce flames had spared."

"Not only inside of the church, but without its walls, was the same revolting spectacle. In the remains of the small building used as a receptacle for the coffins previous to interment, were several bodies, heaped one upon another, and still burning, the tressels which had once supported the coffins serving as fuel; and farther off were bodies still unscathed by fire, but frozen hard by the severity of the weather."

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This has all the graphic and painful interest of a narrative by an eye witness. There is something, however, exceedingly revolting in the cold heartlessness of the following introduction of the same scene, a few pages after—with which we at last close a book which we assure our readers is not worth to them the trouble of opening:

"Sunday, at Burlington.—The young ladies are dressing up the church with festoons and garlands of evergreens for the celebration of Christmas, and have pressed me into the service. Last Sunday I was meditating over the blackened walls of the church of St. Eustache, and the roasted corses lying within its precincts; now I am in another church, weaving laurel and cypress, in company with some of the prettiest creatures in creation. As the copy-book says, *variety is charming!*"

THE WINDS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[As every poetical article from Mr. Bryant's pen may be considered a contribution to the literature of his country—and as his contributions to the Democratic Review comprise all the poetry he has published since its commencement, we are unwilling, while, alas! they come "so few and far between," to let our readers lose a single visit of his muse;—and therefore transfer the following beautiful lines with which he has enriched a contemporary journal, the Knickerbocker, to our pages with as much pleasure as if they had been written for ourselves.]

Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
  Softly ye played a few brief hours ago;
Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye tossed the hair
  O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow;
Ye rolled the round white cloud through depths of blue;
Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew;
Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew—
  Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

How are ye changed! Ye take the cataract's sound;
  Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might;
The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground;
  The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight;
The clouds before you shoot like eagles past;
The homes of men are rocking in your blast;
Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast,
  Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain
  To 'scape your wrath; ye seize and dash them dead.
Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain;
  The harvest field becomes a river's bed,

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And torrents tumble from the hills around;
Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drown'd,
And wailing voices, 'midst the tempest's sound,
Rise, as the rushing floods close overhead.

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard
A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray;
Ye fling its waters round you, as a bird
Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.
See! to the breaking mast the sailor clings;
Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,
And take the mountain billow on your wings,
And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

Why rage ye thus? no strife for liberty
Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong through fear,
Has chained your pinions, till ye wrenched them free,
And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere;
For ye were born in freedom where ye blow,
Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go;
Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of snow,
Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.

O ye wild winds! a mightier Power than yours
In chains upon the shore of Europe lies;
The sceptred throng, whose fetters he endures,
Watch his mute throes with terror in their eyes:
And armed warriors all around him stand,
And, as he struggles, tighten every band,
And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand,
To pierce the victim, should he strive to rise.

Yet oh, when that wronged Spirit of our race
Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains,
And leap in freedom from his prison-place,
Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains,
Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,
To waste the loveliness that time could spare—
To fill the earth with wo, and blot her fair
Unconscious breast with blood from human veins.

But may he, like the Spring-time, come abroad,
Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle might,
When in the genial breeze, the breath of God,
Come spouting up the unsealed springs to light;
Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet;
The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet,
And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost meet,
Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

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THE

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AND

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THE

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BRYANT'S POEMS.*

We design to express our opinion of the merit of these poems. To speak what we think, plainly and freely, will only be discharging a debt of gratitude that has been accumulating for a long while.

That they should have passed through four large editions is some indication of the existence among us of a pure taste; at least, the author has no right to complain. He has found favor enough to satisfy a literary vanity more inordinate than we take his to be. His book has been read extensively, and praised as often as it was read; quoted frequently, and always with admiration; and republished time and again in every magazine and newspaper from the land of the Pilgrims to that of the Cherokees. The more accomplished his readers, the keener their relish of the rich repast which he has furnished. Yet his friends may, perhaps, complain that while these manifestations of kindly feeling have been hearty, they have not in all instances been intelligent; they have been spent on minor graces and excellencies, to the neglect of higher traits. Would not some of his warmest admirers be surprised to hear his true rank? Suppose we were to compare him, not with "the everduring men," with Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, who hold the first place, but with those just below them, with Thompson, Cowper, Wordsworth and others, would it betray the want of critical sagacity? We confess it is our conviction, that, estimated according to the strictest rules of art, his poetry is not inferior to their best passages. Without running a formal parallel, we shall endeavour to state why and in what respect we think so, by describing what we conceive to be its chief characteristics.

* Poems by William Cullen Bryant. Fifth Edition. Harper and Brothers. New York. 1839.

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There is no occasion for defining, as a preliminary task, what poetry is. All that we shall say may be comprehended by those who will read this sentence from Matthias Claudius, "I have heard from Herr Ahrens that poetry is a sort of roaring foam substance (*Schaum weren*) that must rhyme. Herr Ahrens, you have deceived me! My cousin says it must not foam, but must be clear as a dew-drop and penetrating as a sigh of love."

What a thorough mastery of language has the author of this book. Sometimes we are disposed to think exquisite grace and propriety of expression his chief excellence. It seems as if his whole study had been how his thoughts might be most beautifully uttered. Not only are words not misused, which would be small praise indeed, but none occur in the entire volume that any process of refinement can improve. Their precision is remarkable, unaccompanied as it is by any loss of elegance or force. Warmth and richness are not sacrificed to mere dry and meagre chastity. Most writers, when they attempt neatness, become hard and cold; freshness and flexibility is exchanged for a frigid accuracy and their phrases, perhaps well adapted to a metaphysical treatise, are altogether out of place in verse. By laboring too exclusively after exactness, they neglect what is of the last importance in the felicitous and effective use of words, the power of association. This is never the case with Bryant. With all his nicety of expression he is ever racy, warm, suggestive. Certain of his pieces it is impossible to read without gliding unconsciously into a thousand trains of associated thought. A single epithet sometimes draws a veil from before a whole world of thought. For instance, in the "Death of Schiller," how that one term "the *peering* Chinese" brings up all the peculiarities as well of Chinese life as of Chinese features. And, again in the Greek Boy, whom he regards as

> "A shoot of that old vine which made
> The nations *silent* in its shade,"

does not old Greece, in her glory and magnificence, and yet with somewhat of a solemn grandeur, move before us, as in a stately funeral procession?

Delicacy and refinement of language are of course incompatible with the least mark of turgidness. There is, therefore, in Bryant no tumid pomp, no forced strength—none of the inflation of Thompson, nor of the unnatural and pompous splendor of Young. The same is true of his versification, for that is no less exquisite than his choice of language, and manifests no less of the skilfulness of an accomplished artist. It combines melody and freedom with great correctness. An ear the most perfectly attuned detects no false quantities nor discordant rhythms. Line follows line in liquid harmony. There is a mellowness and smooth flow that beguiles the mind by a kind of fascination, as if the ancient conception of the true lyric had been more than realized by converting poetry into music itself. Yet the versification is adapted to the subject. In that grand ode "To the Past," the lines seem to move with slow and solemn

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step, while, in the "Song of the Stars," they dart away with the joyousness and buoyancy of youth, like "the orbs of beauty and spheres of flame" which dance over the widening wastes of the clear blue sky.

Bryant possesses, however, other and higher requisites of the genuine poet. An eminent writer, himself aspiring to the highest place in the poetical literature of his country, has told us what those requisites are, and they are just those which our poet has in a signal degree.* As to sensibility, no man ever lived more delicately susceptible of external influences. Not only is his eye open to the forms of nature, but every fibre of his being seems to be tremblingly alive to their presence. His nerves, like the strings of an Eolian harp, the faintest breath of the wind can fan into music. In the observation of the outward world he has been both varied and minute. Natural objects, with their infinite diversity of name, shape and hue, are the constant companions of his thoughts. Scarcely a flower, a leaf exists with which he is not familiar. From the spire of grass to the huge mountain oak; from the violet, in its silent retreats, to the bright and boundless firmament; from the shy bird, brooding in the deep and quiet woods, to the stars in their eternal dances, all things of nature have attracted his frequent and friendly attention. Streams, and woods, and meadows, and skies, mingle in all his musings, are the staple of his imagination, form a part, indeed, of his intellectual being. His sympathy with nature is universal. The seasons, with their thousand alternating influences, with their smiles and tears, with their sunshine and gloom; day and night, with their strange contrasts; forests, where gush the silver fountains; thick groves, with verdant roofs and mossy floors; trees in their stateliness and beauty; lone lakes; the song of birds; the soft whisper of the evening winds, and the gentle murmur of the brooks, have been to him a delightful study.

> "Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
> With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
> When first on the delightful land he spreads
> His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
> Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth,
> After soft showers; and the coming on
> Of grateful evening mild."

He has, in truth, lived in the bosom of nature as in the arms of a tender mother, whose every smile and frown touched the quick chords of sensibility. He has watched her face with the confiding fondness of youthful love, while she has been to him a teacher and guide. In the unbroken solitude, where his home has been, his heart, free to expand under genial influences, has awakened to the consciousness of the sacred dignity of his calling, and of the lofty purposes of life. Nature is ever silently teaching a lesson of elevation and peace. She is the kind parent of sweet thoughts, the friend of lowly but self-dependent virtue; not the nurse of sickly sentiment, but the inspirer of the best wisdom, which is that which is linked to goodness.

*Wordsworth. See preface to Lyrical Ballads.

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This familiarity with nature gives freshness and truth to these descriptions. They are not like the collections of a naturalist, dry specimens of withered leaves and decayed plants. In the great temple of nature the author's worship has been pure and exalted, and he has transferred to his poems the rich feelings which such worship inspires. They are at all times warm, picturesque, faithful. They present scenes in all the life and glowing beauty of original nature. Opening them at any page is like transporting one's self to the free air and broad prospects of the country. Lovely sights and sweet sounds are about us, and we gaze earnestly on green leaves and running brooks, and listen, delighted, to the lowing of herds. Can there be a picture more like than this from "Lines after a Tempest." We quote the whole poem because it is one of the best specimens of the peculiarities of the author's genius:

"The day had been a day of wind and storm;
  The wind was laid, the storm was overpast,
And stooping from the zenith bright and warm
  Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.
  I stood upon the upland slope, and cast
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
  Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their beds of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out and villages between.

The rain drops glistened on the trees around,
  Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirred,
Save when a shower of diamonds, to the ground,
  Was shaken by the flight of started bird;
  For birds were warbling round, and bees were heard
About the flowers; the cheerful rivulet sung!
  And gossiped as he hastened ocean-ward;
To the gray oak the squirrel, chiding, clung,
And chirping from the ground the grasshopper upsprung.

And from beneath the leaves that kept them dry
  Flew many a glittering insect here and there,
And darted up and down the butterfly,
  That seemed a living blossom of the air.
  The flocks came scattering from the thicket, where
The violent rain had pent them; in the way
  Strolled groups of damsels frolicksome and fair;
The farmer swung the scythe or turned the hay,
And 'twixt the heavy swaths his children were at play.

It was a scene of peace—and, like a spell,
  Did that serene and golden sunlight fall
Upon the motionless wood that clothed the fell,
  And precipice upspringing like a wall,
  And glassy river and white waterfall,
And happy living things that trod the bright
  And beauteous scene; while far beyond them all,
On many a lovely valley out of sight,
Was poured from the blue heavens the same soft golden light.

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I looked and thought the quiet of the scene
  An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
When o'er earth's continents and isles between,
  The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
  And married nations dwell in harmony;
When millions crouching in the dust to one,
  No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,
Nor the black stake be dressed, nor in the sun
The o'er labored captive toil, and wish his life were done.

Too long at clash of arms amid her bowers
  And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast,
The fair earth that should only blush with flowers
  And ruddy fruits; but not for aye can last
  The storm, and sweet the sunshine when 'tis past.
Lo! the clouds roll away—they break—they fly,
  And like the glorious light of summer, cast
O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven shall lie."

This is not so much description as painting, in which minute accuracy of touch is combined with the finest general effect, and the whole pervaded by a deep tone of beautiful and touching sentiment. But here the scene itself would be recognized as poetical by the dullest person, in treating which properly, many suppose the highest kind of skill is not required. Let such take the description of a scene of which the poetry is not so generally confessed. Take winter, the season in which nature is presented in her most bleak, dreary, and unlovely aspect, and see what life and beauty can be infused into what most of us regard as a sterile subject:

When shrieked
The bleak November winds, and smote the woods,
And the brown fields were herbless, and the shades
That rest above the merry rivulet,
Were spoiled, I sought, I loved them still;—they seemed
Like old companions in adversity.
Still there was beauty in my walks; the brook
Bordered with sparkling frost-work, was as gay
As with its fringe of summer flowers. Afar,
The village with its spires, the path of streams,
And dim receding valleys, hid before
By interposing trees, lay visible
Through the bare grove, and my familiar haunts
Seemed new to me. Nor was I slow to come
Among them, when the clouds, from their still skirts,
Had shaken down on earth the feathery snow,
And all was white. The pure, keen air, abroad,
Albeit it breathed no scent of herb, nor heard
Love-call of bird nor merry hum of bee,
Was not the air of death. Bright mosses crept
Over the spotted trunks, and the close buds
That lay along the boughs, instinct with life,
Patient and waiting the soft breath of Spring,
Feared not the piercing spirit of the North.

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The snow-bird twittered on the beechen bough,
And 'neath the hemlock, whose thick branches bent
Beneath its bright, cold burden, and kept dry
A circle, on the earth, of withered leaves
The partridge formed a shelter. Through the snow
The rabbit sprang away. The lighter track of fox,
And the rackoon's broad path were there
Crossing each other. From his hollow tree
The squirrel was abroad, gathering the nuts
Just fallen, that asked the winter cold and sway
Of winter blast, to shake them from their hold.

But winter has yet brighter scenes,—he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous summer knows,
Or autumn, with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come, when the rains
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice;
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad, arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water drops,
That stream with rainbow radiance as they move.
But round the parent stem the long, low boughs,
Bend in a glittering ring, and arbors hide
The glassy flower. Oh! you might deem the spot
The spacious cavern of some virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of earth, where the gems grow
And diamonds put forth radiant rods, and bud
With amethyst and topaz—and the place
Lit up most royally with the pure beam
That dwells in them, or haply the vast hall
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,
And fades not in the glory of the sun;
Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts
And crossing arches; and fantastic isles
Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost
Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye,
Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault;
There the blue sky and the white drifting clouds
Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
Of spouting fountains, frozen as they rose,
And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air
And all their sluices sealed. All, all is light;
Light without shade. But all shall pass away
With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks
Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound
Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont.

This extract contains instances of the delicate fancy peculiar to this author, though they are not, perhaps, the best specimens that could be

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selected. His writings are filled with splendid exemplifications of the most refined as well as the most vigorous imagination. How striking is that passage in the "Prairies," in which, lost in the musings prompted by the sublime solitude, we hear in the domestic hum of the bee, a more adventurous colonist than man, the tramp of that advancing multitude which soon shall fill the borders. And in these few lines taken from the "Earth,"

> "From battle-fields,
> Where heroes madly drave and dashed their hosts
> Against each other, rises up a noise,
> As if the armed multitudes of dead
> Stirred in their heavy slumber."

Indeed, the whole of this poem, and Thanatopsis, The Past, and the Hymn to Death, from beginning to end, are magnificent embodiments of the very soul of imagination. The themes are vast, giving scope for the boldest and broadest flights, exciting the highest sense of sublimity, treated with a corresponding grandeur of language and thought. A vein of the most elevated philosophy pervades them, deeply serious in its tone; that seriousness inseparable from the tremendous truths related to our mysterious human being. While we read them, a solemn and impressive awe falls upon us; we listen as we should to the rapt utterance of a prophet, or as though we heard at midnight the choral symphonies of Heaven floating down from the skies. A voice full of deep thought and pathos reaches the soul, subduing, softening, solemnizing, yet expanding and quickening it. In illustration of our meaning, we are tempted to add to our preceding liberal quotations the second of the poems just named, the Ode

TO THE PAST.

> Thou unrelenting Past!
> Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
> And fetters, sure and fast,
> Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.
>
> For in thy realm withdrawn
> Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
> And glorious ages gone
> Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.
>
> Childhood, with all its mirth,
> Youth, Manhood, Age, that draws us to the ground,
> And last, Man's Life on earth,
> Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.
>
> Thou hast my better years,
> Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,
> Yielded to thee with tears—
> The venerable form—the exalted mind.

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My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain—thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,—
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no!
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat;

All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

The healthy judgment this author has shown in all his writings is a striking trait. Both in the arrangement of the lesser details of verse, and in the utterance of sentiments and thoughts, his judgment is equally evident. The force of the language, the perfection of the style, the appropriateness of imagery, the simple and just fervor of his feelings, the fidelity of his descriptions, the cheerfulness of his aspirations, and the manly moral tone that pervades every line, prove that he possesses the

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clearest notions of propriety,—the most unquestionable practical good sense. There are no where indications of disease, or want of justness and harmony, no straining after effect, no affected point or brilliancy, no starts and fits, no agonies of passion, no mawkish sensitiveness, no morbid misanthropy, no repulsive egotism, no dragging of private life into public gaze, no unhealthy yearning for sympathy, no childish complaints of the neglect of the world, or of the cruel severities of Providence; but on the contrary all is pure, wholesome and just, the sincere production of one that regards nature and society with the mind and heart of a wise man, contented with the allotments of Heaven, and laboring through the humblest duties with right earnest and cheerful good will. The spirit of these writings is, therefore, more to be admired than all their outward graces and perfections. A gentleness softer than the sweet affections of woman, a tenderness mild and tearful as early love, simplicity like that of unconscious youth are joined to the stern virtue of a martyr, and the lofty philosophy of a sage. Innumerable are the passages that touch our best feelings, sinking quietly into the heart, subduing each rougher passion, and melting it, like a strain of music, into liquid joy and love. Whatever is peaceful, lovely, delicate, or kind and tranquilizing, most strongly affects the writer's imagination. He walks abroad in the world, he takes in all things of earth and air, he ascends the stream of history, and is arrested only by the beautiful in nature, art, and the actions of men. He is like one loitering in groves of bloom to gather only the choicest flowers. In his view the rugged and the discordant have no charms, the harsh and violent are repulsive, while the bleak wastes of poverty, the struggles of despair, the ravages of stormful passion, the thousand jarring scenes of life, are as though they were not, or are seen only to suggest a deep commiseration, prompting to the mild but earnest prayer that men may learn what is good. Even when our hearts, by some simple description are made to burn with indignation at the wrong which man inflicts on man, when we are touched with the sufferings of the oppressed, and we are full to bursting against the oppressor, a tone of gentleness softens our wrath, though the sense of justice grows keener, and purposes of tender and quiet beneficence become living convictions. This is the peculiar charm of his philanthropy; it is susceptible, keen, fresh, and ever active; it is unaccompanied by bitter or revengeful passion. Nothing to detract from its perfect purity is mingled with it, and nothing to confound it with mere animal impulse or physical sensibility. It is a love as immaculate as that of the angels, at the same time full of humanity and kindliness. He looks upon wrong, but does not imprecate the vengeance of Heaven upon the wrong doers; his heart melts at sight of human distress, but he does not call upon the lightnings to blast the guilty wretch who causes them; he longs that the struggling nations may break their chains, but he wishes them to be broken as the gentle might of the Spring-time crumbles the gyves of winter, as the unsealed springs gush up to light, or as the flowers start from their dark prisons at his

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feet. Clear as is his perception of the right, strong as is his sympathy with the injured, ardently as he desires the prevalence of peace and joy, he urges to no violence in the attempt to establish truth and justice upon earth. He has other and higher notions of true virtue. A power to suffer wrong with uncomplaining, but not inactive endurance, to assert the right with energy yet with calmness, to feel deeply but to act with moderation and kindness, are to him higher manifestations of virtue, than the exercise of a force tempestuous enough to hurl down thrones. Gentle desires, sweet affections, tender love, patient fortitude, tearful recollections and cheerful hope, are the impulses that he moves. To these only are his lofty inspirations addressed. He speaks to them not in frigid homilies or formal tones of instruction, but delightful moral associations are interwoven with every line, connected with all the objects and all the transitions and processes of the material world. In the midst of striking descriptions of what is majestic or fine, there is ever something to soften and improve. Twilight hues lingering after the bright sun has set, recall the memory of good men gone; in the deep slumber of the woodlands there is an emblem of inward peace; the perishing flowers are remembrancers of those who in their youthful beauty died; the golden sunlight that succeeds the tempest anticipates the day when the noise of war shall cease, and married nations dwell in harmony; the unconscious flow of the rivulet, changeless amid change, reminds us of the perpetual onward course of time; the flight of the lone bird in the illimitable air tells of the power that, in the long way that we must tread alone, will guide our steps aright; and the unceasing vicissitudes of all external things indicate the hand of a kind Providence, conducting the human race through successive trials to the scene of its noblest triumphs.

Surely such are the writings to which we most often and fondly recur. We soon come to regard them as friends, ministering in all seasons of affliction and joy to our spiritual wants, admonishing us of wrong, and turning us by their silent eloquence to whatever is holy and good. Unlike the more dazzling productions of genius which are read this moment and forgotten that, which, if we may so express it, are perused by a flash of lightning, to be closed the instant after in endless darkness, they make themselves our closest companions, those to whom we look for sympathy, instruction, solace. We turn to them on the still Sabbath days when we would recover our moral nature from the shocks of this all too engrossing world, on placid summer evenings, when the remembrance of far off home and kindred is softest, in the silent watches of the night, when, the world shut out, eternal things are a reality, and the petty cares of life are only a dream. And should trial come upon us in the stern struggles of life, they administer a soothing strength; if disappointment fills the heart with gall, they assuage its bitterness; when sickness prostrates energy, they recover the drooping spirit; and when death creeps slowly upon the sources of existence, they hover around like guardian angels, whispering sweet hopes of a better world. Would that all gifted men could learn that

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to survive the oblivion that seems to be the destiny of most human things, they should appeal only to that which is imperishable in the nature of man, to his holy affections and lofty hopes.

One effect of Bryant's faithful observation, of which we have spoken, is, that his poems are strictly American. They are American in their subjects, imagery, and spirit. Scarcely any other than one born in this country can appreciate all their merit, so strongly marked are they with the peculiarities of our natural scenery, our social feelings, and our national convictions. Of course then they are altogether orignal. What the author has seen, or what has been wrought in his own mind, he has written, and no more. His language, figures, and tone are not borrowed, for there are few if any from whom he could borrow; certainly none, and at the same time be faithful in the least degree to the influences of his native land. His skies, therefore, are not brought from Italy, nor his singing birds from England or the tropics, nor his forests from Germany or regions beyond the pole. He is not indebted more to the patient study of books than to a calm communion with outward things. He has levied no contributions on the masters of foreign literature to furnish himself with means, and has not depended upon the locked up treasures of ancient genius for the materials of thought and expression. He has written from the movings of his own mind; he has uttered what he has felt and known; he has described things around him in fitting terms, terms suggested by familiar contemplation, and thus his writings have become transcripts of external nature, appreciated by his countrymen with the readiness and ease with which truth is ever recognized.

> "Lone lakes, Savannahs, where the bison roves,
> Rocks rich with summer garlands, solemn streams,
> Skies where the desert eagle wheels and screams,
> Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless groves,"

are reflected from his pages like surrounding scenery from the surface of an unruffled lake. And where could he find aught more lovely and majestic, or where the land better adapted to inspire the genius of descriptive poetry than this, with its endless variety of woodland, grove, and water, with its deep forests brooding in eternal silence over the slumbering inland, with vast lakes, majestic in their repose, sending back the radiant hues of the sky, where mountain ridges rise to prop the very heavens, where broad streams roll their mighty tides for thousands of miles through fertile plains, where green prairies stretch like oceans arrested in their mightiest heavings, and where a wildness and freshness is pervading every scene, that dissociating it from human agency conducts to the thought of a loftier indwelling power.

Nor is the tone of these poems less American than the imagery or themes. They breathe the spirit of that new order of things in which we are cast. They are fresh, like a young people unwarped by the superstitions and prejudices of age, free, like a nation scorning the thought

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of bondage, generous, like a society whose only protection is mutual sympathy, and bold and vigorous like a land pressing onward to a future state of glorious enlargement. The holy instincts of democracy guides every expression and prompt and animate every strain. An attachment to liberty stronger than the desire of life, a regard for human rights of more than fraternal tenderness, a confidence in humanity that admits of no misgivings, and a rejoicing hope of the future, full of illumination and peace, are the sentiments that they every where inspire. They sharpen the sense of right, they quicken the perception of the natural, they infuse a love of the true, they soften and subdue the feelings, and expand those generous emotions that comprehend in their plans of benevolence every form of human being, from the king to the slave. Could all men discipline their hearts by the rich lessons, could they bring their feelings in unison with the aspirations, could they govern their conduct by the spirit, of these poems, the highest civilization of which a community is capable would be attained—one in which peace, cultivation, refinement, and love would pervade the whole structure.

It is therefore not difficult to assign this author his true rank among English poets. We gave him in the outset the second place, and did so because we thought he deserved it in many respects. In propriety of language, in grace of diction, in beauty of imagery and thought, in picturesque description, in originality and pathos, in moral spirit, in depth of philosophy, he is equal to the best of his order, though there is a copiousness, versatility, and strength of passion that he has yet to acquire, supposing he deem it desirable.

We never have read a book without speculating more or less to the character of its author. That is something, we admit, with which the public have nothing to do, and yet it is that about which they trouble themselves most. If we could gather the traits of this book and combine them in some way into a living person, we should fancy a man to whom the language of Wordsworth to Milton might be properly addressed, "Thy soul is like a star and dwells apart," one for whom the grosser world had no allurements, endowed with kind and gentle virtues, modest, unassuming, mild, simple in taste, elevated in sentiment, dignified in deportment, pure in life, a worshipper of the beautiful every where in nature and in art, perpetually attended by noble and benevolent aspirations, familiar as a friend with the best spirits of the past, but shrinking, instinctively, from contact with society, unless to bear reproach in the cause of truth and duty. Whether such a portrait would be true, we shall not ask those who know him to say, for sure we are that the beauty and purity which abound in these writings could only proceed from a mind equally beautiful and pure; nay, more so, since that man never lived who could give utterance to his whole soul.

Yet how strange is it, say some, that a mind of this sort should expend its energy in mere political discussion. We can discover nothing in it either strange or lamentable. No doubt it would be more congenial to the

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man's feelings, could he devote himself to the prosecution of his glorious art. Indeed, we hope for his own sake, for the sake of the literature of the country, that he may be permitted, in his riper age, to withdraw to some quiet retreat, where, amid the calm and beautiful scenes in which his imagination delights, he may meditate and construct a work worthy of his genius, and worthy of this great nation, one that shall grow in fame as his country expands in power and intelligence, and that shall give instruction and delight to the multitude destined in distant years to cover our vast inland deserts, and make noisy with active life the still shores of the Pacific. We wish this; but we do not regret that the author's sympathy with the cause of his fellow men has led him to mingle in the stirring warfare of politics; that with all the sensibility of genius, he could yet discipline himself to meet the rebuffs and shocks of civil conflict; that in being a poet he has not ceased to be a citizen. If there were in political life any thing incompatible with the highest virtue, if his choice of it had at any time been attended by degrading compliances, if low motives of any sort had impelled his exertions, or left a single trace in what he has done, if aught else than lofty self-sacrificing devotion had led to a vocation, supposed to be so repulsive, there would be cause for regret; and not for regret merely, for loud and stern utterances of rebuke should have met the prostitution of noble powers, which are the property of mankind, to ignoble objects. But it is no descent for the best of us to be concerned about the moral and social condition of our fellow men. One of the admirers of Goethe mentions it as a proof of his incomparable genius, that when the world was rent by the grandest dissensions, when revolutions of tremendous import were going on, when there was strong movement on all sides, and it seemed as if a thunderbolt had been shot among all social arrangements, and men were yet in doubt whether it came downward from heaven, or upward from hell, he all the while remained unaffected, penning soft madrigals or singing love ditties beneath the casement of his mistress. We see nothing in this to admire. We regard it as a piece of most despicable cowardice, or more despicable callousness. When it shall become disgraceful to feel for the suffering millions, degraded and down trodden, when it shall be a laudable thing to be indifferent to the moral progress of the human race, when we shall have occasion to grow ashamed of our affections, or make a mockery of love, it will be time enough to put forth empty lamentations over men of genius engaging in political strife. It is only exposing our moral defects to entertain and utter such lamentations. No man should disdain what deeply interests the happiness of his fellows. We rejoice, therefore, that Mr. Bryant should lend his high aid to what he has deemed the cause of goodness and truth. When we think of the nobleness of that political creed which from earliest manhood he has warmly espoused, of the energy with which he has defended individual and equal rights, of the frequency and fervor with which he has appealed in all his discussions to the best feelings of men, of the heroic consistency with which he has

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asserted truth in the day of its obscurity, bearing up manfully against persecutions from which less sensitive spirits would have recoiled, repelling with dignified and honorable scorn the attacks of malignant enemies, yet, in the midst of the foulest calumny and abuse, commiserating, in magnanimous meekness, the moral debasement from which they sprung, we not only rejoice, but thank God that he has been placed just where he has been placed, that he has been able, like Milton, to overcome the soft seductions of literary indolence, to battle sternly in the rude and jarring onsets of truth. Long after present storms shall cease to rage, many a young mind made strong by his example and efforts shall rise up to renew the

> "Friendless warfare, lingering long
> Through weary days and weary years."

Mr. Bryant has hitherto exhibited to the world only the evidence of what he can do, and the promise of what he will and must do. The present collection of his works consists of a number of short occasional poems—the common term of "fugitive" seems, however, scarcely applicable to such polished, condensed and gem-like performances—the aggregate of which falls short of three hundred duodecimo pages; and to these are to be added only a few subsequently published, most of which are familiar to the readers of the Democratic Review, as having first appeared among its contents within the past two years. But Mr. Bryant's powers are still in the full strength and freshness of mature manhood. We repeat the expression of the hope, that he may be permitted ere long to retire from the engrossing duties of editorial life, honorable and useful though they may be, to devote himself exclusively to what must still be regarded as his higher vocation, in the more congenial tranquillity of country life. And then we feel well assured that his active and well disciplined intellect will not long leave unsatisfied the demand which his country is entitled to make upon him for a great poem, worthy, at the same time to be held out to the world as the crowning pride of her young literature, and to constitute the main basis on which shall stand the statue to be erected to his own fame in the Pantheon of the Poets of the English language.

Towards the close of Schiller's noble poem, "The Artists," he beautifully represents the dignity of man and the establishment of truth as committed to the Poet's holy keeping, and exhorts him earnestly to cherish the power of song destined to dispel error and wrong from the earth. In a similar spirit we would remind the Poet of America, that the silent influence of his writings, in purifying and elevating the intellectual and moral nature of his countrymen, is his strongest inducement to a continuation of his labors. If he is faithful to his trust, as a quick-sighted discerner of beauty, of goodness and truth, when his body shall have mouldered to nothingness in its grave, his name will still be ever fresh and warm in the memories of men. Meanwhile let the living cherish the fame of one whom posterity will undoubtedly recognize as one of the most distinguished ornaments of his country and his time.

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THE PROJECTED SHIP CANAL TO CONNECT THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.*

A single glance at the map of the world will suffice to satisfy even the most unreflecting observer, that the execution of this long contemplated project, of connecting the two great oceans by a ship-canal across the Isthmus that divides the two Americas, would be (in the words of the Edinburgh Review, January, 1809, page 282) "the mightiest event in favor of the peaceful intercourse of nations which the physical circumstances of the globe present to the enterprise of man." It would effect a revolution in the commercial system of the world, surpassing that of the discovery of the passage by sea to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. To the vast commerce of the United States and Europe with the western coast of South America, it would save the circumnavigation of the latter continent, the total distance of which is about twelve thousand miles, together with the difficulties and dangers of the navigation of Cape Horn. The immense Pacific territory of the United States, now all but inaccessible to the commerce of our Atlantic board, except by overland conveyance, would be brought within easy access to the latter. The commerce of the world with China, Japan, and the Indian Archipelago, would be facilitated by a saving of above four thousand miles in distance; together with a still greater advantage in safety and ease, from the route avoiding both the equatorial and the high latitudes of the present route, and passing through the most favorable latitudes for winds and currents each way. Similar advantages would be afforded to the whale, skin, and fur fisheries of the different nations, and especially the United States, in the Pacific. Incalculable as would be these advantages in the present state of the commerce of the world, their benefit would be multiplied by the effect which such increased facilities of communication and exchange would exert, to stimulate the immense masses of the human race thus acted upon to new efforts of industry, in the developement of the resource of the richest portions of the globe, which would vastly increase the

* Considerations on the subject of a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, by means of a Ship Canal across the Isthmus which connects North and South America; and the best means of effecting it and permanently securing its benefits for the world at large, by means of a coöperation between individuals or companies of different nations, under the patronage of their respective governments. By a citizen of New York, formerly United States Consul at Lima, and for the ports of Peru. Georgetown, D. C. 1836.

Report of the Committee on Roads and Canals, &c., with an Appendix. Twenty-fifth Congress, Third Session. House of Representatives. No. 322.

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amount of valuable production, and the activity of commercial interchange, above the present degree of either. And, finally, the moral influence upon all that section of the globe, of bringing it into such close and intimate communication with the civilization and institutions of the more favored countries of the North Atlantic, will constitute a motive not inferior, to the eye of the philanthropist, to the aggregate of all the material advantages enumerated above. If the realization of such a project be within the limits of physical possibility, we are well assured that no reader will hesitate to pronounce it an object well worthy of the combined exertions and resources, if necessary, of all the principal commercial nations of the world.

This is a subject upon which, though it has been occasionally slightly noticed in the public prints, very little is popularly known in the United States. We propose, therefore, in the present Article, to present as clear and succinct a view as possible of its history and merits; for which we find ample materials in the publications whose titles are prefixed to this paper.

The first of these is an able and lucid pamphlet, of which the author is generally understood to be Mr. William Radcliff, of New York, a gentleman with whom this has long been a subject of paramount interest, and whose mind is probably more completely filled and possessed with the conception of its grandeur, and with the information in relation to it acquired by the zealous attention to it of many years, than that of any other individual that could be named. A small edition only of this pamphlet was printed by the author, in 1836, for private distribution.

The second consists of a Report by the Committee of Roads and Canals of the House of Representatives—Mr. Mercer, of Virginia, Chairman—made at the close of the last session of Congress, on a memorial addressed to that body by Aaron Clark, William A. Duer, Herman Leroy, Matthew Carey, William Radcliff, and others, urging upon Congress the importance of the object, and the peculiar obligation incumbent on the United States to take the lead in this magnificent enterprise. Annexed to the Report, which was not published till several months after the termination of the session, is an Appendix, embodying a great variety of documents replete with valuable information in relation to its subject.

Humboldt, in his "Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain," Book 1, ch. 2, enumerates not less than five routes, probably possible, for the communication between the two oceans, by the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea.

The first is comprised within the limits of Mexico, being across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, in the (now) State of Oaxaca. The Bay of Tehuantepec, on the Pacific, and the Bay of Campeachy, in the Gulf of Mexico, here approach to within about a hundred and twenty-five miles of each other, by a line inclining slightly to the eastward of due north. It contains the two navigable rivers, of the Chimalapa, emptying into the

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former bay, and the Huasacualco, emptying into the latter. The upper waters of these rivers approach each other to within a distance of less than twenty miles, across which portage the two might be readily connected by a canal.

The second is the route by lake Nicaragua and the river San Juan, in the States of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, in the (now) Federal Republic of Central America. The canalling requisite on this route would be only over a distance of about seventeen miles between the Gulf of Papagayo, on the Pacific, and lake Nicaragua. The San Juan connects the lake Nicaragua with the Atlantic, by the Caribbean Sea, and is navigable along its whole length, (about one hundred miles,) with improvements of which it is said to be easily susceptible, for vessels of considerable burden. The distance across the lake, (from three to eight fathoms in depth), from the river to the projected embouchure of the canal, is about fifty miles.

The third is across the Isthmus of Panama, within the dominions of the (now) Republic of New Granada, by the river Chagres, which empties into the Caribbean Sea. This being the narrowest part of the Isthmus that connects the two continents, (or very nearly so,) is the route to which the attention most naturally first directs itself. The shortest distance across, in a straight line, is less than thirty miles. The course of the river Chagres, from its mouth to the town of Cruces, where it ceases to be navigable at all, is about forty-three miles. Thence, the distance across to the Bay of Panama, on the Pacific, is only about fifteen miles. We but allude to these two routes here (the Nicaragua and Chagres routes) in general terms, as we shall have occasion to speak more fully of them below.

The fourth is by the river Atrato, emptying into the Gulf of Darien (by which name we sometimes hear it called), by its tributary, the river Napipi, which is navigable, though not for vessels of large burden, to within about sixteen or eighteen miles of the small bay of Cupica, on the Pacific.

The fifth is by the same river, the Atrato, by a small branch emptying into it higher up (of course more southwardly, the course of the Atrato being nearly north) called the Quito, which empties into the main stream four hundred and ten miles from the mouths of the latter, the town of Quibdò being situated at or near their junction. The Quito approaches very near to the waters of a small river emptying into the Pacific, named the San Juan; between the sources of which and the Quito is a small ravine, called *De la Raspadura*, through which, it will not be an uninteresting fact in the future history of this subject, a canal communication between the two oceans has already been made. "A monk of great activity," says Humboldt, "*curé* of the village of Novita, employed his parishioners to dig a small canal in the ravine *De la Raspadura*, by means of which, when the rains are abundant, canoes loaded with cocao pass *from sea to sea*. This interior communication has existed since 1788,

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unknown in Europe. The small canal of Raspadura unites, on the coasts of the two oceans, two points seventy-five leagues distant from one another."

The two last mentioned, which are scarcely, perhaps, to be properly spoken of as separate routes, both consisting mainly of the river Atrato, are manifestly, as remarked by Mr. Radcliff in a letter contained in the Appendix to the Report of the Committee, entirely unsuitable to the project of a *ship-canal;* and much inferior to the other routes for any sort of communication, by reason of the great distance between the two oceans, the want of depth in both rivers, and want of good harbours at both ends. They lie entirely within the Continent of South America, in the province of Choco. Similar objections, so far, at least, as regards the project of a ship-canal, apply to the first-named route, that of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. And, in fact, there can be no doubt, that it is between the two remaining routes, the Guatemalian by lake Nicaragua, and the New Granadian by the river Chagres, that the alternatives of selection alone lie.

Several abortive efforts have been set on foot, at different times, to realize this long cherished dream of magnificent enterprise. These appear to have proceeded, for the most part, either from mere irresponsible and scheming adventurers, attracted by the obvious advantages and comparative facilities of the undertaking, or from parties destitute of the proper degree of energy, fixedness of purpose, and power of combination, to bring together the vast accumulation of resources on which alone so gigantic an enterprise can be founded. In some instances, too, an unfortunate fatality has intervened to frustrate plans apparently begun under happier auspices, and with fair prospects of success. We propose, in the present paper, to present a general historical outline of these successive attempts, as necessary to the complete view of the subject we are desirous of exhibiting, and as preparatory to such future action, either national or on a large scale of private combination, as we hope to see hereafter grow out of its present agitation and discussion.

During the ascendency of the Spanish dominion in these countries, little or nothing was done, or was to have been expected, towards the accomplishment of an object demanding a bold and large grasp of enterprise, and an enlightened liberality of views, political and commercial, entirely foreign to the ideas and habits of the narrow, restrictive, and exclusive system, which weighed like a paralysing incubus upon the native energies, both of the mother country and of the magnificent colonial empire bequeathed to her by the genius of Columbus;—although its future execution, at some period or other, has always been contemplated, and looked forward to with a profound interest by many enlightened minds, as "a necessary result of the form and position of this continent." Even in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, projects began to be discussed for the intersection of the Isthmus. We are not, however, aware of any surveys made with such a view by the Spanish

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Government, till the year 1781, to which allusion is made in the following extracts of letters from Jefferson, when Minister at Paris, to Mr. William Carmichael, at Madrid:

"PARIS, December 11, 1787.

"I have been told that cutting through the Isthmus of Panama, which the world has so often wished and supposed practicable, has at times been thought of by the Government of Spain, and that they once proceeded so far as to have a survey and examination made of the ground; but that the result was either impracticability or too great difficulty."

"PARIS, May 27, 1788.

"With respect to the Isthmus of Panama, I am assured by Burgoin, (who would not choose to be named, however,) that a survey was made; that a canal was practicable; and that the idea was suppressed for political reasons altogether. He has seen and minutely examined the report. This report is to me a vast desideratum, for reasons political and philosophical."

It is doubtless to this survey that the Edinburgh Review alludes in the Article already referred to, in 1809, when it says: "the ground has been surveyed, and not the practicability only, but the facility of the work completely ascertained."

It is well known that the Spanish Government looked with an eye of most suspicious jealousy upon this the most interesting spot, from its remarkable natural capabilities, on the face of the globe. Well understanding that this was the weakest side, and as it were the key, of its American possessions, it trembled that the idea should go abroad, among the other powerful and commercial nations of the world, whose attention and interest would then be strongly attracted towards the Isthmus, of the possibility of a ship communication between the two oceans at this point; and it directed, therefore, unremitted efforts to the object of preserving it entirely isolated from and unknown to Europe. For this purpose it neglected the conquest of the Indians along the northern coast of the Isthmus, leaving it uninhabited and difficult of access, and planting all its population on its Pacific side. And we are told, in the "Description of the Spanish Islands and settlements on the coast of the West Indies," by Thomas Jeffry, Geographer to His Majesty in 1762, (quoted by the Edinburgh Review—we have not been able to procure the work,) that it was the instruction of the King of Spain to the Governor of St. John's Castle, not to permit any British subject to pass up or down the lake; for "if ever the English came to a knowledge of its importance and value, they would soon make themselves masters of this part of the country."

The narrow-minded stupidity of such a policy is, however, sufficiently apparent from the following remarks in which Humboldt (writing in 1808, and dedicating his work to Charles IV.,) attempts to impress upon the Spanish Government more enlarged and liberal views in relation to this portion of its dominions:

"Moreover, no political consideration should oppose the progress of population, agriculture, commerce, and civilization, in the Isthmus of Panama. The more this

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neck of land shall be cultivated, the more resistance will it oppose to the enemies of the Spanish Government. The events which took place at Buenos Ayres prove the advantages of a concentrated population in the case of an invasion. If any enterprising nation wished to become possessed of the isthmus, it could do so with the greatest ease at present, when good and numerous fortifications are destitute of arms to defend them. The unhealthiness of the climate, though now much diminished at Portobello, would alone oppose great obstacles to any military undertaking in the isthmus. It is from St. Charles de Chiloe, and not from Panama, that Peru can be attacked. It requires from three to five months to ascend from Panama to Lima. But the whale and *cachalot* fishery, which in 1803 drew sixty English vessels to the South Sea, and the facilities for the Chinese commerce and the furs of Nootka Sound, are baits of a very seductive nature. They will draw, sooner or later, the masters of the ocean to a point of the globe destined by nature to change the face of the commercial system of nations."—New Spain. Book 1, chap. 2.

Though the justice of the compliment with which he seeks to recommend his advice may well be questioned:

"The time is past 'when Spain, through a jealous policy, refused to other nations a thoroughfare through the possessions of which she has so long kept the world in ignorance.' Those who are at present at the head of the government, are enlightened enough to give a favorable reception to the liberal ideas proposed to them; and the presence of a stranger is no longer regarded as a danger for the country."

But a new era in the history of this portion of the Western Hemisphere was marked by the events which, in the provinces, succeeded the proclamation of the Constitution of 1812, at Cadiz, in 1820. It was speedily followed by the complete overthrow and expulsion of the Spanish authority throughout the American Colonies, after a struggle more or less protracted in the different portions of the country. In the northern part of South America, the independence of the newly constituted Republic of Colombia was securely established by the end of 1823. That of Peru and the remainder of the continent became consummated about the close of 1825—the whole country continuing, however, to be long and deeply agitated by constant change, convulsion, and civil war. In the Northern Continent, the dominion of the mother country was overthrown with still greater ease and rapidity. The independence of Mexico may be said to have been complete on the twenty-fourth of August, 1821; though it was not till the fourth of October, 1824, that the settlement of its internal agitations by the execution of Iturbide (which took place in July of that year) permitted the proclamation of its Federal Republican Constitution, framed for the most part on the basis of that of the United States. In Guatemala the revolution was complete, with scarcely any opposition, in 1821; though it was not till the second of July, 1823, that it declared its independence of the federal union which Mexico attempted to force upon it. Its present Constitution was ratified in September, 1824, establishing a federal organization, closely modelled on that of this country, consisting of the five States of Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, under the title of the Federal Republic of Central America.

On the achievement of their independence, one of the earliest great

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objects of national interest to which the attention of the new republican governments was directed, was naturally the execution of this long deferred project of the union of the Atlantic and Pacific waters. The Government of Central America, being earlier composed to a state of comparative order and tranquillity, was considerably in advance of its southern rival for the possession of this splendid honor and advantage, in the initiatory steps which it took towards inviting that coöperation of foreign capital which alone, in the exhausted and feeble condition of the country itself, could afford a prospect of the accomplishment of so vast an undertaking. The history of the subject, of which we are here sketching a succinct outline, at this point necessarily divides itself into two branches—the first relating to the northern or the Nicaragua route, within the territory of the Republic of Central America; and the other, to the Panama or Chagres route, within the limits of the (now) Republic of New Granada. We propose to trace these out in succession, and afterwards to exhibit as complete a view of the respective advantages of the two, as we are enabled to gather from the various materials within our reach.

As early as the eighteenth of September, 1824, the newly established Government of Central America received proposals from an English company, through the house of Barclay and Co.; and, on the second of February ensuing, from an association composed chiefly of merchants in the United States, signed by Colonel Charles Bourke and Mr. Matthew Llanos, who even went so far as to state that they had brought an armed brig, with engineers to level the grounds and survey the lake Nicaragua and the river San Juan, the route by which they projected the establishment of a steam communication between the two oceans, provided the Government should grant them the exclusive privileges they solicited. These were, as stated in Thompson's Guatemala—"1st, An exclusive privilege for the purpose. 2d, An exclusive privilege for navigation by steamboats in the rivers, and on the waters of the three provinces, as far as the lake where the said canal is to be opened. 3d, Permission to cut wood in the said province. 4th, Exemption from duty on the introduction of goods on account of the company, until the canal be completed." The equivalent offered to the Government for these privileges was, twenty per cent. on the annual product of the toll to be paid by vessels passing through the canal, and after the expiration of a specified term, the canal to become the property of the Government.

Without acting specifically on either of these offers, the Government passed a decree, on the twelfth of July, 1825, for the purpose of inviting a competition of proposals, promising the sanction and assistance of the State to any parties who would undertake the project, and to recognize as a public debt the money expended in the execution of it; the revenues of the work to be applied to the payment of the interest and principal of the capital embarked, deducting the expenses of repairs, management, and defence,—and the navigation being free to all friendly and neutral nations, without any privilege or exclusion.

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In the meantime the attention of the Government of the United States to this subject had been urgently invoked by the first diplomatic representative from the newly constituted Republic, Mr. de Cañaz; who, under the instructions of his Government, in a note to the Secretary of State, dated Washington, February 8th, 1825, thus writes:

"I ought to mention, sir, as the representative of the Government of the Centre, that nothing would be more grateful to it than that this co-operation should be owing to your generous nation, whose noble conduct has been a model and a protection to all the Americas; and that, on these considerations, it will be highly satisfactory to have it a participator, not only of the merit of the enterprise, but of the great advantages which that canal of communication must produce, by means of a treaty, which may perpetually secure the possession of it to the two nations.

"By the data which at present exist, there ought to be no doubt of the possibility of the work in the terms shown by the plan which I have the honor of sending you herewith. My Government is disposed to employ all the means in its power to facilitate the execution; a company of respectable American merchants is ready to undertake the work as soon as it is secured by a treaty between both Governments; and finally, if a diplomatic agent be appointed by this Government to the Republic of the Centre, and if he be instructed upon the matter, the most favorable opportunity presents itself for the arrangement of this business."

To which Mr. Clay, April 18th, 1825, thus replies:

"The idea has been long conceived of uniting those two seas by a canal navigation. The execution of it will form a great epoch in the commercial affairs of the whole world. The practicability of it can be scarcely doubted. Various lines for the proposed canal have been suggested, and have divided public opinion. The evidence, tending to show the superiority of the advantages of that which would traverse the province of Nicaragua, seems to have nearly settled the question in favor of that route. Still, on a project of such vast magnitude, it is necessary to proceed with the greatest caution. A false step, taken in the first movement, might lead to the most mischievous consequences. The President, has, therefore, determined to instruct the chargé d'affaires of the United States, whom he has just appointed, (and who will shortly proceed upon his mission to the Republic of the Centre,) to investigate, with the greatest care, the facilities which the route through the province of Nicaragua offers, and to remit the information which he may acquire to the United States. Should it confirm the preference which it is believed that route possesses, it will then be necessary to consult Congress as to the nature and extent of the co-operation which shall be given towards the completion of the great work. The chargé d'affaires of the United States will be specially directed to assure your Government of the deep interest which is taken by that of the United States in the execution of an undertaking which is so highly calculated to diffuse an extensive influence on the affairs of mankind, and to express to it, also, the acknowledgments which are justly due to the friendly overture of which you have been the organ."

The result of these measures was the formal execution of a contract, on the sixteenth of June, 1826, between the Government of Central America, and the agent of a projected association of American capitalists, Charles de Beneski,—the principal in the undertaking being Mr. Aaron H. Palmer, of New York; and the United States Chargé d'Affaires, Colonel Williams, having been mainly instrumental in obtaining and negotiating the contract, the execution of which was officially witnessed and attested by him. The substance of this contract, of which a copy is given in the Appendix to the Report before us, is thus stated in the prospectus by

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which Mr. Palmer attempted, unsuccessfully, to form a company in England for its execution:

"The canal to be cut by the company in the State of Nicaragua shall admit merchant vessels of the largest burden, and is to be open to all nations. The Government of the Republic of Central America is to fix the amount of the tolls and duties, and is bound to contribute to the most expeditious completion of the enterprise, by permitting the cutting of timber necessary for the works, free of expense; by facilitating the surveys, and other preliminary operations; by furnishing the plans, charts, and levellings already made, and in procuring workmen; and is further bound to indemnify the owners of land, farms, and other property through which the canal may pass, for all damages incurred thereby. The company is entitled to receive two-thirds of the tolls and duties to be imposed on all vessels, goods, and produce passing through, or entering the canal: the republic is to receive the other third part. The republic reserves the right of redeeming the capital invested in the work, paying interest at ten per cent.; but the company is entitled to receive one half of the nett proceeds of the canal for the term of seven years after such repayment by the republic. The company is also to have, in all events, the exclusive privilege of the navigation of the canal by steamboats, for twenty years after the completion of the work, free of duties, and is authorized to fix the amount to be paid for the freight of cargoes and passengers on board such steamboats, and the rate of compensation for towing vessels through the canal."

Possessed of this instrument, Mr. Palmer's first step was to place the undertaking under the auspices of some of the most respectable names in New York, and for that purpose executed a deed of trust to De Witt Clinton, Stephen Van Rensselaer, C. D. Colden, Philip Hone, and Lynde Catlin, Esquires, by which they were constituted Commissioners to superintend the organization of the projected "*Central American and United States Atlantic and Pacific Canal Company*," with a capital to be subscribed of five millions of dollars, in fifty thousand shares of a hundred dollars each, of which two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were to be reserved for citizens of Central America. It was stipulated in the contract that the engineers to make the surveys were to be in Nicaragua within seven months at the latest, and the work to be commenced, if found practicable, within twelve months, after the signature of the contract; a discretionary power to extend the time six months longer, in case of extraordinary difficulties arising, being reserved to the Government. The company was also to advance to the Government the sum of two hundred thousand dollars for the initiatory expenses which it was to incur in the construction of fortifications, and in the surveys in which its engineers were to coöperate with those of the former. This undertaking, which appeared to promise so fair, fell through. The severe pecuniary crisis of that period, together with political disturbances in Guatemala, proved fatal to it. After obtaining the conditional promise of about a million of dollars in America, Mr. Palmer proceeded to England, where he spent ten months in unsuccessful attempts to engage the coöperation of British capital. It will be remembered that at that time the appetite for foreign enterprise of this kind, which but shortly before had run riot through the wildest excesses

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of joint-stock speculation, had been satiated, and turned into disgust, by the explosion of so many magnificent bubbles, that it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Palmer found it impossible even to obtain attention, at so unpropitious a moment, to the respectable guarantees under which this enterprise was projected, its incalculable advantages and comparative facilities, together with its sound and solid character,—being entirely "free," as remarked in a letter of Governor Clinton, "from the taint of speculation."

No better success was destined to attend the next attempt that was made, under still more promising auspices, by a Dutch company, of which the sagacious merchant-king of Holland was the head and principal subscriber. It appears that at the time when Mr. Palmer succeeded, as above related, in negotiating his contract, the Dutch had made an attempt, of which the failure is now to be regretted, to avail themselves of the opportunity offered by the decree of the twelfth of July, above referred to; a company having been formed, in 1825, with a capital of a million of guilders, of which the King subscribed half. Not losing sight of the object, however, after the failure of Mr. Palmer's attempt, a special envoy, General Verveer, was sent by the King of the Netherlands to the Republic of Central America; who negotiated a general treaty of amity and commerce, and a preliminary basis for a treaty for a ship-canal, which was to be concluded in Holland. The contemplated provisions of this treaty were liberal and philanthropic. The canal was to be open to merchant vessels of all nations except those with which the Republic might be at war. Vessels of war were to require the special consent of the Government of the Republic for their passage; a consent which was not to be extended to ships of belligerents, nor in any case where any nation or government should make a special protest or request in relation to the armed vessels of another; and means were to be taken to obtain from the several maritime nations of Europe and America the recognition of a perpetual universal neutrality within a certain distance in every direction from either entrance of the canal. The canal was to admit, if possible, the passage of the largest ships fully laden—the undertakers to have the sole administration and control of the execution of the work—the cost and interest, at ten per cent. per annum, to constitute a public debt of the Republic, to the extinction of which the revenues of the work were to be applied, and for the security of which a special mortgage was to be given upon all the public lands of the Republic within a league from either shore of the canal—the rights of strangers employed upon the work to be amply guaranteed—together with the establishment of a free commercial city in the close vicinity of the canal.

Unfortunately, as well for the world at large as for the country locally interested itself, the intervention of the Belgian Revolution of 1830, with the hostilities that ensued between Belgium and Holland, and the state of agitation and uncertainty which continued in that country for several

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years after, distracted the attention of the intelligent monarch under whose auspices these preparatory steps had been taken, from this noble but distant and prospective enterprise; and we learn from the Report of the Committee, that the charter of the company incorporated in the Netherlands for the purpose, was suffered to expire before its organization was completed. There cannot, however, be any doubt of the readiness both of the government and probably the capitalists of that country, to coöperate zealously with any new movement that may be set on foot for the accomplishment of the great object of common and universal interest, as soon as it shall be presented in a practical and feasible shape.

No other attempt, within our knowledge, has been made by the Government of the Central Republic, since the disappointment of the two above mentioned. The unfortunate and mortifying result of a mission of investigation sent by General Jackson, in accordance with a recommendatory resolution of the Senate of the United States, adopted on the third of March, 1835—which was designed to embrace both the proposed routes, with a view of opening negotiations with the Governments both of Central America and New Granada,—will be related below.

The internal disturbances of the Republic of Colombia, more protracted and violent than afflicted its neighbouring confederacy of Central America, precluded as early an attention being turned to this subject as we have seen was directed, almost in the first moments of its organized political existence, by the latter. So that, although at the period when Bolivar hold supreme command in Colombia he manifested great zeal in obtaining accurate information in relation to it, and, in 1828 and '29, had a survey executed of the different routes,* which naturally enough gave the

* By Captain Lloyd and Captain Falmarck, (the former an Englishman, and the latter a Swede, both in the Colombian service as military engineers.) Captain Lloyd, after his return to England, made two reports, (with the permission of Bolivar,) the one to the Royal Society, and the other to the Royal Geographical Society, of London. See "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for the year 1830, Part I.;" and the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London, for 1830—1."

We may here, by the way, introduce a personal anecdote of the Liberator, which has come to our knowledge, exhibiting the earnest interest that he felt in the accomplishment of this great undertaking. Had he lived, and continued at the head of the Republic of Colombia, the waters of the two oceans would probably long ere this have been mingled together. In the month of September, 1829, at Guayaquil, after he had brought to a victorious termination the war between Colombia and Peru, in a conversation with an American gentleman, on the subject of the communication across the Isthmus, he declared his intention, on his return to Bogotà, and on the settlement of all the difficulties of the State, *of sending his army to the Isthmus to employ them in this work*—a better use, alas, than any South American army has yet been put to. But the hand of disease and death was already upon him. In the following year his resignation of the Presidency (in consequence of the charges against him of monarchical aspirations, made the pretext by the Venezuelians for their contemplated division of the Republic) was shortly followed by his death, before he could embark for England, according to his intention, for the restoration of his shattered constitution.

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preference to the Chagres, or New Granadian route; and although the Provincial Chamber of the District of Panama, in June, 1831, and October, 1833, invoked the attention of the General Congress to the subject; yet it was not till the twenty-fifth of May, 1834, that a decree was passed by the latter, to invite proposals for the work, of a similar general character to that which we have seen was adopted by the Government of Central America on the twelfth of July, 1825. But it should be observed that this decree contemplated only a *road*, either an ordinary carriage road, or railroad, and not a *ship-canal*, though permission was granted to the undertakers to avail themselves, if convenient, of any canal for the purpose of forming part of the proposed communication across the Isthmus. This circumstance certainly implies very little confidence on the part of the authorities of New Granada in the possibility of a canal across the Isthmus by the Chagres route; though perhaps we are only to look upon it as manifesting a despair of the more arduous grandeur of the latter project, under the actual circumstances of the time, which would be natural enough after its past history; with a sensible regard to the wisdom of the homely adage, that better a half loaf than no bread. It appears, however, by one of the documents before us, that on the twenty-seventh of May, 1835, no proposition had been made to the Government for the construction of a road, as contemplated in the decree. The document we refer to is a grant of a privilege for a canal, to a certain adventurer, whose career presents a singular history, the "Baron de Thierry." By the terms of this grant the exclusive privilege was secured to the contractor to open a canal for the passage of vessels not drawing more than ten feet, by the aid of the waters of the rivers Chagres and Grande, and the bay of Limon. The work was to be undertaken within two years from the date of the privilege, and to be completed within three years after its commencement,—to revert to the Republic in fifty years after its completion; the Baron de Thierry engaging to support the expenses of erecting such fortifications as the Executive should judge requisite for the protection of the canal, of providing them with artillery, and of maintaining suitable garrisons, to be composed of Granadian troops—such lands belonging to New Granada being also allowed to him as he might need for the establishment of moles, wharves, and other works indispensable to the canal. A tariff of the maximum prices of transportation across the Isthmus to be charged on the work, accompanies the decree which constitutes the grant.

It certainly appears very extraordinary that the Government of New Granada, especially so intelligent and able a man as its President, Santander, should have allowed themselves to be imposed upon by the empty and irresponsible scheming of such a mere adventurer as this same grandiloquent Baron de Thierry; whose pretensions were unsupported by any guarantees, either of respectability or pecuniary means, being buoyed up solely by the inflation of their own self-confident impudence. It will be a sufficient specimen of the man to mention, that one of the principal

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reasons which he urges, in a letter to some of the deputies in the Congress of New Granada, in favor of a canal over a railroad, is the want of native iron in the country, and the dangerous impolicy of depending on foreign nations for its supply. "If the Granadian Government," urges this sapient argument, "had proposed to establish a railroad of gold, it might have been considered more practicable than one of iron; for the simple reason, that the country possesses materials for the former, and that it would be absolutely dependent on foreign nations for those of the latter." The following account of this curious personage we find in the report made in November, 1836, by the late Colonel Biddle, the agent commissioned by President Jackson, of whom more remains to be said below, to the Secretary of State, after his return from his very extraordinary mission:

"Charles Thierry was born in England, and claims descent from one of the most ancient families in France, from whom he also derives the title of baron. He was one of the ushers at Cambridge university a few years since, when a number of Indians from the South sea visited England, very much in the same style, and for the identical purposes which induce the red men of the north to perform their periodical journeys to Washington city. Among the curiosities exhibited for the amusement of the Indians, was the interior of the college; and, whilst there, these savages, for some cause heretofore unknown, converted the 'usher of Cambridge university,' into "the sovereign chief of New Zealand." In order that the ceremonies of this election should be religiously performed, a strong piece of parchment was prepared, on which pledges of fidelity were engraved without stint; and as the electors could neither read nor write, each chief, disdaining the vulgar method of placing a *cross* opposite to his name, copied, with great precision, a fair representation of the *tattooing* on his body. This instrument of sovereignty, instead of being '*signed and sealed*,' according to our fashion of executing similar documents, declares upon the the face of it that it has been '*tabood and doubly tabood*,' in the presence of certain witnesses who had affixed their signatures in a fair mercantile hand-writing.

"The baron, like many other great men of ancient and modern times, after acquiring sovereignty over New Zealand, was disposed to extend his power: and, in order to accomplish this object, he was, on the twenty-first day of June, 1835, tabood and doubly tabood '*King of Nukaveva*.'

"The last accounts received in the United States of this sovereign chief and king, are contained in the English newspapers, and are as follows:

"From the London Atlas, twenty-second May 1836: 'We have received an important paper, which we have not space now to insert. It is a memorial from the British President of New Zealand, to his fellow subjects resident in, or trading to New Zealand. Its date is the eighteenth of October last, and its purpose, to protest against the claim of a person who styles himself 'Charles Baron de Thierry, Sovereign Chief of New Zealand and King of Nuhaveva, one of the Marquesa islands,' to reign over New Zealand. This claim is founded, he says, on the invitation of the chiefs whose right to invite him is denied by the British President. The adventurer has issued his manifesto, declaring that he had notified to the Kings of England and France, and to the American President, his intention of assuming the sovereignty, and that he was coming with an armed vessel from Panama to make good his claim. The British President, we learn from private letters, had summoned the chiefs, who expressed ardent loyalty and independence; and, as all the British subjects would rally round the President, we may soon expect to hear that King Charles of New Zealand has met a warm reception in his intended empire.'"

"From the London Atlas, twelfth June 1836: 'The threatened expedition of the

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Baron de Thierry against New Zealand, which we noticed some weeks ago as in preparation, is likely to be frustrated. By a letter dated in January last, we learn that his Majesty's ship Beagle had arrived at the Bay of Islands, direct from Tahiti; and that her commander, Captain Fitzroy, states that he had been consulted by the Queen, previous to his departure, on the propriety of permitting the baron to levy and train troops on her soil. The captain answered that such a proceeding against a friendly power would not be permitted in England, and that the Queen might be made accountable for such permission, to those against whom the expedition was directed. Thus the redoubtable baron's 'native battalion,' was knocked up; and as the would-be King of New Zealand would learn very soon after the departure of the Beagle that the chiefs had in solemn assembly declared him a public enemy, his foreign corps would probably dismiss themselves.'"

"The Baron de Thierry never viewed the ground through which his contemplated canal was to pass; he has no pecuniary resources to execute such a work, and is believed to be without friends. The general impression now is, that the object of his application to Congress was, indirectly, to obtain a recognition by the New Granadian Government of his right to Sovereignty over New Zealand. The sketch of the decree offered by him to the committee of Congress contains his *title* of sovereign chief, and he opposed with great obstinacy the proposition to expunge it. Failing in this object, he appeared indifferent whether the law passed or was rejected; and eighteen months have already elapsed without a single effort on his part to commence the work, and in six months hence his privilege expires. The law is now considered by those members of Congress who were most instrumental in procuring its passage, as a *dead letter;* and as such, I think it may be viewed by the rest of the world."

It should be mentioned, in this place, to the honor of the intelligent liberality of the New Granadian Government, that a law was passed on the twenty-fifth of May, 1835, for the purpose of attracting commercial capital and enterprise to the Isthmus, and especially to the construction of some method of easy transport across from ocean to ocean,—by which absolute freedom of trade is granted to the two cantons of Portobello and Panama, for the space of twenty years, to date from the opening of a railroad or canal across the Isthmus. If the day is ever destined to arrive that shall witness the consummation of these long cherished hopes of the inhabitants of the country favored by nature with a topographical situation as invaluable as it is unique, it is indeed difficult for the imagination to assign bounds to the commercial prosperity and activity of which the Isthmus of Panama must become the focus, under the operation of the freedom of trade secured by this most excellent law.

The only remaining point in the history of the public action of the Government, in connection with this subject, is the special mission of investigation sent by the Government of the United States in 1835, of which the result proved, from the unfortunate selection of the agent employed, so very unsatisfactory in every point of view. The following is a copy of the resolution of the Senate of the third of March, 1835, to which allusion has been before made, and under the authority of which this special mission was sent:

"*Resolved*, That the President of the United States be respectfully requested to consider the expediency of opening negotiations with the Governments of other nations, and particularly with the Governments of Central America and New Granada, for the purpose of effectually protecting, by suitable treaty stipulations with them, such

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individuals or companies as may undertake to open a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, by the construction of a ship-canal across the Isthmus which connects North and South America; and of securing forever, by such stipulations, the free and equal right of navigating such canal to all nations, on the payment of such reasonable tolls as may be established, to compensate the capitalists who may engage in such undertaking and complete the work."

The gentleman selected for this interesting commission was one considered in all respects suitable for the discharge of its important duties, the late Colonel Charles Biddle, a brother of the well known individual distinguished for the long and severe struggle which he waged with the Democratic party, under the guidance of the late Administration, for the possession of the government of these United States. In accordance with the plain prescription of the above resolution, his instructions, which are dated May the first, 1835, marked out very distinctly the exact line of his duty. He was to "proceed by the most direct route to Port St. John, and ascend the river San Juan to the Lake Nicaragua, and thence by the contemplated route of communication, by canal or railroad, to the Pacific ocean," and to "procure the most copious and accurate information in regard to the practicability of either project, and the time and circumstances under which either will be commenced." He was then to proceed to Guatemala, the capital of the Republic of Central America, and with the coöperation of the United States Chargé at that place, the late Mr. De Witt, to procure all public documents, &c., and all accessible materials of information bearing upon the subject. He was thence, in like manner, to proceed to examine the Panama route, and at Bogotà, the seat of government of New Granada, to obtain, with the aid of Mr. McAfee, the United States Chargé des Affaires at that place, all public documents and information calculated to throw light upon the subject. Nothing could have been either more distinct or more complete and proper than these instructions; so that the State Department stands entirely acquitted from the blame of a failure, in so well planned a mission, consequent solely on a most flagrant violation of the whole spirit as well as letter of its instructions to the agent selected—unfortunately, as the event proved*—by the President. He was here unequivocally commissioned for the sole purpose of collecting information—with emphatic instructions to obtain it in the fullest manner possible in relation to both routes, and both at the two respective localities, and at the capitals of the two respective Governments. It is true that the following clause was added as a postscript:

"The route marked out above was prescribed to you, because it was believed that, by following it, you might gather the best information in the shortest time; but you are not to consider yourself tied down to it, and may deviate from it whenever it may be necessary to enable you to accomplish that object."

The discretionary deviation from the letter of his instructions here permitted, was plainly only for the purpose of better accomplishing the

* He was chosen doubtless on the strength of his qualifications as displayed in better days.

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object of gathering "the best information in the shortest time,"—that is to say, the information required by the whole tenor of his commission, in relation to *both* of the two routes between which lay the yet uncertain and unknown alternatives of selection.

Duly provided with letters to the U. S. Consuls, as well as to Mr. De Witt and Mr. McAfee, Colonel Biddle proceeded on his mission. The letter of the Secretary of State to Mr. McAfee informed the latter that Mr. Biddle was commissioned "to make observations and inquiries in respect to the projects for uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans;" and instructed him to "assist him in procuring any public documents that may have a bearing on the subject, and, in particular, any contract that the Government of New Granada may have entered into, under its law of the twenty-second of May last, relative to a railroad across the Isthmus of Darien." There was added a general recommendation of the bearer in the following terms: "You will afford to Mr. Biddle any other assistance, and any attentions and civilities that may be necessary, or that may be in your power"—a phraseology which it is very certain was never intended to convey the meaning which afterwards, by an ingenious direction given to it by Mr. Biddle, for the promotion of his own personal and private interests, seems to have been in point of fact applied to it.

Colonel Biddle proceeded, by way of the islands of Cuba and Jamaica, directly to the Isthmus of Panama, which he reached on the twenty-seventh of November. Nor did he ever visit Central America at all, nor pay any other regard to that half of his commission relating to the northern or Nicaragua route, than cavalierly to reply, in general terms, to the inquiry addressed to him by Mr. Forsyth, on his return, for an explanation of this omission, that he "had ascertained from the most authentic sources in Cuba, Jamaica, and New Granada, that the project of a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, by the San Juan river and Lake Nicaragua, was utterly impracticable." And the only specific information which his Report and accompanying documents present, in support of the sweeping generality of this *ipse-dixit*, consists in—1, An *allusion* to Bolivar's surveys,* from which he states that, "the river San Juan and the lake Nicaragua were deemed ineligible on account of the shallowness of the water, the numerous obstructions

* This is a most extraordinary *fabrication* on the part of Colonel Biddle. Bolivar could not institute any survey or examination of a route lying two or three hundred miles north of his own frontier, even supposing him to have had any motive for such a survey. And in point of fact he did not. The engineers employed by him were, as stated in a former note, Captains Lloyd and Falmarck; and there is not the slightest allusion, in Lloyd's Reports, to any such pretended examination within the territories of Central America. Whether this was an original fiction of Colonel Biddle, in palliation of his neglect of the proper duty of his mission, or whether he was imposed upon by some verbal representations made to him at Panama or Bogotà, which he took no pains to verify, it is not necessary for us to consider.

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in the river, the violent hurricanes on the lakes, the unhealthiness of the climate, and the great distance between the two oceans, it being more than treble that of the route by the river Chagres;"—2, A remark by a number of distinguished citizens of New Granada, members of a patriotic society styled the "Friends of their Country," that no other than the New Granadian route "appears to us worthy to occupy the attention of any enterprising person, considering the facilities which the narrowness of the Isthmus and the lowness of the cordilleras of the Andes offer;"—3, The following opinion of another distinguished citizen of New Granada, Doctor Pedro Gual:* "From the slight and imperfect knowledge which I possess in relation to the Isthmus of Panama, the project of opening a canal for the passage of heavy vessels from one ocean to the other appears to me a chimera; I am certain that this is impracticable north of Panama. * * * * I am firmly of opinion that, in the present condition of the civilized world, the opening of a canal for vessels of a heavy tonnage is a chimera, and that if it be possible to put the plan into execution for vessels of lighter draught, this must be done to the south of Panama, and cannot be accomplished until the gradual improvement of the Isthmus shall furnish the means of acquiring more correct geographical and topographical knowledge of that entire country than is now at our command;"—and 4th, a general plea of notoriety, *derived, however, only from the latitude of New Granada*, thus stated: "This opinion is so universal and decisive, that the public attention has long since been altogether diverted from the consideration of a communication by the San Juan river." †

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* We may here state that this gentleman, well known in this country as a man of the most eminent character and ability, Bolivar's Secretary of Foreign Affairs, has since *changed the opinion here expressed* in relation to a ship-canal. From more full examination of the subject, and elevation of views to the level of the present state of science in Europe and America, he has become convinced, not only of the practicability of a ship-canal, but that it is the only mode of effecting a junction between the oceans entitled to consideration. He is now in Europe, having been induced to leave the retirement in which he has lived since the death of his friend Bolivar, by the urgent solicitations of his countrymen to undertake a special mission abroad of peculiar delicacy and importance, in connection with the great national debt which has so long hung like a millstone round the neck of the Republic of Colombia, now divided into the three Republics of Venezuela, Ecuador, and New Granada.

† That Colonel Biddle did not regard the plan of a ship canal as *impossible*, appears from the following remark in his letter to Mr. McAfee, designed as the opening of his negotiations with the New Granadian government: "It appears to me that the long contemplated project of uniting the Pacific and Atlantic oceans by a ship navigation must be reserved for the patriotic exertions of a future generation, when the union, prosperity and resources of South America may be sufficient to accomplish that project, without regard to its expense, or the revenue which it may yield. At present, no well-advised private capitalists could enter into such a scheme without the prospect of utter ruin." It is evident that Colonel Biddle's ideas on the subject narrowed themselves down, from the broader scope of those which dictated his commission, to the dimensions of such exertions of "private capitalists" as would be within the compass of the resources on which he relied for the accomplishment of his own personal views.

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This was all the *evidence* in relation to one of the two great branches of the investigation which Colonel Biddle was commissioned to make, personally, searchingly, and authentically, that has resulted to the country from his mission. The fact is simply, that he went out purely for a purpose of speculation, using his public commission, most unrighteously, solely as a means for the furtherance of his personal views, and entirely disregarding all the duties it imposed, except in so far as they coincided with the objects of those private interests.

He arrived at Panama on the first of December, where, as he states, the lively interest felt in the design of his visit procured him an enthusiastic reception; and where he found that all confidence in the Baron de Thierry was destroyed, and his scheme condemned as impracticable. On his journey across the Isthmus, up the river Chagres to the head of its navigation at the town of Cruces, and thence across to Panama, he had become perfectly satisfied of the facility with which "can be secured, by steamboats and railroad cars, *a safe conveyance from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean in six hours.*" He found the river navigable, at all seasons of the year, for steamboats drawing from five to six feet of water; and that as the current does not exceed three miles per hour, the trip could be performed from Chagres, at the mouth of the river of the same name, to Cruces (forty-three miles by the course of the river) in five hours; while from Cruces to Panama, a distance of only fifteen miles, the country presented no greater difficulties for a railroad than that from Washington to Baltimore.

Confident in this "most perfect conviction of the facility with which this enterprise could be accomplished," he proceeded to the capital, Bogotà, after a residence in Panama of a little over six weeks, in communication with the society of "Friends of their Country," above alluded to. He reached Bogotà on the thirteenth of March, after a fatiguing journey of fifty-four days. Here he lost no time in laying before the Government, through the medium of Mr. McAfee, an overture for the enterprise for which he was desirous of contracting. This was laid by the Executive, General Santander, before Congress, and a committee appointed to confer with Colonel Biddle; which finally reported in accordance with his views, and a corresponding decree was passed by both Houses of Congress, on the eighteenth of May, after a debate which had occupied thirty-eight days. Of this report Mr. Biddle gives no copy in his own report to his Government, though he alludes to one as enclosed. By the Constitution of New Granada the Executive is allowed eight days within which to return a bill, with his sanction or veto. On the day succeeding its passage, Colonel Biddle was informed by the President, that a proposition had been made to him by an association of New Granadian citizens, offering better terms to the Government for the same privileges granted to Colonel Biddle in the pending law. At this Colonel Biddle appears to have felt greatly indignant, though on what grounds does not appear. He transmitted a note,

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through the Chargé, offering a guarantee of a million of dollars for the performance of his proposed contract, which Mr. McAfee sustains by a declaration, that he, "being instructed by his Government to render to Colonel Biddle every necessary aid, has no doubt of his ability and intention to carry this important work into complete operation, and that he can give to the Government of New Granada any additional security that may be required." President Santander, notwithstanding, returned the bill to Congress recommending the passage of a new law, offering the privilege to the most favorable bidder, and making the offer of the New Granadian Company the maximum of concessions to be made by the Government. A law was passed, in accordance with this recommendation, on the sixth of June; and under its provisions the privilege was finally granted, by an Executive decree dated June the twenty-second, to Colonel Biddle, in his own name and in behalf of his contemplated associates in the United States, and to the individuals composing the New Granadian company, jointly—a compromise and union of their conflicting interests having meanwhile been privately effected between them, on the following basis, as stated by Colonel Biddle in his report to the Secretary of State: "Two-thirds of the stock is the property of Charles Biddle and such citizens of the United States as he may associate with him; the remaining one-third is the property of the New Granadians. The office of the company is to be in Philadelphia, and all instalments are to be paid there; and the number of directors is to be in the same proportion as the quantity of stock." The work was to be commenced within three years after the date of the decree, and to be terminated within three years thereafter, under a penalty, to be secured upon unincumbered property, of twenty-five thousand dollars—which penalty, it is to be presumed, has been paid, and the privilege forfeited, by the present date.*

Colonel Biddle's return to the United States in September was shortly after followed by his death, December the twenty-first—the announcement of which was the only satisfactory reply to the demand addressed to him by the State Department for explanation of his most extraordinary disregard of the main objects of his mission. It is not without regret that we have felt compelled to speak with the severity above expressed, in relation to one placed, by so sudden an interruption of all the schemes upon the

* We learn that since the death of Colonel Biddle an agent was sent to this country, by the parties who had associated themselves with him at Bogotà, to inquire into the condition and prospects of his operations here, in the formation of his contemplated and promised Company. On ascertaining that all his magnificent representations of the pledges of support and coöperation by some of the leading capitalists of the country—on the strength of which he had made his dazzling proffer of a million of dollars security—were entirely destitute of foundation, the contract was transferred to a French house in the Island of Guadeloupe, Messrs. Jolly and Solomon,—parties, however, possessed of no adequate means or credit, and by whom nothing of importance has been done, so far as we have been able to learn. The transfer of the contract was probably merely some indirect operation to get rid of the payment of the forfeiture.

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execution of which he was just about to enter, under the shelter of the maxim for which, within proper limits, we feel all due reverence, that *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. We cannot, however, repress a feeling of indignant regret, that a mission which had its origin in such grand and liberal national views, and the faithful performance of which could have laid a broad and secure foundation upon which we might, by this time, have probably witnessed this magnificent project already rising to successful achievement, should have been seized upon by the all-pervading and all-demoralizing spirit of speculation so rife at that period in our country, to be perverted into a mere instrument of petty private interest. We are desirous also, by casting the whole burthen of the failure of this effort, the first attempted by the Government of the United States, upon the quarter where its responsibility justly belongs, to obviate the objection that might be derived by some, from this first failure, to a repetition of what we are well assured is the only proper initiatory step in the enterprise, namely, a more carefully selected *special mission of investigation*.

The Chargé des Affaires at Bogotà, Mr. McAfee, by no means appears in the business as entirely exempt from just censure; notwithstanding that his explanations, in reply to its first reprimand, appear to have been received as satisfactory by his own Government. It is true that the New Granadian Government was made sufficiently to understand that the Government of the United States had no connection with the private projects to the purposes of which their agent thus perverted a public function commissioned by his instructions for very different objects, and in a very different spirit. But it is also true that from the outset Colonel Biddle approached the New Granadian Government in a double capacity, incompatibly combined, of public functionary and private contractor; and that in introducing to that Government the propositions advanced by him in the latter capacity, the Chargé certainly gives to them at least the implied sanction and recommendation of his Government,—writing in the following terms:

"The undersigned is instructed by his Government to render to Colonel Biddle every necessary aid and assistance; and the enclosed letter is submitted to the consideration of your excellency, under the hope that it will meet the approbation of the Government of New Granada; in which event, Colonel Biddle will submit his propositions in detail."

The Chargé could not have failed to be sensible of the flagrant departure by the special agent from the whole intent and spirit of his instructions, and ought not to have been induced to lend the aid of his own official position to a coöperation with such an abuse of an important public function—for which the mere general recommendation of the latter to his good offices and civilities, alluded to above, in his letter of introduction, affords but a very slender apology. Mortifying disappointment having again been the upshot of the business, the New Granadian Government and citizens appear certainly entitled to lay to the doors of our accredited public representatives a portion at least of its responsibility.

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And for our part, we confess that we feel disposed to visit with some severity, upon all concerned in it a responsibility which is rendered so grave by the consideration of the glorious objects and the incalculable interests compromised by it.

We are happy, however, to be able to state that the attention of our Congress is still fixed upon it, the following resolution having been reported by the Committee on Roads and Canals, and adopted by the House of Representatives at the last session:

"*Resolved*, That the President of the United States be requested to consider the expediency of opening or continuing negotiations with the Governments of other nations, and particularly with those, the territorial jurisdiction of which comprehends the Isthmus of Panama, and to which the United States have accredited ministers or agents, for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of effecting a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, by the construction of a ship-canal across the Isthmus; and of securing forever, by suitable treaty stipulations, the free and equal right of navigating such canal to all nations, on the payment of reasonable tolls."

Nor should it here be omitted to mention that it is chiefly to the unresting exertions of Mr. Radcliff, the author of the able and interesting pamphlet before us,—exertions having their origin in a profound and disinterested enthusiasm which has long occupied his mind in relation to the subject,—that are due the steps that have already been taken by our Government towards its promotion, and that still cherished interest in it out of which are yet destined, we trust, to proceed more effective and successful measures towards that end.

Such, then, is a general outline of the past history of this great project—still a project, after the several abortive efforts, which, as the reader has seen, have been attempted to make it the great reality which it is still, we trust, one day destined to be. Each of the two governments locally interested in the two respective routes, has made two distinct attempts to carry it into execution—the government of Central America by its contracts successively with Mr. Palmer's company and with the Dutch; and that of New Granada by those with the Baron de Thierry and Colonel Biddle. Both are now mortified and disgusted with repeated disappointment, but neither despairing. The whole ground, it now appears, lies entirely open, and the opportunity eminently favorable for renewed action, if only it can be brought to bear upon the object with a degree of force and will at all proportionate to the magnitude of the undertaking, and to the immense value of its certain future results.

In our next number we shall examine in detail the more important, and interesting question of the practicability of effecting this grand desideratum of *external improvement*.

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THE LEAL LAND.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE.

The leal land! the leal land!—how beautiful it seems,
When seen by fancy's chastened glance, amid our purer dreams,
When the follies of this world of ours, its sorrows and its cares
Have stained the mirror of the soul with many bitter tears.

'Tis sweet to contemplate that place where sorrow comes no more,
And not a cloud of woe can rise, our vision to obscure;
Where angels' everlasting songs break sweetly on the ear,
With those all-hallowed symphonies the spirit loves to hear.

The leal land! the leal land!—I see its rich green hills,
Its blue bright waters leaping in a thousand gushing rills,
Its tall trees—oh, how lovely!—as they bend o'er murm'ring waves
Which roll in silvery volumes from sparkling chrystal caves.

The leal land! the leal land!—shall we know each other there
Who have lived in blessed fellowship in this cold world of care?
Shall those we fondly prized on earth their friendship there renew,
Our own fond friends we loved below, the faithful and the true?

How blessed is the holy thought—as o'er their graves we bend,
And drop affection's tribute tear to the memory of each friend
Who passed away to that bright world so calmly and so sweet—
That in that blest and better land our souls again shall meet.

The leal land! the leal land!—where blessed spirits rest:
The seal of silence on my lip, the clod upon my breast,
The green grass waving o'er my grave, the little stone to tell
What pilgrim to that better land hath bid the world farewell—

Then, blessed home of wearied ones, amid your peaceful bowers,
With those we loved so fondly here, in this cold world of ours,
No mournful memory shall rise, the soul's calm joy to dim,
Or mar the hallowed harmony of Heaven's eternal hymn!

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STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES.*

Few works contain more valuable information than those on statistics. If full and accurate, they are highly useful to the general reader, as well as to the statesman; and it is not possible, without them, to form any correct judgment of the true power, progress and resources of a nation. They furnish, also, the safest materials for a comparison between the greatness of different nations, at different periods, no less than the greatness of the same country, under those peaceful changes in forms of government and industry which, in modern times, often cause more important revolutions than conquests or rebellions.

Our object, on the present occasion, is not so much to review, with minuteness, either of the works whose titles are prefixed to the present article, as to offer a few considerations connected with some of those topics which constitute the subject matter of them, and which considerations may tend to throw additional light on the astonishing developements in this country, of the energies and prosperity, if not superiority, of democratic institutions. At all events, the Statistical History of the United States, since the establishment of their free constitutions, exhibits a progress in all the substantial elements of national grandeur which is believed to have had scarce a parallel in the annals of mankind.

Such considerations, when fairly deduced from facts well authenticated, contain the essence of works like those we are now reviewing. In the volumes of Mr. McCulloch are some valuable additions to what he had before given to the world in his Commercial Dictionary, so far as regards Great Britain alone. But the petition of Professor Leiber merely describes the outline of numerous statistical inquiries, concerning the United States, which have not yet been completed by him, but which he proposes to undertake, if Congress will assist with its patronage. In certain branches of those inquiries, he has been ably preceded in this country by Seybert and Pitkin. The Professor, however, contemplates a much wider range than has yet been pursued by any one writer among us, and which, with all his German industry, and such examples, or guides, before him, abroad, as Hassel, Dupen, Colquon and McCulloch, with any aid which Congress has ever been willing to bestow on such subjects, would require laborious years to finish. A department of Government like that in France for the interior, or that formerly proposed

*1. Professor Francis Leiber's memorial to Congress, relative to a work on the Statistics of the United States, printed by the Senate, April 18, 1836.

2. J. K. McCulloch's Statistical Account of the British Empire, in two volumes, octavo, published in London, 1837.

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in this country to be called the Home or Domestic Department, would, as suggested in a note to Mr. Woodbury's Historical Discourse, alone appear to be competent to prosecute with success so extensive and complicated an undertaking. But, however such details, almost infinite as they are in their various ramifications, may ever be completed, or under what auspices, or by whom, it is at best a dry, though in some respects very useful, task. The intellect and judgment are chiefly to be employed in the subsequent use of such materials.

In another view of works similar to that proposed by Mr. Leiber, concerning the United States, it may be deemed almost as unprofitable as it is tedious, to collect tabular details and estimates like those in Pitkin and Seybert, and the continuation of portions of them by Watterston and Van Zandt; or like Warden's and Darby's, in a form less beneficial to researches into political economy; or like Blodget's, Smith's, Cox's, and others of an earlier date, and with less accuracy, unless accompanied, as in some of the above cases, by suitable comparisons and useful inferences; or unless some person takes the trouble, in connection with them, or afterwards, to institute proper inquiries into the causes and consequences of striking statistical changes.

To present the figures in juxta-position, and in contrast, which exhibit the population, trade, the arts, the currency, and other important points of research, as they existed at different periods in the history of a country, is the first beneficial step after the mere collection of detached or consecutive data. But, beside that, the great causes which expedited or retarded, and which illustrate or render obscure the various statistical differences that appear, must, if possible, be next eviscerated and explained. These demonstrate the practical benefit of the whole. They constitute their true philosophy, and furnish aids to the statesman, as well as political economist, which can be derived from no other source, and whose value, whether in reasoning or in action, is often incalculable. Hence, one such work as that of Sir John Sinclair on the Public Revenue of the British Empire, and which combines, compares and digests important statistics on a most interesting topic, and at distant periods, is more illustrative of the advance in society, whether in wealth, civilization or power, than half the other histories of England united. It comes home to men's business and bosoms. It traces revolutions in forms of government, as well as in dynasties, often to their true causes; to their influences on the people at large, in the imposition of, or relief from, unnecessary taxation; in the ruinous extravagance or healthy economy of the heads of the Government; in the commencement or abandonment of wars, both expensive and unnecessary; in the protection and encouragement, on the one hand, or the crippling restraints and depression, on the other, of great branches of industry; in the freedom and enterprize which have been secured and excited by their rulers to operate both at home and abroad; or in the neglect and indifference evinced

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to the prosperity of the community, and the true and durable glory of the nation, as a whole.

Doctor Henry, in his History, by comparing the progress of Great Britain, at different epochs, on the same subject, has pursued a course somewhat similar, but less useful, as more general, and embracing more numerous topics, and often too much confined in his comparisons to periods not sufficiently distant from each other.

For the United States—even since the adoption of the present Constitution—without exploring an earlier date, when our records were more imperfect, and our institutions of a less democratic character, a great deal remains to be ascertained and explained, as to some of the important changes in their statistical condition. Though this period is comparatively so brief, and, in respect to them as a nation, has been, during most of it, so quiet and peaceful, it has, at the same time, abounded in interest, and been characterized by the most unprecedented changes in territory, population, commerce, manufactures, internal improvements of all kinds, and almost every thing else intimately connected with fiscal resources and national power. What is the talisman which has wrought such political miracles? It can only be found in our democratic institutions. It must be the happy union of the supremacy of Liberty and Law which they inculcate.

It is worthy of special notice, in examining the results of this period in our history, that the whole of it has been a period of successful efforts at self-government by the whole people. It has been a period when their laws and constitution, and not those of any masters, near or remote, have controlled either their domestic or foreign policy; a period where measures and men have been changed, not to gratify personal ambition, the pride and pomp of monarchs, or the caprices of a few, but only to secure the greatest good to the greatest number of the whole population; to leave every species of industry, as far as possible, untaxed and unshackled; to yield protection equally to all, and confer monopolies on none; to stimulate every citizen, however humble, to exertion and enterprize; and to make the Government a blessing to all, by making all intelligent to understand, and moral to enforce, its wholesome provisions, and, where not wholesome, to change them peacefully, and in the legal and established modes pointed out by their free institutions. Pervading all and sustaining all, is what Thompson so justly describes as "the solid base of liberty—the liberty of mind."

A brief retrospect of our progress since 1789, as shown by our statistical history, in a few important particulars, will illustrate very fully some of the consequences which have resulted from our happy position and principles. They will help to show how much our great commonwealth, unterrified and free, has (to use the ideas of Milton) spread its wings like a young eagle, opened its undazzled eye to the midday sun, and, soaring far aloft, "purged and unsealed her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of

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timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms." We have already, in our last number, given some striking details of the progress of the Post Office Department, which as an index to the whole, may train the mind, to what it may expect from further comparisons of our National Statistics.

First, The territory of the Union in 1789, on the most favourable construction of our limits, did not probably exceed about seven hundred thousand square miles, though some have estimated it at a million. Without conquest or violence, we have since, in less than half a century, added to this rich inheritance from our fathers, both Louisiana and the Floridas, embracing quite one million four hundred thousand more square miles, or treble our original territory. We have added to it new degrees of latitude and longitude, new products, immense rivers, fertile plains, new oceans and navigable outlets, for nearly half the former possessions of the United States.

What visions of fertility, population and power have thus been opened for the future, where free institutions and intelligent, moral, civilized beings are to supplant the savage, and illustrate all the benefits and glories of democratic principles from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

The capacities of the United States in this respect, as compared with other countries, will be the more conspicuous, when, without enlarging on the productiveness of our soil, the multitude and size of our streams, our numerous inland seas, extended coasts, and varieties of climate, it is seen that our territory now exceeds in extent any within the limits of Europe, which belongs to any one government. Indeed, it is larger than three fourths of Europe itself, equals one twentieth of the habitable part of the earth, and is surpassed in the world by only three or four governments, and they holding but feeble and limited control over most of their distant dominions.

When our vast and fertile regions are filled up with a population at all equal in numbers to their capacity for sustaining them, or which shall approximate to the one, two, and three hundred per square miles in several countries of Europe and Asia, some faint idea may be formed of the destinies which probably await it. At only eighty-five persons per square mile, which is but about one-half of the present ratio in England, and one-third of that in Holland, and near that of Massachussetts, our whole numbers would exceed two hundred millions, or one-fourth of the present estimated population of the globe.

Second, To cultivate and progress our territory, we actually had fifty years since, a population short of four millions. This has since enlarged by such an astonishing increase that it is thought the coming census will embrace above sixteen millions.

While many other countries are retrograde or stationary in numbers, and several of the most civilized double not oftener than once in a century, ours has more than quadrupled in less than half a century. Some of

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this enlargement has been caused by additions of territory, some through attraction from abroad by the fertility our soil and the freedom of our institutions, but most of it has been the result of natural increase. We have started forward in a benign climate, with abundance of healthy food, with great exemption from the waste of wars, and perfect liberty in choice of business and place of settlement, so as to outstrip in early marriage, large families, fewer deaths, and rapid and permanent increase of population, almost every other nation on record. The addition has exceeded a hundred per cent. on the original census, every twenty-five years, and has nearly evinced a doubling of the whole population every quarter of a century. The ratio of births to marriages, and vice-versa, as well as the average duration of life at different places, and its probabilities at different ages, are matters too minute for the present occasion, though it may not be amiss to notice, that the average duration of life has been so much increased here by temperance, abundance, liberty, medical science, &c., that Congress in 1828 were satisfied, by some of the speakers on that occasion, that the computation made for half-pay at the close of the revolution, founded on European bills of mortality, was too short, and the deficiency was made up to those officers and soldiers who served till the close of the war. Though our whole numbers now may be less than those of several empires in Asia and Europe, yet they probably equal those of England proper at this time, and before the middle of another century, will, at the past rate of increase, be likely to equal those now existing in the whole of Europe as we have already explained in a former article.*

Their capabilities or power by machinery in the cotton manufactory alone, are computed to exceed that of twenty millions of persons. If to this be added their unusual mechanical improvement in various manufactures and in agriculture, as well as their use of steam in navigation and travelling, and in transporting merchandize, they must surpass in real productive power the same number of people in any other country of the globe except England. In capacity for population and power hereafter, looking to her territory and her institutions it can hardly be deemed vanity, but is rather honest pride, to say we are evidently without a rival, much less a superior. To enter into a detail of the comparative abilities of our population, their education and morals, now and formerly, and our condition in those respects as contrasted with other nations, would be a task more invidious and less agreeable, and would require too great space for the present occasion.

Third, One of the next strongest evidences of our rapid growth and successful industry, is the increase of exported commodities of domestic origin, since the adoption of the Constitution. Besides producing in agriculture and manufactures, the principal means for subsistence at home, our people have, in order to obtain the residue, and for additions to their comforts and luxuries, exported as the extra fruits of their own labor to be brought home in specie and in articles for consumption, or to re-export

* See Democratic Review for January, 1839, article "The Approaching Census."

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to other nations, immense surpluses of various productions from the forest, the field, and the ocean. From less than twenty millions of exports of domestic products during each of the three first years of our government, they were doubled during the next ten years, more than trebled in the first forty years, and during the last three years are more than quadrupled. They now range from eighty to over one hundred millions yearly.

This, it will be seen, is at as great, or greater rate of increase than that of our population, notwithstanding all which is annually produced, needed, and consumed at home, without exportation. In the chief article, that of cotton, which now amounts to over one-half of the whole, the progress has been most astonishing and is fully illustrated in the brief statement annexed, from the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, in December, 1835.

Year.	Quantity.	Value.	
	Pounds.	Dollars.	
1792	138,328	32,000	
1793	487,600	107,272	
1794	1,601,760	320,352	
	3)2,227,688	459,624	
	742,562	153,208	Average.
1802	27½ millions	5¼ millions	
1803	41 1/10 do.	7¾ do.	
1804	38 1/10 do.	7¾ do.	
	3)106 7/10 do.	20¾	
	35,6	6,9	Average.
1822	144 9/10 millions	24 millions	
1823	173 7/10 do.	20½ do.	
1824	142 3/10 do.	21¾ do.	
	3)460 6/10	66¼	
	153,5	22,1	Average.
1832	322¼ millions	31¾ millions	
1833	324¼ do.	36 do.	
1834	384¾ do.	49½ do.	
	3)1031¼	117¼	
	344	39,1	Average.*

* On the above table the Report remarks, "looking further to the future in connexion with the past, a brief comparison of the quantity and value of our exports

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The various ways in which this surplus is returned in valuable articles, for food and clothing, as well as luxury, their use for the raw materials of domestic manufactures for the basis of new labors, internal improvements, increasing commerce and public works, and the manner in which they enter into various elements of general utility and national greatness, are highly interesting topics of inquiry, but must be deferred to some future occasion.

Compared, however, with the most prosperous countries of the world, whither in this or the Eastern Continent, it is believed, that few can exhibit such an increase both of territory and population, and at the same time such an increase of exports of domestic origin, while so extensively fed and clothed by home products.

Fourth, Another evidence of our progress is contained in the statistical facts connected with foreign commerce. Our whole tonnage of every kind has increased from about five hundred thousand a year, in the first five years of our Government, to over a million and a half, during the last five years, or more than trebled. About half of it is engaged in the foreign trade, or in 1836, eight hundred and ninety-seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-four foreign, and nine hundred and eighty-four thousand three hundred and twenty-eight domestic, being in all one million eight hundred and eighty-two thousand, one hundred and two tons. Our whole imports have increased in a still greeter degree from twenty and thirty millions yearly, to one hundred and fifty and one hundred and ninety millions, or six and seven fold, and our whole exports of every kind from twenty to one hundred and twenty millions, or five and six fold.

The enterprise of our people in penetrating every sea, and embarking in every species of lucrative trade, has been more strikingly exemplified

in cotton at a few equi-distant periods, as exhibited in the above table, will serve to illustrate, in a condensed form, the great influence which the cultivation and exports of cotton alone seem to have exercised, and are likely to exercise hereafter, on the amount of our whole exports of domestic products, and thus indirectly to affect our importations, and consequent revenue from customs. Doubtless some other cultivation and exports would have taken the place of cotton in the South, had it not been so successfully grown there; but they probably would have been less valuable, and will be so hereafter, if ever substituted for that: because the average increase of all of our domestic exports, including cotton, has been only from three to five per cent., while that of cotton alone has, during the last thirty years, been, on an average, near twenty-five per cent. annually. But of late, the ratio of increase in cotton, though still much greater than that of other exports, has become diminished and more settled, having fallen from five hundred per cent. during the first ten years of our present government, to only about ten per cent. during the last ten, though the whole annual quantity now exported exceeds the enormous amount of three hundred and eighty millions of pounds. This ten per cent. increase yearly, considering the vast quantity now grown in the United States, and how fully the cotton raised in the other quarters of the world has already been excluded from the European markets, with other circumstances named in the body of the report, may be justly estimated both as a more regular ratio than any which has prevailed heretofore, and as something larger than its probable increase in the ensuing ten years."

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than even the increase of territory, population, or surplus of domestic products. While we delight to peruse the romantic tales, in modern times, of Venetian, Genoese and Dutch enterprise on the ocean, and which required centuries of perseverance fully to unfold, and wonder at the commercial glories and wealth of Tyre and Carthage in antiquity, it will be seen that our youthful energies have already, in half a century, rivalled the oldest and greatest in distant adventures, and present, at this moment, a commercial marine which, in size or efficacy, is equalled by no one nation in the known world. For there cannot now be a doubt that the entire amount of our tonnage exceeds that of England.

The variety and number of our mercantile enterprises are almost incredible, and are not likely to be elsewhere surpassed in future, as they are the natural result of those equal, honest and intelligent principles of well-regulated liberty which have wrought such numerous other prodigies in this Western Hemisphere. True Liberty, besides her other powers and marvels, has justly been called "the secret soul that quickens *trade*, the breath unseen that wafts" to us the treasures of an envious world.

These enterprises furnish another strong evidence of the peculiar genius of our countrymen for foreign commerce, and for future distinction on that element where they have already reaped such immense wealth in peace, and so many brilliant laurels in war.

Fifth. Without entering into further details, showing the increase of our commerce and agriculture, as well as into new details which might be presented in respect to the rapid growth of our manufactures, we hasten, before closing, to present a few of the other statistical results of the great progress made, under our free institutions, in the means of national security, improvement and wealth.

We have been able, by means of an augmented population, territory, trade, and various other branches of industry, not only to pay for those additions to our territory, and the debts of our revolution and subsequent wars, but to sustain that population in great comfort and abundance—to defray the large annual expenditure of all kinds under the State Governments—and to furnish, in addition, an ordinary revenue to the General Government of some twenty or thirty millions of dollars yearly, instead of only three or four millions, as at first. We have thus been strengthened, and willing to encourage liberally those numerous objects connected with the general welfare, whose care has, with much wisdom, been specially devolved upon the superior ability and judgment of all the States united, rather than left to the fickler resources or narrower views of each separately.

This increased capacity to contribute revenue for general purposes—being five or six times the amount fifty years ago,—and the ease with which the contribution is effected—without any direct taxation, and with an indirect one much diminished,—developes, most significantly, a degree of prosperity and wealth which has been enlarged in a proportion

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much beyond that of either our territory, numbers, or domestic exports.

What useful, and in some cases splendid, results have already been realized from those voluntary and liberal contributions!

Every obligation of honor and gratitude, as well as of mere contract, incurred during the revolution, or since, has been fully discharged. The expense of various wars, with foreign powers, as well as the Indians, have been all faithfully and promptly extinguished.

We have thus swept away almost every vestige of public debt since 1789, paying, in all, beside large annual expenditures for other objects, something like four hundred million dollars, in principal and interest, of debt alone. A respectable Army and Navy, as well as the Judiciary, Legislative, Executive and other establishments of the Government, have, during the same period, been organized and respectably maintained.

Expensive forts have been erected, and are erecting, at the most important points of exposure and defence.

Navy yards, dry docks and vessels of war have been built in such numbers, and of such a character, as to render us, in that respect, hardly second to more than one or two other powers in the world.

From a single ship of war, towards the close of the old confederation, and that sold before 1790, we have now eleven ships of the line—seventeen frigates—fourteen sloops, and twelve brigs and schooners, with timber and other durable materials in depot—enabling us to launch such of these as are on the stocks, and fit those and others in ordinary for active service, at short notice, as well as to build several more, whenever needed.

Our coasts have been illuminated with light houses, "streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep." They have increased from eight or ten to two hundred and fifty, and exceed in number those of either England or France—the former having only about two hundred and twenty, of all kinds, public or private, and the latter less than one hundred.

Our harbors are improved, and improving, by breakwaters, piers and excavations; our rivers and lakes rendered more navigable by the removal of obstructions; our country intersected in every direction by roads and canals; and the public buildings, whether for accommodations at the seat of Government, or for hospitals, barracks and officer's quarters in the military or naval service, for arsenals, armories and storehouses, or for the mint, or the customs, assuming a character of durability, size and usefulness, as well as in some cases purity in architecture, highly commendable.

We would fain enlarge on these engaging topics. We have already compared, more in detail, the mail establishment of 1790 and 1795 with the present one, consisting of more than twelve thousand separate post offices, instead of only seventy-five in 1790, and only nine hundred and three in 1800—and including one hundred and thirty-four thousand eight hundred and eighteen miles of post road, instead of only one thousand

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three hundred and seventy-five in 1790, and twenty thousand eight hundred and seventeen in 1800—and exceeding over twenty-seven million miles on mail roads now travelled yearly, and over thirty-four thousand miles daily; which is more than twenty times in a day all the post roads exitsing in 1790, or exceeds each day the distance of once round the earth.

We would fain, also, trace the progress of the country in the number and character of its schools, colleges, lyceums and institutes—its canals, and railroads, and steamboats. The last have all sprung into existence since 1810, and are now exceeding probably six hundred in number, of quite one hundred and fifty thousand tons in burthen. Its canals commenced about 1808, and now in the aggregate exceed two thousand five hundred miles in length: while its railroads, beginning only ten or twelve years ago, are already completed above one thousand miles. We might illustrate usefully its increase—in extirpating or reforming crime and pauperism, and in the improvements connected with penitentiaries, alms-houses and prisons. We might detail its progress on the subject of the currency, and show the causes and useful consequences of its increase in the precious metals from about nine millions in 1790 to over eighty millions in 1839, thus enlarging nearly nine-fold the vast labor-saving machine of money, instead of rude and primitive barter. We could inquire into the more doubtful utility of the changes, during the same period, in banking capital from two and a half to two hundred and sixty millions—in bank issues from three to one hundred and forty—and in bank discounts from about three to four hundred and fifty-seven millions—with our views upon their character and tendencies, in respect to durable prosperity. But our wishes are checked, and we are admonished by the length to which this article has already extended, to defer these, with several other analogous topics, to some other appropriate opportunity.

It may merely be added, that, if such have been our real advances in so short a period in all that is useful, practical and glorious, it must be obvious that neither the substance of our free laws and constitutions, nor the republican administration of them, can possibly be so defective or injurious as many, under the jaundiced views of party prejudice, have unfortunately been led to suppose.

Certain we are, that, if all would dispassionately look to facts, rather than loose speculations, in respect to our national prosperity or happiness, as compared with those of any people under institutions less democratic and differently administered, they would find less ground for assailing and hanging up, as is too often done, with much indiscretion and great injustice, their own government and rulers as subjects for scorn, calumny and severe censure—nor would they continue, what seems to have been almost a confirmed habit, under the blind impulse of political intolerance, to attempt, most irrationally, to disgrace them in the eyes of the intelligent, whether at home or abroad, for every leading measure of

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domestic or foreign policy? The only plausible apology for this disreputable course, by many, who are otherwise intelligent and liberal, is the force of custom and the tyranny of party, which often make them, insensibly and as a matter of course, attack every thing done by their opponents, however beneficial or glorious may have been its consequences to the country at large, and however rapid or elevated, under the democratic administration of the Government, may have been our progress in arts, literature, wealth, and every species of national power, either useful or commendable.

A LEGEND OF THE WHIRLPOOL.

BY S. DE V.

"This grand and beautiful scene is three miles from the Falls of Niagara, and four miles from the Village of Lewistown."

In truth thou art a fearful place, who shall thy depths explore?
Who'll enter on thy fluctuant waves, for mines of golden ore?
From yonder point impetuously, the raging waters sweep,
They come in all their mighty power, descending leap o'er leap.

In wrath, and foam, they rush along, through cavern'd rocks they flow,
And high towards the mirror'd skies, the feathery mist they throw;
Their noise is like the tempest's voice, when whirlwinds sweep the shore,
And far abroad the sound is heard, like ocean's hollow roar.

In former days, that long have fled, when the wild forest glen
Was yet in nature's mystery hid, and sheltered savage men;
There the bold Indian, arm'd for war, with battle axe and bow,
Ranged fearless o'er his hunting grounds, or watched the wily foe.

When o'er the earth gay flowers bloomed, and all the trees were green,
And brightly shone the summer's sun, and lit the smiling scene;
An Iroquois, a daring brave, strayed with his forest love,
Through many a vale, and sombre shade, and many a hidden grove.

Their way was by Niagara's flood, where the circling eddies run;
And many a tale he told of war, and of battles he had won;
What sleeping foes he had surprised, how swift had flown his dart;
And love, and vengeance, mingled were, to win the maiden's heart.

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Right seemly were the savage pair, as they admiring bent
Their charmed eyes upon the scene, as on their course they went;
But all unseen, behind a rock, sat on the other side
An Huron, who with demon scorn, these happy ones had ey'd.

When Huron meets with Iroquois, in field, or flood or fire,
His hated foe he must destroy, or feed the funeral pyre!
The Chieftain saw, he bounded in, and thro' the tossing stream,
Like a fierce serpent, in his rage, his fiery eye-balls gleam.

The gushing torrent springs abroad, and leaps with deaf'ning sound,
And ridged waves high vaulting rise, and o'er the rocks rebound,
The whirlpool's ceaseless roar ascends, the waters rush away,
And fleecy clouds are wafted round, formed from the rising spray.

The Iroquois upon the maid, cast a sad farewell smile,
Then hurried turned, and in he plunged, where the wrathful waters boil;
And she upon that rocky shore, alone and shuddering stood,
Spectatress of the battle scene, upon that boistrous flood.

The warriors through the bounding deep, their onward progress urge,
And nobly dash through whitened waves, or ride the rolling surge;
Now a strong current sweeps them down; then on the rising swell
They buoyant mount, and wave their hands, and scream the Indian yell!

Again into some vortex hurled, powerless they move around,
Till gath'ring all their strength, they spring, and clear the deep profound;
Their course is to the centre bent, where the circling waters run,
And face to face, and eyes to eyes, their way is onward, on!

Now to the vortex' outward disk, the combatants arrive,
And whooping loud, with furious rage, at one another drive;
They miss their aim, and round are turn'd; round, round the whirl pool goes;
Yet near, and nearer they approach, as fast the circles close.

They spread their arms, they reach their hands, revolving still they go,
Till grasping in the vortex' mouth, they're drawn to depths below;
Down far beneath the gurgling waves, in fierce and bloody strife,
Foe presses foe, and hard they tug, for vengeance more than life.

Through caverns wide away they're driven, and down, still down they go,
Till up, the rushing currents meet, that to the surface flow;
And then in mazy depths they whirl, till 'gainst a jutting crag,
Their bodies strike! their holds relax—apart—they onward drag.

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Sundered, enfeebled, both are thrown, forth from the gulfs beneath,
And to the upper surface rise—once more the air they breathe.
Awhile they panting, rest their forms, awhile look wildly round;
Then on each other rush again, and grasp, and tear, and wound.

The nymph to the great spirit raised, her fervent prayer to give
Nerve to the arm of her beloved, to conquer and to live.
On the vexed waters still they strive, and still around are driven,
Sometimes engulfed below the waves, and sometimes raised towards
Heaven.

And as the whirling eddies sweep, and as the torrent flows,
Amid the din and tempest roar, their savage yells uprose;
At length with more than human strength, the Huron's deadly foe,
Seiz'd on his throat, and held him down, to suffcate below.

Hard was the struggle, and the waves, contending claim their prey,
And o'er the dying Huron dance; then sweep his corpse away.
The Iroquois exhausted floats, and oft around is rolled,
Till on a frail and broken wreck, he feebly makes his hold.

No power had he to tempt the deep, his wonted strength was gone,
And every passing wave that rose, yawn'd on hi n as its own;
The Heavens above in anger frowned, the clouds passed heavy o'er,
And thickening mists obscured his eyes, and hid the distant shore.

Again the waters suck below, while some up-heaving rose,
And hideous noises whistle round, as when the storm wind blows.
The forest maid beheld the scene, and up the bank she hied;
Then quick returns—a light canoe, was to her shoulders tied.

Soon it is launch'd upon the stream, that deep and treach'rous flowed,
And swiftly o'er the curving waves, light as a swan it rode.
Ye spirits of the watery caves, from her your dangers stay,
Grant her the object of her hopes, and safely speed her way!

She nears the dark and fainting brave, and in the whirl pool's roar,
She lifts him in her fragile boat, and turns her course to shore.
The waters swell, and hollow moans rise from the opening deep,
A larger circle drives the waves, in one stupendous sweep.

Now if that little bark shall pass, yon disk of lucent green,
The course is safe unto the land, no dangers intervene;
But once more down, it sweeps away, still further on it wheels,
The raging torrent draws it in, away! away! it reels.

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A cry from off the water comes! no more the oar is plied,
But all erect the maiden sits, her warrior by her side;
They cast their eyes upon the shore, then on the rushing surge,
Fondly embrace, then all resigned, they sing the funeral dirge.

The bark is on the mountain wave, a moment there it rides,
Then downward shoots! the scene is closed! the wreck the water hides!
The cauldron deep roars from beneath, the foaming surface shakes,
A mighty billow rolls along, in misty clouds it breaks.

Again recoils the flowing mass, and turns its whelming force,
Still back, and forward, round, and on, such is its destin'd course;
And ever shall the waves revolve, and still the billows swell,
And fancy oft amid the roar, yet hears the Indian yell.

SKETCHES OVER THE SEA.

ELSINEUR AND TROLHATTA.

"Helsingoer," cried the postilion as we reached the brow of a hill, on the road from Copenhagen.

The little town of Elsineur lay at the foot of this hill, whose green slopes fell gently to the shore; and before us appeared the sound, covered with the vessels of all nations, some riding at anchor, and others floating leisurely along in the still noon, the broad hills of Sweden, stretching away on the opposite coast, and on the right the dark waters of the Baltic, swelling beyond the horizon.

It was a beautiful sight, the most beautiful, which after many journeyings, I had yet seen in Europe.

What square old castle is that, with the gothic towers? Cronborg.

And that island—is Huen—where Tycho Brache built his Wraniburg.

I saw the star-spangled banner floating among the shipping. My blood rushed to my heart, at that sight, in this northern sea.

So we rested at Elsineur. The first sight of a celebrated spot is an event in one's life. The eye at last sees, what the mind has long imagined, and if the heart has felt an interest in the place, it is filled with emotions. I stood now at one of the marked points of the earth's surface; for these straits, if they do not rival the Dardanelles and Gibraltar, are, next to them, the most renowned of the world. The old histories of the north, Shakspeare, and Hamlet, Campbell and Nelson, have done more even than nature, to fix our thoughts on Elsineur. Yet what has not nature done also. How magnificent she had made this narrow passage from

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the ocean to the great inland sea of Europe. What a highway for mankind, and yet how tranquil. I stayed at Elsineur two days, during which time the waters, sparkling in the July sun, flowed as calmly as if they had never felt the surges of the Atlantic, which were, even now rolling up through the Cattegat on one side, or the stormy waves of the Baltic on the other.

On the green hill-side is a pretty garden, which they call Hamlet's garden, and in a grove that crowns the hill, is a spot distinguished by a tablet, fallen and half-buried in the earth, which they call Hamlet's grave. Whether the story of Hamlet be authentic, or whether, if it be so, he lived or died here, critics may dispute Suffice it for a traveller to say, that in the traditions of Denmark, these are set down as the garden and the grave of Hamlet.

In the afternoon of the second day, I was admiring the prospect from the tower of the Cathedral, when the steamer from Copenhagen, that was to take me to Gottenburg, came in sight. I hastened down and found several fellow travellers at the pier, and among them four Englishmen, whom I had met at Copenhagen. The steamer stopped abreast of us, while a row-boat took us off to her. One of my English companions was in a very bad humour, and complained loudly of the extortions of the boatmen, insisting moreover, that he had been obliged to pay three times as much as he ought for his passport. One of the boatmen thought to satisfy him by telling him he had paid the prices fixed by the government. "Your king is the greatest rogue in Europe," was the Englishman's instant rejoinder. This was a mode of argument to which the Dane was not accustomed, and he bit his lips in silence.

It was seven o'clock when we embarked. Our course lay through the Cattegat, along the irregular and rocky coast of Sweden. There was a beautiful sunset, reminding me of our own, followed by the long northern twilight, and as that faded away, an unclouded moon lighted up the water and the shore. I sat on the deck till past midnight, and could not but regret that so little interest was felt in my country, concerning these northern regions. There is so much to gratify the imagination and to satisfy an enlightened curiosity, that it is difficult to account for all the neglect of travellers. But for the last hundred years, the Scandinavian peninsula has been gradually losing its hold upon the body of Christendom. What a contrast between the Sweden of our day, and the Sweden of the times of Gustavus Adolphus, or Charles the Twelfth, when she was an arbitress in the affairs of Europe. Yet what full and various sources of interest still remain to her and her sister kingdom, in their past history, in the discoveries and conquests of the northmen, in the songs of their ancient bards, in their old mythology, of which so much was engrafted upon the superstitions of all the Teutonic nations, in their wild picturesque scenery, their thousand lakes, their fiords and lonely shores, in their social and political institutions, unlike the rest of Europe, and in the simple manners, the vivacity, the courage, and the hospitality of their people.

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The next morning, when I came on deck, I found we had just turned into the river Gotha, (pronounced by the Swedes like Yuta,) and were running up to Gottenburg. It is scarcely possible to imagine a scene of greater desolation than that which the banks of the Gotha presents, for the eight miles from its mouth to the city. So far as I could discover, it was one vast rock, without a tree, herb, or habitation, where no sound was heard except the dashing of the waters.

A look at the map of Sweden will show, that the peninsula is divided by a chain of lakes, which stretches from the Baltic to the North sea. The whole country, indeed, is full of lakes, but this chain is remarkable, because it opens, by means of a short connecting canal, one of the greatest inland navigations of Europe. The canal is large enough for steamers, which ply all summer between Gottenburg and Stockholm. In one of these, the Admiral Von Platen, I took passage for the capital. It was to start the next day, and in the mean time I occupied myself with examining the town and environs, and driving out, towards evening, five miles, to dine at a charming country seat, near the lake of Ráda.

Gottenburg is well built, in the modern style, the old town having been burned in 1804, and contains, with the suburbs, twenty-seven thousand inhabitants. Its principal street and canal reminded me very much of the Dutch towns. It lies in a narrow valley, on the banks of the Gotha, and, after the capital, is the chief commercial city of the kingdom.

The next morning, at five o'clock, (of the twenty-fourth of July, 1836,) we embarked in our little steamer. Many were the handkerchiefs waved, and the adieus spoken and re-spoken, as we unmoored and moved off. For our company was full. More than sixty persons, and among them several ladies, had taken passage in this miniature vessel. It was a motley company. Four Englishmen and one Frenchman—on their way, like myself, to Russia—a Dane and an Italian, made part of the number. The sun had not yet appeared, and a heavy mist lay upon the river, which we were to ascend as far as the falls of Trolhätta, where the canal begins. At nine o'clock, the mists floated off, and the sun shone out clear and warm. The weather was perfect. We were all seated on deck, to look out upon the valley, and to enjoy the gentle southern breeze, which had now sprung up, and came curling the waters before it. The river may be an hundred yards wide, and flows down a narrow winding valley, itself scarce ever more than a mile in width, and bounded by ranges of rocky and barren hills. The valley itself seemed fertile, and here and there peeped a cottage from under the shelter of the hills.

It was not long before we began to make acquaintance with each other. A four days' voyage, such as ours was to be, would be rather tedious, without social enjoyment. Under such circumstances, mutually to introduce ourselves was very easy—ceremony was pushed aside; and it was not many hours before we knew a great deal of one another, and could converse together as freely as if we had been acquaintances of years. I soon perceived that my being an American excited some atten-

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tion, or curiosity. The captain was very civil—he told me that he had been in my country; that he was a lieutenant in the Swedish navy, and had been sent, as was a common practice here, to America, to learn seamanship in our merchant service; and that he had sailed several years in the packets between New York and New Orleans. His heart seemed to warm towards me, for my country's sake; and many were the attentions he showed me, during my short voyage. Heaven bless him! The Dane, an old man, lately returned home from St. Thomas, and now making an excursion into Sweden, to look at a kindred people, who had been once, and, as it was then thought, indissolubly, bound to his own, by the union of Calmar, had seen many of my countrymen in the West Indies, of whom he had much to say. But his mind was chiefly filled with the subject of our disputes with France. His admiration of President Jackson was very great, and he boasted of his success with the enthusiasm of an American. At this time, the French controversy was the subject of very general conversation in Europe—I heard of it often; and I am sure that, out of France, I never heard the conduct of the President mentioned but with expressions of praise and admiration. Among the ladies of our party, there was one, whose beauty, graceful form and gentle manners, as also a certain expression of melancholy in her features, excited general attention. There was something in her manners and conversation—for she conversed in French—that led me to think she was a French woman; and I spoke to her of Paris—"Oh," said she, "I have not been in Paris—I have never been out of Sweden." On expressing my surprise, she told me the Swedes resembled the French in character. "Indeed," she added, "you know they are called the French of the north. She left us before half our voyage was accomplished, but not till she had won all our hearts; and, when she had left us, we learned how much she had contributed to beguile the way.

By noon, we had reached Lilla Edet, the first fall in the river. Most of us went ashore, for a walk, while the boat was passing the locks. I went first to the fall, which is only eight feet; but the rock stretches across the river, at right angles to the bank, so that it gives to the water an unbroken, perpendicular fall, and makes one of the prettiest curves above, and columns of foam below, that I have ever seen. From the fall, I walked to the top of a hill near, where I had an agreeable prospect, beyond the line of hills bordering the river. I sat down on a rock, near a cottage, and watched our passengers, some in groups looking at the fall, and others strolling along the shore. How the heart answereth to heart! Yesterday morning, I had come into this country, as a land of strangers: to-day, when we embarked, there were but five faces on board that I had ever seen before; but, in one morning, we had become known to each other—and now, as several of them came laughing up the hill, and calling to me, I felt that I was no longer in a land of strangers.

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At two o'clock, we passed Akerstrom, a second fall, of three feet, and, at four, reached the foot of the ridge of hills over which the Gotha falls, at Trolhätta. Leaving the boat, I hurried up the steps, at the side of the locks, scarcely pausing to look at the great work itself, though it is one of the greatest ever accomplished. The canal is carried over the hills, and cut through the solid rock.* From the summit, following a path of a mile or so through the woods and fields, I came in view of Trolhätta. This great cataract, by common consent the greatest in Europe, is not a single fall, but a succession of falls, there being five within a mile, whose whole descent is 108 feet. The river, whose volume of water I should think half as great as that of the Hudson at Albany, comes down from the lake Wener, and is here forced between vast masses of rock, which, on the right bank, rise into a mountain, covered with wood. The left bank is, at the first fall, only a few feet above the water; but it preserves its level, while the river leaps down into a long and deep ravine. At the foot of the last fall, the whole are in sight at once. This is the best view. I went down, before going to the upper fall. There you face the whole cataract, from the first calm and deliberate plunge, to the final issue in foam and boiling surges—fall after fall, and the rebound of the waters, rushing with terrible violence to get free—a mile of foam and falling water, and angry billows. The spray fills the air, and the thunder is deafening. It is impossible adequately to describe so majestic and sublime a spectacle. I have seen Terni, and Tivoli, and the falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen; but none of them can be compared with Trolhätta, any more than Trolhätta can be compared with Niagara. From this point, I climbed the sides of the ravine to the left bank, and walked along it, pausing at the different points of view, to the greatest fall. Here, in the middle of the current, on the extreme edge, is a little island of granite, to which a bridge has been thrown. I sat on this island, at the water's line, till the sun went down, and I was called away to join the boat, which had by this time surmounted the hill. On each side of the island, the Gotha dashes over the precipice, and rushes into a common abyss below; while the everlasting rock seems to be shaken by the rush of impetuous and thundering waters, and a bright rainbow keeps watch with the sun, sitting upon the clouds of spray.

It was time now to reëmbark. A short run brought us to Wenersberg, a little town on the lake Wener. Here, at the entrance into the lake, before venturing upon its wide waters, we rested for the night.

* The locks are one hundred and twenty feet long, twenty-two wide, and eight deep, with a rise of fourteen feet. The frames of the gates and bridges are iron. Our steamer was eighty-eight feet long, seven deep, and twenty-one feet seven inches wide, and had two beautiful engines of fourteen horse power each.

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CASTLE OF CHILLON.

BY T. H. HOWARD.

There burst a sound *
Long, loud, and deep, of melody and song,
That bade thy spires and inmost caves resound
The poet's magic Chillon, and renowned
Thy name in wrong;
The great bard sleeps, and I may but inspire
A voiceless lay and lyre.

Yet do I turn,
Chillon, my eye upon thy time-worn towers,
And feel, though mute, the thought within me burn
Of ashes blent in thine autumnal urn,
And the star-showers,
And thunder's blast, and lightning's glare,
So long wreathed o'er them there.

But all is sleep
In this fair semblance; † and around thee lies
The quiet water—Old St. Gothard's steep
Rises beyond thee with a lofty sweep,
Up to the glowing skies,
Nor its wind-voices, nor its lambent rills,
Wail thy forgotten ills.

The great Bard's song
Comes with a quiet passion from the heart,
Telling the breathing tale of those whose wrong
And dust are thine. In thy mute strength, how strong,
Not feebly, Art
Hath placed thy record on a throne like this,
Thou white-browed Salamis!

Oh, for the youths,
The beautiful and bold, whose memories are
Fostered in numbers thus—whose sufferings bore
An echo and a sound from shore,

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* Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." † The lines were suggested by an engraving.

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Lifting in prayer
A thousand hearts—teaching the very stones
To cry in living tones.

The old Swiss sire,
Bending before thee as a sacred shrine,
Long hence, telling the story of the fire
Of the old poet, and his glorious lyre,
Shall murmur thine,
And pleasant boys repeat the tale again,
Breathing the old-time strain.

Peace to the slain—
To the young martyrs in thy prison cell;
Blessed be they in Heaven met again,
(Blest be the poet for his burning strain,)
Invincible,
Uprose their spirits from that trying hour,
To dwell beyond earth's power.

Brooklyn, Sept., 1839.

SCENES AND STORIES IN MANY LANDS.

No. II.

THE SPANISH DAUGHTER.

The leaf that I now extract from the journal of my many wanderings and adventures, contains a brief, but to my memory, which recalls the parties of it in all the bright freshness of an occurrence of yesterday, deeply interesting story of a SPANISH DAUGHTER.

On a splendid summer evening, in the year 1810, I was floating gently, in a gallant ship, by the fair town, and fairer adjacent coast of Rio de Janeiro. Severe weather had forced us in closer to the shore than our proper course would have carried us, and we found ourselves almost in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. The looks turned towards the beautiful shore, full of that intense insatiable longing, which baffles all description, and which none but the tenants of a ship's cabin for weary months can feel, had, however, no effect on our captain; who, intent only on the object of his voyage, did not drop his anchor even for an hour's ramble through the lovely scenes that seemed to sail past us, as we ourselves glided by them on our southward way. A breeze so faint and light, that it scarcely rippled the glassy surface of the water, played

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fitfully about our loose hanging sails. The sun was just sinking over the land on our right, amid a splendor of which the inhabitant of the clime in which I now write, cannot form an adequate conception; and a fantastic company of clouds hovered, as if exultingly, over the setting of the great luminary, from whose departing rays they derived the light in which they robed themselves so gloriously. The rays glanced brightly on the white villas, embosomed amid verdure of the richest green, as if singling them out, along the line of that lovely shore scenery, as the most lovely spots on which their last light should rest; and our imagination did not fail to invest them with a thousand associations, that seemed to cluster naturally around those beautiful dwellings; and strangers as we were, from far lands, speeding on our ocean path towards other scenes and other objects, bright fancies and kindly sympathies entered those fair homes of human hearts and human affections, and lingered pleasantly about them.

Our attention, was, however, before the deepening shades veiled them from our sight, withdrawn from the shore, to an object of still greater interest to us. A small white sail was seen standing out towards us, gleaming brightly over the now darkening water. It had evidently caught the fresh land breeze, which had not yet reached us, and almost as soon as the latter began to fill our flapping sails, a graceful, swift, little felucca, had approached within hail of us, and asked where we were bound. On answering "the Rio de la Plata," a tall, and fine looking young Spaniard arose from the bows of the little vessel, and politely requested a passage from us; which was on the instant granted with unaffected pleasure. He sprang with graceful ease up the sides of our ship, and received a most cordial welcome; for when was a new face, or a strange voice, especially so open and handsome a face, and musical a voice, as those of our young guest, other than deeply interesting to those who have been many weeks at sea, in the monotony only broken by an insipid calm, or what our mate called a "Neptunes tea-party," of both of which we had had our full share. Nor had we yet done with those rough visitations of the god; for, ere we entered the broad mouth of the River of Plate, our once trim and stately vessel was almost a wreck, and our new companion a special favorite; for his manly courage during our distresses and dangers, had won him the kindest regard of us all, and the warm friendship of the gallant man who commanded our vessel; and when our anchor had moored us safely off the town of Monte Video, and our feet trod together the welcome pier, we all felt that two short weeks had done the work of years, to attach us to the noble, chivalrous, young Don Francisco Cotera.

Don Francisco had told us little or nothing about himself; and, strong as was our curiosity, we had not of course, attempted to penetrate an incognito, which our guest did not volunteer to reveal, so that we knew him only by name; his fine education, and high-bred manners attested him a gentleman; and the mantling blood that would suffuse his dark

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but clear forehead, when any of the tales, with which we sought to wile the tedium of our voyage, appealed to the nobler sympathies, told from how generous a heart it mounted, and spoke the high toned soul of one of nature's aristocracy, prompt to feel, and act nobly. In none of the European races, have I met with nobler specimens of humanity, than are frequent among the Spaniards.

Our adieus were warm and cordial, though we expected to meet again, as he was going to pass some time in the town. When fellow-voyagers separate, though they are to see each other often, it is parting, and we felt it so. We were conducted to the place where our papers were examined by the master of the port who was gravely sucking through a silver tube, a beverage called Matti, from a long necked, small vessel of the same material,—a general custom of that country, and considered a luxury. My husband's letters were then forwarded to Don Juan Ferrer; who soon was with us, and insisted upon our making his house our home, during our stay in Monte Video. He was one of the wealthiest merchants of the place, with a princely spirit, and a warm and kind nature. Early in life, his domestic peace had been destroyed; and he never afterward admitted a female resident in his family. His splendid establishment was supported, however, with all hospitality and elegance, and a lavish magnificence, that I have never seen surpassed; and all who have had the good fortune to share it, must have a warm place in their hearts for the memory of Don Juan. He had one child only—a daughter; who resided with a relation of amiable manners, by whom her education (if I may so call it) was superintended;—but her father also devoted a portion of every day to her instruction, and her naturally fine intellect was, therefore, more highly improved than was generally the case with the ladies of that country. She lacked none of the fascinating graces of a high bred Spanish woman; nor was she free from the coquetry that they so well know how to practice. She was of the highest order of Spanish beauty, and seemed a combination of the grave and gay—the truly feminine, with touches of a lofty and high souled character; at one moment you would see her playing with almost infantine artlessness with a little pet negro child, a privileged visitant in any apartment that she might occupy, laughing as from a heart where care never entered—that jocund, thrilling laugh, that the soul rejoices in—which speaks of innocence, of birth, of love, and confidence,—the music of happy youth, which, when the world has tutored it, changes its cadences sadly; at another moment striking the gay castanet to her own graceful movements, in that most beautiful of all dances, the *bolera*, and with languishing dignity holding her admiring partner in durance,—then with the witching fan, luring some sighing victim—or with an arch eye beaming mischief, from beneath the closely drawn *mantilla*, which folded over a bust of exquisitely rounded loveliness; but never was she half so attractive, as when seated listening to the conversation of her father, whose chivalrous character prompted to language of high

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deeds and stirring enterprise, her full eye dilating with enthusiasm—her dimpling mouth firmly closed—her form raised to its utmost height, and her bosom swelling with the noble emotion which such language would excite.

Dona Maria was a coquette, and a most lovely one; but she had the full materiél for a heroine, if circumstances should try her.

She was a constant guest, and the brighest ornament of the gay *tertulias* of the Senora Maturana.

One evening, that I well remember, very shortly after our arrival at Monte Video, at one of these charming parties, she had fled from the admiring throng that usually hovered round her presence, to listen in a retired corner of the rooms, to one of the tales of the ancient chivalry, that the old Castilian, her father, delighted to relate, having found me a willing listener, when a light but firm touch on a guitar sounded in the adjacent room. This was a very common sound, but I observed it to produce a very uncommon effect on the young beauty; it sent the warm current mantling to her glowing cheek, and the tell-tale fan snapped more loudly, and glittered more rapidly, from the evident confusion which it was intended to hide. Presently a firm manly voice rose on our ears, singing one of the old Spanish ballads of the days of Spain's knightly pride. This also aroused her father, Don Juan, and he led his daughter towards the group collected around the singer, in whom, as the voice had already indicated to me, I recognised our gallant young friend of the felucca, whom I had not seen since we parted on the pier. When he had concluded the song, after a very friendly greeting interchanged with us, and a few words denoting a frank intimacy with Don Juan, the handsome young cavalier, with a look of entreaty that could not take a nay, and was seldom likely to experience one, took the hand of the Dona Maria, and led her forth to the middle of the floor; and in another instant was heard the musical clicking of the castanets, and the firm placed step, that commenced that most beautiful of dances, the Spanish *bolera*. I was well pleased to read the hearts of our two young favorites, a pair so noble, so fair, and so worthy of each other; they spoke in their sunny eyes, and gave a language to every graceful motion. It is not, however, to be supposed, that the young Dona wholly forgot her double nature of the coquette, in the lover. Devotedly as she loved him, her chief employment, in his company, was to tantalize poor Don Francisco. Smiles and tears, sighs and frowns, were at all times equally at her command: and she would dispense them to him with the most promiscuous liberality, until she would entangle the heart of the fine gallant fellow in a perfect bewilderment of feelings, half rapture, half torture, and all love. He knew, however, that he possessed the heart of his mistress;—they were, in fact, betrothed; but even that knowledge, however, he would strive to fortify himself with it, could never avail to protect him long from the artful power to torment, of a true Spanish girl,—especially

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such a one as Dona Maria. They were betrothed, though he was not a resident of Monte Video, and were to be wedded in a short time.

More than a month passed delightfully in this gay and happy circle; and the permitted time of our stay among our kind and hospitable friends was waning last, when a perceptible change came over the character of the place. A deep political agitation began to pervade the community. The news arrived of the imprisonment of the King of Spain, by Bonaparte. The revolutionary elements which were rife throughout all the Spanish colonies in South America, but in none more than in this quarter, began to stir deeply and strongly. The gaiety of the society almost ceased: it was blighted by general suspicion,—darkened by the shadows of coming events. There were collections of knots of men in the streets; fresh rumors of all kinds kept up a continual excitement; the authorities were very vigilant; the military force at Monte Video was increased; houses were searched; daily arrests filled the prisons; and in several cases they were followed by prompt executions, in the hope of paralyzing with terror the efforts of the revolutionary spirits that were known to be actively at work throughout all orders of society.

There is not, or was not at that day, any *Almeida* at Monte Video; and consequently there was wanting the regular afternoon promenade, so agreeable in the climate, and so delightful to the Spanish Senoras, after the refreshing *siesta* has removed the languor of a listless morning, when the artful *mantilla* is witchingly adjusted, with the never failing fan ready to perform its graceful office of flirtation, and when tiny feet are encased in the most delicate satin slippers, to touch, with seemingly fairy lightness, the path beneath them. Other walks, therefore, were frequently resorted to, or excursions to short distances in the country, where many of the gentlemen of the town had beautiful country seats, with fine gardens, enclosed either by hedges of the defensive prickly pear, or fences formed of the whitened sculls of cattle, the horns of the lowest tier being securely fastened in the ground, and the other tiers being closely adjusted together, fastened by means of the curved horns, so as to form a perfectly strong and impenetrable wall, the horns of the uppermost tier pointing upwards. These fences afford a useful means of disposing of a portion of the heads of the hundreds of thousands of wild cattle that are brought in here to be slaughtered for their hides. They are chiefly designed to keep off the herds which roam at will, over this level and rich country.

We had returned one evening from a delightful excursion of this kind, in which Don Francisco had entertained us by an exhibition of his skill in throwing the lasso, chasing, on a wild horse, the wild herds of cattle, and entangling, with unerring certainty, in the noose of the lasso, any particular animal pointed out to him. He had been amply rewarded for his daring and dexterity with the enthusiastic *vivas* of the whole company, and the unclouded smiles of the Signorita Maria. We returned in high spirits and merriment. Don Juan was not, accidentally,

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of the party. We proceeded almost immediately to the Senora Maturana's *tertulia*, and a general flush of gaiety and excitement pervaded the whole party, which had scarcely been known of late.

We had not been long there, when a stranger entered the brilliant throng, and proceeded almost directly to the settee at which Dona Maria was seated in earnest conversation with her lover. The latter was disclosing to her, in a low whispering, the particulars of a republican conspiracy that was to explode on the morrow, of which himself and her father were the prominent chiefs, to prepare her for the tumult that was to succeed the smooth gayety of the evening. He knew her well, and he paid but a just tribute to her high energy and bravery of character in not fearing to entrust to her the secret which he would have striven to conceal from a woman of humbler mould. Every preparation was complete; success was certain; there was no fear of treachery. His countenance was lit up with a noble enthusiasm of patriotism and daring. Dona Maria sat fixed as a statue, that varying and animated countenance no longer pourtraying the fitful caprices of the coquette, but strongly marked by a decided and resolved expression, combined with a congenial enthusiasm caught from the pleasing eye of her lover. If her cheek was pale, no tear stained its whiteness; and if her lips were bloodless, there was no quivering of fear, and no word of womanly terror fell from them. The stranger, a man of fine bearing, advanced as if to lead her to the dance, when, striking his castanets so loudly as to cover the sound of his voice, he addressed them in low and rapid words: "Dona Maria, command yourself, as a Castilian should. Give no sign of hearing any thing that should excite surprise or alarm. Your father is in prison; a false friend has betrayed him. There has been foul treachery," he repeated, fastening a keen glance on Don Francisco. A livid paleness for a moment crossed the brow and cheek of the latter: "Ha! who was the traitor?" he exclaimed. "I know not," replied the stranger: "you also are suspected; hostile eyes are upon you now; the evidence of only a word, a look, a gesture, is required to commit you to the same prison, and the same fate. Beware. Do not distrust me; though a stranger, I am a friend." With these words, he sauntered away, with apparent carelessness, and, after making the circuit of the rooms, addressing light gallantries to various ladies of his acquaintance, he disappeared, unobserved by any.

The emotions of Dona Maria I need not attempt to describe. It is sufficient to say that she mastered all outward display of them. She went through the forms of the dance almost mechanically; and, as soon as she could, without attracting the notice which it was her object to avoid, she hastened to depart, leaning, almost in a state of exhaustion, on the arm of her lover.

The stranger who had addressed them was an enemy and spy. Don Juan had been arrested, but only on vague suspicion. His object was to extort from Don Francisco's first emotions some exclamation which

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might be evidence against both. His success has been seen. As Don Francisco crossed the threshold of the Senora Maturana's door, he was arrested by a file of soldiers. The Dona Maria was borne home by her attendants, a seemingly lifeless burthen—her energy of mind, high and heroic as it was, having overstrained itself, in the attempt to bear up against this double-stunning blow.

These arrests prevented the explosion of the conspiracy on the following day. An attempt was made by the authorities to envelope the affair in mystery, though the disappearance of a person of such note as Don Juan created a great excitement in the town. His house was closed and sealed, his property seized; and both prisoners were kept in close confinement. Dona Maria was bestowed, with a faithful old attendant, who had been her nurse, in a neighboring convent. She had, however, as soon as the first overwhelming effect of such a dreadful calamity was over, formed a plan for herself. She began immediately to project the escape of her father and lover. The only son of Margarita, her nurse, was an attendant in the prison in which they were confined; and he was induced by dazzling offers to engage in the project which she formed. An assistant being rendered necessary by the late great increase in the numbers of prisoners, to perform various subordinate offices in the prison, and chiefly to serve the prisoners with their food, he was able, by his earnest recommendations, to procure the appointment for a young cousin of his, an intelligent and willing lad, though rather femigine in appearance, and as yet unaccustomed to rough work. Margarita, knowing the energies of her young mistress' character, coincided fully in the plan; and, notwithstanding the attempts of the superior of the convent (a relative and friend of Maria) to dissuade her from so rash an enterprise, the lovely young Senorita presented herself at the prison, in so complete a disguise, as effectually to conceal her identity even from the most familiar eye. Her bold, frank manner pleased the keeper—her remarkable beauty of feature, for a boy, pleased the keeper's wife; and she was forthwith installed in the duties of her important office. She played her difficult part admirably. Her natural boldness of character, and love of enterprize, added to the high motives which prompted her course, enabled her to do so with a firmness of heart that buoyed her spirits up for the task; and the Dona Maria, the beautiful mistress of a thousand hearts, the nursling of luxury and indulgent affection, cast no repining thoughts upon her former happiness, nor ever shrank from the performance of her hard tasks; and, like all exalted minds, she bore the chain nobly when duty formed its links. Hers was not the puling sentiment which laments, but the genuine, heaven-born enthusiasm which dares, and acts.

Perhaps it may be necessary for me to re-assure the reader that I am relating nothing but simple fact.

Pepe, Margarita's son, had not, from his office, any means of commu-

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nication with the prisoners. The object of her entrance into the jail was, of course, to communicate with them, and arrange some means of escape, in which they would have the assistance of Pepe. For some time, no such opportunity was afforded her. She was not trusted to carry food to the more important state prisoners, who were served by the jailer himself. Poor Maria began almost to despair. At length, however, her good conduct was rewarded with such confidence, that the jailer, in his indolence, gave her the task of serving all the ranges of cells. On her first visit to her father, she was accompanied by the jailer. She was evidently not recognized by him, in the darkness of his cell, and in her disguise. With Don Francisco, she was equally fortunate; he scarcely turned a look towards her, but sat with his eyes fixed on the ground, in a fierce gloom, with despair at his heart, at the thought of her, the very being who stood, trembling with mingled delight and fear, before him.

I need not dwell on what followed; the success with which she discovered herself to both successively; the rapture which, like an angel from heaven, she brought to those dark, and before hopeless, dungeons; her own exultation; the plan of escape arranged, in which no flaw appeared to dim the brightness of her hope and confidence. All was complete, and there could be no doubt of success; it was on board of our gallant vessel that they were to be secretly received, to be borne immediately away to safety and happiness. A night was fixed for the escape.

The two prisoners had in the mean time been tried; but very unsatisfactory evidence was all that could be adduced against them. There was manifestly a strong disposition, on the part of the authorities, to make terrifying examples of them, but no sentence was pronounced upon them at the time of the trial. It was generally believed that they would not be condemned to death.

The intense emotions of Dona Maria, as she rose, from a sleepless pallet, on the morning of the day that was to be the last of their imprisonment, immured from the light of freedom, love, and happiness, I will not attempt to describe. There was a buoyancy in her step, a brilliancy in her eye, and a flush on her cheek, that had never been there since the fatal night of the arrest.

On her presenting herself at the usual hour, to receive from the jailer the keys of the cells, and the breakfast for the prisoners, she was ordered to *omit* the two cells in which the whole interest and her heart was concentrated; and, in explanation of her anxious astonishment, he showed her a warrant from the Governor, and President of the Court, just received, ordering that the two prisoners be led out to the public square in front of the prison, immediately, *for execution.*

"Behold the soldiers drawn out," continued he, looking out upon the square, without observing the boy, "with one file drawn for the execu-

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tion. This is much less troublesome than hanging; and they are gentlemen, though they are rebels. Here comes holy father Ignacio."

Maria stood stunned. Her cheeks were bloodless, her lips parted with a certain ghostly smile, and there was a fearful wildness in her eye, which was fixed on the square beneath. The keeper told us of the scene. Who can imagine that moment?

She saw, but heeding the sight only as the sight of spectral monsters is felt in dreams, advancing across the square, bearing a tall black cross aloft in his right hand. He entered the prison, and passed into the cells of the prisoners, in each of which he remained a brief space. They were then led forth to the small court-yard, into which the gate of the prisons, in front of which they were to be shot, opened. The countenances of both were deadly pale, but with a firm and lofty expression. As they met and grasped each other by the hand, a tear rose to the eye of Don Juan; Francisco understood to whom it referred, and their hands pressed each other with a clasp of convulsive bitterness. They then stood with folded arms, and a fearless and haughty port, combined, however, suitably with solemn resignation.

Maria remained motionless in the spot in which she had received the awful announcement. The horror of the pretended boy was ascribed by the jailer to his youth; but he told her she might stay, and see the execution from the window. She, without consciousness, obeyed, and stood rooted to the spot, until the heavy sound of the bell of an adjoining church struck upon her ear. Frantic, she rushed forth to seek the cells; her way led her through the court-yard. She saw, at one intense glance, the whole scene; the procession forming; a number of priests, with the priest with the black cross at the head; the guard of soldiers; the attendants of the jail; and, in the midst of the group, the noble figures about whom all this preparation centered.

One thrilling shriek, piercing to the brain of every hearer, and curdling the blood at every heart, and a swift figure divided the little crowd of priests and soldiers, and, passing by the figure of Don Francisco, her lover, Maria was in the arms of her father. The sight was immediately understood by all. One heaving gasp, a convulsive throe, and blood was seen to gush profusely from her mouth, nostrils and ears; her father's bosom, on which she lay, already bared for the purpose for which he was led forth, was covered with the crimson tide, and several of the by-standers were stained with the blood.

She was laid on the ground. Father and betrothed lover knelt over her.

"*Gracias a Dios!*" exclaimed the former, repeatedly. "Thank God! thank God! I am now happy."

Poor Francisco spoke not, but knelt in a long, uninterrupted gaze upon that exquisite loveliness. There was no tear in his eye, though they streamed from those of the old man upon his daughter's face. In little more than a minute, she was dead—suffocated by the torrents of

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blood within. Francisco anointed his breast with the crimson dye, as if for a mark for the bullets, and then raised it aloft, apparently in a silent imprecation. He then sprang to his feet, and demanded, almost fiercely, to be led out.

In five minutes, those two gallant and noble souls had followed that of her who was the object of their equal, mutual love. Victims of treachery and suspicious tyranny, they died like brave men. Both fell dead at the first fire.

From no great distance, I witnessed their fall, with a shuddering, but fascinated gaze, that I could not avert from the sight.

The three were buried together in one wide grave, Maria lying in the middle. Peace to them; and gentle and tender memories, in the hearts of all who knew them and their sad story, linger around that grave!

On the following day, we left Monte Video, perfectly wretched, and sick at heart. I have never seen it since; and I can never now see or hear the name of that place, in which some of the brightest hours of my life were passed, without a sinking at the heart, at the remembrance of the fate of that fine old Castilian, Don Juan, and that noble and beautiful young pair, Don Francisco and the Senorita Maria.

SONNET.

ON AN ENGRAVING OF MRS. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER: AFTER SULLY.

——————"*Graver* things
Come in their turn."—ROGERS.

Thanks, gifted Artist! for this pictured scroll,
Which thus thine own bright genius dost reveal;
This POESY of loveliest lines ON STEEL,
Which mirrors, like a dream, that passioned soul
"O'er which no living power holdeth control."
And thanks to him who, Franklin-like, could steal
The lightning of that heavenly eye, and seal
That speaking glance, for Time's far distant goal.
Yet, though glad eyes shall brighten,—voices sweet
Breathe grateful praises—blessing thee the while,—
Thou'lt *know it not!* and many a glowing smile,
Waked by thine ART—thy SOUL shall never greet.
Like stars, that course through heaven, but never meet,
Is fame to hearts like thine: TOO DISTANT TO BEGUILE!

J. J. PEASE.

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DEPARTED HEROES.

Shout for the mighty men
  Who sleep in our father-land,
    (Blest be their grave.)
Shout over hill and glen,
  And over sea and strand,—
    Shout for the brave.

When the loud war-cry burst,
  And the fire-brand was red
    On Concord's plain,
Who met the foe the first?—
Who sent them back accurst?
  They are the mighty dead,—
    Shout for the slain.

Where is that fearless band
  Who, in their hall arrayed,
    Pledged at all cost,
Freedom throughout the land,—
Freedom on wave and strand?—
  Death could not be delayed—
    Shout for the lost.

Freeman, to live or die
  On our beloved soil,
    They were as we;—
Forth fling the banner high,
Forth peal the banner cry;
  No more a tyrant's spoil—
    Shout for the free.

Shout for these mighty men,
  Sons of our father-land,—
    Over the wave,
And over hill and glen,
  And over rock and strand,—
    Shout for the brave.

T. H. H.

July 4, 1839.

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POLITICAL PORTRAITS, WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

NO. XVI.

CHARLES JARED INGERSOLL.

Charles Jared Ingersoll was born at Philadelphia the third of October, 1782. Unlike many distinguished Americans, whose just pride is to be rather founders than offspring of established families, Mr. Ingersoll's descent is from historical forefathers. His maternal grandfather, Charles Pettit, served in the Commissariat of the army of the Revolution, also as Member of Congress, and was a prominent person in the Democratic party. His paternal grandfather, Jared Ingersoll, held several offices of the British crown, and was one of the first victims of what is called Lynch law: having been compelled by a well-organized mob, in 1763, at Hartford, Connecticut, to resign, under duress, the office of Commissioner of Stamps, so odious to America. On his gray horse, surrounded by a multitude threatening to injure, if not destroy him, if he did not instantly lay down his office, he jocosely remarked to a friend that he was like Death in Revelations, mounted on a pale horse, with hell at his heels. Charles J. Ingersoll's father, the only child of this tory parent, although in England completing his professional education, when the revolution broke out, instantly declared for it and retired to France, till by a perilous winter navigation he escaped to America, to share the fortunes of his country. Among the many eminent public stations he held, (and he declined still more,) he was one of the members of the illustrious Convention which conferred on the United States that admirable modern modification of representative government in a constitution, more liable to injury by construction, to which Jared Ingersoll was uniformly opposed, than by any other infidelity to it. Thus descended, and moreover closely connected by marriage with another honorable tory, who was appointed by a democratic Governor to the highest judicial post in Pennsylvania, it was while warmly repelling a sweeping curse of *all* tories, pronounced by a friend, that Charles J. Ingersoll uttered the honest vindication of some of his most revered connections, for which party malediction has been showered upon him,—that, if old enough to have been a tory, he would probably have been one himself. It is easy now to chime in with overwhelming success in revolution, and to condemn all who happened to take the wrong side. But a manly and speculative apology for kindred, bound by oaths of office and other strong inducements to the royal government, are not premises from which to infer tory politics, to the prejudice of one with a character established by a life of adhesion, under trying circumstances, to the principles and patriots of the

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American revolution. Mr. Ingersoll had lived down this absurd calumny, when it was revived by garbled extracts of an angry letter long gone to oblivion, being treacherously sprung in his late election contest. The trick did not produce the slightest effect, however, although very many of his supporters were sons of whigs of the revolution, bred in deep abhorrence of tories; for while the well-born, as they are sometimes styled, of America, seldom have distinguished ancestry to boast of, it is surprising how many of the unknown are descended from soldiers of the times that tried men's souls, and how nobly they cherish the honor of such a lineage. Of a kin to this disparagement is another charge, so often repeated that it has, perhaps, acquired some credence: that Mr. Ingersoll was once a federalist. The *facts* hereafter stated will settle that point. As Madison, and Crawford, and other apostles of the democratic party were called federalists, so might the subject of this sketch be. Jefferson, in his celebrated inaugural, said that Americans are all federalists, and all republicans. In the mutations of parties and of men, Mr. Ingersoll, who has always, as in the instance of his apology for tories, been characterised by the utmost independence of opinion, has no doubt occasionally opposed those with whom he has generally coincided. But his principles have never changed. While a boy of thirteen years of age, he electioneered the democratic ticket in the warm contest between Swanwick and Tilghman to represent Philadelphia in Congress. While a youth of sixteen, at college, in the flagrant hour of rank federalism, the only newspaper he took was the Democratic Journal, then edited by Matthew Carey, and on innumerable memorable occasions Charles J. Ingersoll has given too many and too costly proofs of his ingrain attachment to democracy, to leave a doubt of his sincerity. Few men's inducements to desert and deny it have been stronger. None, living as he has been in the very focus of contumelious and exclusive city aristocracy, has stood fast firmer, or spoken out freer for the whole code of the Declaration of American Independence. During the hostilities with France in 1798, when still a mere lad, he shared the martial enthusiasm which the federal administration labored to excite against an insolent foe: and he is yet, no doubt, willing to acknowledge that with the progressive development of political experience, his mind has gradually opened to convictions of democratic excellence, which at first it paused upon. But, from first to last, from early boyhood to advanced age, tried by all his writings, his speeches, and his actions, his attachments and his aversions, his intimacies and estrangements, thirty years of unquestionable credentials, private and public, attest that he has always been among the hardiest pioneers of the loftiest American patriotism, lived in the full faith of the real presence of popular sovereignty and radical politics, inflexibly antagonist to English tory or federal party doctrine, and always openly and heartily opposed to them. Brought up in all the elegant accomplishments, beside the ordinary tendencies of collegiate education, but unspoiled by such endowments, he studied, practised, and inculcated the stoic philoso-

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phy of republicanism, and preferred the doric to the corinthian order of politics, while cast in the "corinthian order of society." His opinion indeed has always been that weak government is a national calamity; but that a government in which the people are really sovereign is the strongest of all, and that the popular sovereignty should be not merely proclaimed, but carried into full effect.

After undergoing the usual routine of school and college education in this country, besides an uncommon measure of private tuition in every branch of polite education, with a temperament inclined more to the poetry than the prose of learning, but admitted with credit to the bar, before coming of age, he was sent to Europe, there to finish, as was then considered useful, the formation of American character. While there he was attached to the diplomatic family of Mr. King, the American minister at London, travelled with him in Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany and France, and returned to America, cured of whatever preference he might have entertained for the old world, and thoroughly American. The great events and personages of revolutionary France headed by their wonderful leader, the institutions and attractions of England, the classical scenes of Flanders, Switzerland, and the valley of the Rhine; the placid despotism of Germany, and the fettered republicanism of Holland, were subjects of Mr. Ingersoll's observation, and stored his mind with recollections for after-thought and ethical disquisition, of which a specimen has been lately published in the Democratic Review, in the paper entitled "Europe Long Ago."

In 1805, he was appointed by Governor McKean to an inferior office, neither solicited nor expected: and thus began political association with what was then known as the Third Party, a section of the democratic, headed by McKean, Dallas, Jones, afterwards Secretary of the Navy, and other prominent republicans, which was eventually overcome and reinstated in the great democratic family of which Governor Snyder became the successful head. He likewise conferred on Mr. Ingersoll an office of some importance, which he did not long hold, without giving him the least notice or expectation of it. In 1808, he published a pamphlet, entitled the Rights and Wrongs, Power and Policy of the United States of America, which was much circulated and applauded by the republicans, being an extensive defence of the commercial and maritime policy of Jefferson's administration, founded on the positions taken by Madison's resolutions of 1794, to resist the aggression of the great European belligerents. This pamphlet was revised before publication by Charles Brockden Brown, the first American novelist, then editor of the American Register, a retiring, but decided advocate of democratic principles. Several years before, Mr. Ingersoll had published a Tragedy, which was performed with some success; as since he has submitted to the press a more elaborate dramatic poem which has never been brought upon the stage.

In 1809, Inchiquin, or the Jesuits' Letters, from his pen, appeared, anonymously, and indeed clandestinely, (as the object was to give the work

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an European appearance,) which was the first, most decided, and successful vindication of the abused character, institutions, manners, politics, and literature of this country. It is difficult at present to appreciate the independence which such a work then required. The United States were yet British in almost every thing except government; in which, too, the federal party desired them to remain, without a spark of American self-sufficiency. A declaration of literary, social, and moral independence, was almost as bold a stroke as the great declaration of political independence, ventured in 1776, which accomplished not much more than mere political severance. Not only was every thing and almost every thought colonial, but a large party insisted that they ought to be. To deny this federal dogma,—the idolatry of English every thing,—was heresy, causing, if not physical, at any rate, social and political dissolution in all the tortures of contumelious exclusion from respect. Mr. Ingersoll led a forlorn hope in the desperate encounter with this deep-rooted prejudice, but has lived to see it considerably dislodged, and completely rebuked. The poetry of Barlow, the history of Ramsey and Marshall, the eloquence of Congress, the superiority, not merely the equality, of the American character compared with that of Europe, were the postulates of his task; and its sensation was great throughout the whole country. It was no party appeal, or merely passionate, but an address, however fervent, to the reason and the realities of America, demonstrating that American mind and American matter of all kinds, under the vivifying influence of free institutions, fine climate, noble territories, and magnificent natural capabilities, are not and cannot be inferior, but ought to be and must be superior, to those of an old world without the same advantages. In the Jesuits' Letters, also, Jefferson's aversion to the navy was combatted, and the preëminence of this now universally recognised right arm of American safeguard indicated and predicted. Mr. Ingersoll, by numerous publications since the Jesuits' Letters,—particularly a discourse before the American Philosophical Society, which has been reviewed in the Revue Encyclopédique of France, and an Oration before the Society for commemorating the fourth of July, without distinction of party, which is quoted by Bulwer in his Rienzi,—followed up the lessons of that first appeal of American patriotism by further views of a similar stamp, till there are now legions of converts from even those at first the most inexorable to his strains, ready to second them; and American independence is a moral as well as a political reality, even along the Atlantic sea-board, where every wind and wave wafts European idolatry, luxury and prejudice to subjugate us. While opposed to the code which excludes or retards the incorporation of European laborers with our own, in a vast country so much in want of labor, deeming the whole system of naturalization laws injurious to American growth, and reckoning adult men and women among the most valuable of American importations, Mr. Ingersoll has always been the uncompromising antagonist of the travelling vagabonds who come among us, not to settle but revile. The battle with them is

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nearly won. Still there are some, among whom he is one, who reckon Jefferson's aversion to English ascendency in this hemisphere a cardinal point of American politics; that society as well as government should be remodelled here; and that whether by laws, arms, commerce, manufactures or currency, we never should suffer the Laocoon of British tastes, with giant arms, to hug the young America to death.

In 1811, Mr. Ingersoll was an unsuccessful candidate on the democratic ticket, by regular party nomination, for election to the State Legislature. But in 1812, he was by the same means triumphantly elected to Congress. His literary vindication of his country was such as has been sketched. We come now to the more serious undertaking, by the war of 1812, of which he was not merely a zealous advocate but an ardent instigator—that war which in blood sealed the moral sovereignty, as the war of the revolution had the political independence, of the United States of America. In 1805, our maritime troubles became intolerable; and from that time till declared, war, as he thought, was only deferred by a series of merely palliative and procrastinating expedients. Still, in all Jefferson's restrictive measures, preventive of hostilities, Mr. Ingersoll supported him, though without confidence in their result. It is an aphorism of Montesquieu, that "happy are the people whose annals are dull." Yet war is an evil occasionally unavoidable and full of interest. Throughout all the preliminary warlike steps of Madison's administration, Mr. Ingersoll was an active agent with the press, and in primary assemblies of the people, for bringing it on. A few weeks before the Congressional declaration, when the Administration was thwarted by an adverse Senate, a doubtful House of Representatives, and at least one lukewarm member of the cabinet itself, a formidable opposition and a divided people, the very shout of the onset went up from a meeting of ten thousand democrats in the yard of Independence Hall, Philadelphia, where the resolutions and address moved and made by Mr. Ingersoll, were carried by enthusiastic popular acclamation, and all government doubts silenced by such an outburst of the voice of the people for war. Never was war more just or necessary: but never was a nation worse prepared for war, beyond the mere good will of the democracy. It was declared, however, forthwith, and while the rankest of federal opposition denounced it as execrably unnatural, wanton, absurd and wicked, all who fought for it as murderers, and all who paid or loaned money for it as deserving its utter loss by confiscation, Charles J. Ingersoll was among the first to subscribe all he was worth to the first loan at par, which was soon, by disaster and abuse, down more than thirty per cent.

In May, 1813, he took his seat in Congress at the special session, convened by the President, to lay taxes, raise armies, equip squadrons, and otherwise place the nation in the armour and attitude of hostilities so long waged against us, that we must sink in disgrace and weakness, as the President's Message argued, unless we also took up arms to retort hostilities on our assailants. Mr. Ingersoll was one of the youngest

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members of the war Congress; and so juvenile in appearance that the doorkeeper refused him admission, when he went to take his seat. Appointed by Mr. Speaker Clay, (for whose brilliant and commanding talents he entertained the highest admiration,) chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, and also a member of the Committee of Foreign Relations, of which Mr. Calhoun was chairman, Mr. Ingersoll entered with alacrity upon the duties of his place, and during the three sessions of 1813, 1814, 1815, two of them specially convoked by President Madison under the emergencies and disasters of the war, he was always at his post, took an active part in almost every debate, and, as the Journals attest, voted for every measure necessary to sustain and abridge the war by vigorous prosecution. Though an adherent of the Administration, his first speech contained an attack on a member of it, suspected of overweening anxiety for peace by means which Mr. Ingersoll thought neither the most politic or dignified: and the final attachment of the Post Office Department, as now arranged, to the other dependencies of the Executive, instead of revolving in a sphere of its own, if not originating with, was accelerated by a movement of Mr. Ingersoll against the then Postmaster General, who was also suspected of disaffection to the war. All laws for increasing the army and navy, for first creating, and afterwards, when Secretary Dallas declared the abundance of national resources, by the bankruptcy of the Treasury, for doubling them, for the conscription of a military force out of the militia, a mode of raising armies which Mr. Ingersoll pronounced much more republican and effective than voluntary enlistment, and finally for a bank of the United States, as recommended by President Madison and Secretary Dallas—in a word, whatever the country needed for the war, found in Mr. Ingersoll an unwavering and determined advocate. He also took a leading part in obtaining public funds for the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, as an indispensable natural highway; for the purchase of Mr. Jefferson's Library, and above all for securing a naval ascendency on the lakes. He was the open advocate of carrying the war into Canada and not confining it to the ocean, which was one of the specious subterfuges of an unprincipled opposition, while he insisted that victories in Canada were the best means of peace. When Mr. Clay, in 1814, was appointed one of the commissioners for negotiating peace, and Mr. Cheves was elected Speaker, by a union of the federal minority with a part of the democratic majority, Mr. Ingersoll was one of the fifty-seven Democrats who voted for Mr. Grundy. The National Intelligencer, then the democratic administration paper, contains many of his speeches and motions, some of which are yet also extant in pamphlets. At the close of the session of 1813, he addressed to the people of his district a long letter on the subject of French and British influence, at that time the great topic of party recrimination. One of the last of his speeches, in 1815, was on seconding the resolution submitted by Governor Troup, of Georgia, for thanking General Jackson, and his brave army, for their

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exploits at New Orleans, on which occasion, the war being then closed in a blaze of glory, Mr. Ingersoll gave vent to a hearty declamation of patriotic gratitude, which was republished with applause in England, as it has been often since in this country. He had taken an active part in removing from military command the antiquated generals at first appointed, and bringing forward their abler juniors, Brown, Scott, McComb, Jackson, Gaines, and others by whom victories were gained. Enjoying the confidential intimacy of Monroe, acting Secretary of War, he was privy to the measures devised by him for imparting fresh vigor to it, in Canada, where it was intended to carry it with great force if it had continued another year. He was acquainted with General Jesup's being stationed at Hartford, Connecticut, ostensibly recruiting, but really to suppress by force, if necessary, any attempt thereabouts to execute the treasonable designs of the Convention at that place. He was present when their emissaries came to Washington and appeared with some of the federal members in the lobby of the House of Representatives, on an errand which, but for their meeting the news of peace on their way, was understood to be to demand that Madison should resign, and a federalist be made President in his place, on pain of the separation of New England from the Union. This, however odious, is wholesome reminiscence, which ought to be from time to time, like first principles, recurred to. While too many of the educated and opulent, the lawyers, the clergy, and the mercantile interest were leagued in factious opposition to a war, which now all regard as the great producer of American peace and prosperity, striving to disgrace its advocates, cripple its resources, and dishonor its heroes, Mr. Ingersoll was their enthusiastic and fearless champion; instead of quailing at disasters, rising to a higher tone of energy, and encouraging the people of all parties to maintain the war as the only salvation of the country.

The advantage which the opposition took of public calamities, particularly the capture and sack of Washington, to discredit the administration, lost him his re-election to Congress. But after this discomfiture, his term being as yet unexpired, he repaired to the seat of government, at the special session of September, 1814; and in the midst of the smouldering ruins of the capitol, the autumnal diseases of a sickly season, and the confusion of undisciplined soldiery encamped about Washington, Congress, then sitting in the Post Office, (since burnt and now rebuilding,) the only public edifice not destroyed by the incendiary Vandals, whom it was denounced by a numerous party as a shame and a folly to attempt to resist, Mr. Ingersoll took his seat with the Lowndes, the Macons, the Pleasants, the Eppes, and the many other now sainted representatives of an unterrified people, resolved with the yeomanry, the mariners and others, who had the good sense and the patriotism to endure to the end, to rise or to fall with their country.

The end has crowned the work. It was Mr. Ingersoll's fate, like them at that time, to be reviled and despised by malevolent, timid and merce-

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nary men. But it has been a consolation and a blessing to reflect, as it will be historical distinction, that in those disastrous days he never faltered. Dallas had been called to take his noble stand upon the ruins of the Treasury, in some degree on Mr. Ingersoll's suggestion, who enjoyed that eminent statesman's close intimacy while devising the financial plans which restored confidence and resources to the United States. His admirable view of the causes of the war was written during and for the war, but, having been published after peace took place, was necessarily ushered forth with less authentic and imposing effect than would otherwise have been the case. That ablest vindication that has ever appeared not only of that struggle, but of the whole policy of American government, was communicated in manuscript to Mr. Ingersoll, with an intimation from Mr. Dallas, that he should propose Mr. I. to the President as Mr. Dallas's successor in the District Attorneyship of Pennsylvania, to which he was accordingly appointed by President Madison, at the close of the war Congress. In that responsible office Mr. Ingersoll remained fourteen years successfully cultivating the arduous profession of which it was the aid, not interfering, but on the contrary harmonizing with an extensive and lucrative private practice, during the successive administrations of Presidents Madison, Monroe, and John Q. Adams, until displaced by President Jackson, in 1829, at the instigation, as General Jackson has since explained, of an enemy of them both, then a member of his cabinet. President John Q. Adams, with whom Mr. Ingersoll had always preserved a good understanding,—having much respect for his learning, probity, and patriotism,—selected his most intimate friend, Mr. Rush, for Secretary of the Treasury, and re-appointed Mr. Ingersoll District Attorney, under circumstances exceedingly gratifying. Although, therefore, none more openly condemned the union of Mr. Adams with Mr. Clay, or questioned Mr. Adams's claims to the Chief Magistracy, yet Mr. I. would not cast his vote against that gentleman in the contest between him and General Jackson. Nor would he vote against the hero of New Orleans. Upon these grounds he did not vote at all at that Presidential election. At the prior contest, when Messrs. Crawford, Adams, Jackson, and Clay, were candidates, Mr. Ingersoll warmly sided with Crawford, not only because he was the regular nominee of the Democratic party, but because Mr. Ingersoll knew him to be eminently qualified for its head, and for the Presidency. With the bulk of the Democracy which supported Crawford, he subsequently joined in adhesion to General Jackson, of whose public services and noble character he was among the most grateful admirers. On the occasion of the controversy respecting his incursion into Florida, Mr. Ingersoll published, as early as July, 1818, in the Philadelphia Democratic Press—then the leading journal of Pennsylvania—an argument which was the first vindication of the General on the grounds of international law, at the succeeding session of Congress, so ably urged by the Administration. Notwithstanding his removal from office by President Jackson, Mr. Ingersoll, far

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from taking part with his enemies, seized the opportunity of a public dinner to Mr. Poinsett, to declare his cordial approval of the General's personal conduct, as well as that of his administration; and in all the banking and currency exigencies of the Jackson Administration, he was among its most thoroughgoing advocates. Shortly before General Jackson's retirement from the Presidency, he tendered through Mr. Secretary Forsyth, an old friend and college classmate of Mr. Ingersoll, an office more profitable and less laborious than that from which he had been removed, but it was instantly declined, Mr. I. not choosing that his support of the Jackson Administration should be subject to the slightest imputation. He moreover preferred popular to executive place, and, soon after his removal from the District Attorneyship, accepted an unsought nomination of the Democrats of Philadelphia, for a seat in the State Legislature, to which he was elected by a considerable majority. In that capacity, constant opposition to all corporate, particularly banking privileges, and a steady advocacy of the main arteries of the vast system of territorial improvement designed to render Pennsylvania the heart of the American Union, were the outlines of his service as a member of the Legislature. At the Canal or Internal Improvement Convention, as it was called, which met at Harrisburg, in 1825, to devise and originate this system, Mr. Ingersoll submitted a resolution for trying the then unknown merits of railroads with locomotive engines, just introduced in England. Mr. Ingersoll's resolution for that purpose was seconded by Professor Vethake, who has lately published an excellent work on political economy. But their united effort to recommend a method of transportation by which four thousand miles are now accomplished in America, was strenuously opposed by some leading men, and voted down by a large majority of the Convention as an impracticable scheme, attempting which would be disadvantageous to canals, which they insisted were the only means of locomotion, to which even the mighty rivers of this continent were to be mere tributaries. Mr. Ingersoll had been much connected with Oliver Evans, and familiarized by his confident predictions with the miracles of steam on land, long before they reached any degree of its now established superiority by steam carriages as well as steamboats. Two remarkable measures of Mr. Ingersoll in the Legislature of Pennsylvania deserve particular notice. One was a set of resolutions, urging the Federal Government to extend and animate the commercial intercourse between the United States and France, by carrying into full effect the fine theory of Franklin's treaty of Versailles, the first of American treaties, not only in date, but in principle—the great principle of national equality and commercial reciprocity: reducing or abolishing imposts, and permitting the products of one country to find free welcome in another. It is a favorite speculation of Mr. Ingersoll, that by such simple enactment of the unquestionable economy of free trade, the coal, cotton, tobacco, rice, peltries, and other indigenous articles of all parts of this country, may be exchanged

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for the wines and other products of France, to the great increase of French manufactures and wealth, and incalculable benefit of the United States, not only commercially but politically, rendering us less dependant than now on great Britain, and counteracting our natural British influences by profitable relations with France and other nations of Europe. Mr. Ingersoll's other resolutions in the Legislature were those which, encountering great difficulty at first, finally prevailed (as did those concerning France) by large majorities, recommending to Congress a bank, and in fact the Bank of the United States. Taught by authority, for which he felt filial reverence, to doubt the constitutionality of a National Bank, but intimately associated with Madison and Dallas in the utmost stress of war, in proposing that institution as the great security and remedy of the crisis, Mr. Ingersoll voted for it, as his speech published in Mr. Clarke's historical account of the Banks of the United States shows, as a necessary evil, at a moment, when, as Monroe said, no American had a right to be too strict in constitutional scruples, against measures deemed indispensable for the welfare, if not existence, of the country. "After the war we'll think of constitutional points," was a saying of Monroe. The great convenience of the Bank as a public agent, having induced every Secretary of the Treasury and every President, including General Jackson, to bear testimony to its public usefulness. Mr. Ingersoll was one of the many members of the democratic party with Madison, Monroe, Crawford, and others of indubitable rectitude and authority, who thought it best to preserve it. The published letters of Madison and Crawford, in vindication of the Bank, were addressed to Mr. Ingersoll, whose endeavors were to render its re-charter in 1836, like the charter of 1816, a democratic measure. Posterior to the federal constitution, and unforeseen by, if not violative of it, several hundred State banks had sprung up, which rendered, as was thought, a National Bank to regulate them, at least a necessary evil, if not a positive good. Mr. Ingersoll therefore proposed its advocacy to the constituted authorities of Pennsylvania, and, although at first his motion miscarried, it was eventually adopted, with modifications, and became, for several successive sessions of the Legislature of that State, the rubric of similar resolutions recommending the Bank to Congress, where the Pennsylvania delegation in both houses were nearly unanimous in its favor. This biographical sketch is not the place for a full elucidation of the reasons why those who were the best friends of that institution were found by its misconduct to become its uncompromising opponents. President Jackson's veto acknowledged that he might have been induced to affix his signature to a proper bank bill. His chief and most confidential Secretary, Mr. Livingston, always said that the President would sign a bill if duly guarded and not forced upon him out of time, and in a menacing manner. But when a mere corporation was arrogantly, madly raised into another estate of the realm to control all the rest, and by a career of infatuated misdirection verified every prediction of its constitutional enemies, they

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who made the greatest sacrifices to uphold it were driven from its side, and constrained to abandon it to its fate. Leaving out of view the charge of corruption, Mr. Ingersoll deemed its faults as blameable as even crime, and was one of the foremost to induce the democratic party of Pennsylvania, whom he largely contributed to enlist in its behalf, when many of its leaders were fearful and wavering, to sustain the President and check the Bank in its war on the Government. In all the contest between the Bank and the federal administration, which it audaciously strove to put down, it is well known that he was the constant supporter of the Government, always confidently predicting that universal suffrage must at last vanquish. The money power was terribly strong in the days of the Bank reign of terror, when it was often said that its few opponents dare not hold up their heads in Philadelphia, yet Charles J. Ingersoll's pen and speech were fearlessly devoted to its resistance, without individual recrimination, at every peril of personal, social, professional, and political indignity and privation. It is a fact too true, though almost incredible, that when one of its immense meetings, said to be fifty thousand strong, after transacting their business in the square of Independence, marched with banners streaming in thick array along the street, they first cheered the residence of Mr. Duane, Ex-Secretary of the Treasury, and then, as they filed by Mr. Ingersoll's house, who was sitting with ladies at the window, to look at the multitudes, insulted him by groans and hisses. And when he proposed a gentleman for membership at the American Philosophical Society, (who had been admitted long before, but owing to absence was inadvertently overlooked,) his rejection was the consequence of having with Mr. I. taken an efficient part in sustaining the Administration against a corporate body which attempted to rule society, the Governmen, and the people. These, like the before-mentioned recollections of the Hartford Convention, are profitable memorials of the times. During the war with England, as in that with banks, Mr. Ingersoll, besides the vituperation of the press, was subjected to much of this kind of personal detraction, which he not only bore with equal equanimity, but indeed mentioned as a title to consideration. In his speech on currency in the reform Convention of Pennsylvania, surrounded by a brilliant audience of Philadelphia, nine-tenths of them adherents of the banks, he spoke of the wounds which calumny inflicts as not only harmless, but titles and trophies of those who are thus recommended to ultimate respect.

Among the other incidental stimulants of the war to American development, was its great encouragement to manufactures, so as with its termination to leave a strong feeling for their durable establishment as one of the best foundations of general welfare. Whatever the question may be as to the best method of encouraging domestic industry, whether by tariff laws or by free trade, a very large majority of well-informed Americans think that, however encouraged, it ought to be so by whatever may be the proper economy.

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In the severe conflict that ensued from 1816 to 1830, Mr. Ingersoll was a zealous and disinterested promoter of national encouragement to manufactures; holding that without them a nation cannot be independent, or rich, or prepared for war; and that least of all others could this infant country prosper without counteracting the selfish contrivances of foreign nations by acts of its own. Convinced of the constitutional power, and the obvious policy of fostering manufactures as well as navigation, he actively engaged in various public proceedings, by primary assemblies and more formal conventions, to enlighten the public mind and bring about suitable acts of Congress for this purpose. Always maintaining that freedom is the only basis and spring of this national resource, he nevertheless contended that mere free trade, like free banking, is incompatible with the artificial condition of States, and that moderate and suitable governmental action is the happy mean between impracticable and intolerable extremes.

Professor List, a German jurisconsult, expelled from Bavaria for his liberal sentiments, and introduced here by La Fayette, addressed to Mr. Ingersoll a series of very able views of this subject in the National Gazette. The address of the Harrisburg State Convention of 1827, and most of that of the New York National Convention of 1829, were written by Mr. Ingersoll, who still, we believe, uses American manufactures, and abides by his original opinions concerning them; but having no personal or lucrative end in view, he steadfastly at all times refused to make this a party question; and it is said that his peremptory resistance to such attempts in the Conventions stifled them in the overture, and thereby prevented mistaken partisans from destroying their own work. At the New York Convention, Mr. Ingersoll instantly encountered and dispelled such a movement made by a member of the Hartford Convention. Interference of masters with the votes of workmen, incorporated factories, extravagant encouragement, Eastern attacks on Southern institutions, and all other sectional, party, or selfish contamination of what he has promoted as only a great national interest, have met his prompt and positive opposition at all times: and when the Union was brought to jeopardy by the struggle for manufactures, he was for preserving it at some industrial cost. In fact, he has always deemed encouragement a temporary policy—assistance to beginners, to those too weak to stand alone, but not to be upheld when, by proper superintendence at the outset, they are enabled to take care of themselves. In this spirit he urged at the New York Convention that the duties on coarse cottons should be withdrawn entirely. In his discourse before the New York Institute in 1835, these views were inculcated: that liberty, union, labor, and (as his speeches since have frequently added) gold and silver money, are the most effectual protection of that wonder-working mine of wealth—domestic productions, without which mere tariffs are but vexatious fetters. Cotton, in particular, he has always regarded, like steam, as a bond of national union; and that while the northern and middle States make up

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more of southern cotton than any foreign nation, except Great Britain, it is of vital importance to encourage, extend and perpetuate this reciprocity of the States. In his discourse before the New York Institute, the philosophy, social and political, of this immense staple, is explained as follows: "Nearly simultaneous with the Navigation Act, cotton sprang unexpectedly from the mother earth of this country, to become a miracle of agriculture, of commerce, of navigation, and of manufactures. Its increase is more incredible than the fabulous story of the armed men, who are said to have started from the soil of Greece, or the armed hero leaping into the gulf of Rome. Four hundred millions of pounds is the annual crop of a small part of the American soil, rather more than one-half of which is wrought by the artisans of England, with a profit that is the root of British power, and must in time become the greatest power of America. Nearly the other half is about equally divided between the manufactures of France and our own. Cotton fabrications now more than treble those of iron, and, in combination with steam, have changed the whole face of civilization. A seed, fertilized by the waters of freedom, though cultivated by the hand of slavery, has rendered the English race on both sides of the Atlantic the workmen of the world. Almost superseding linen, eclipsing silk, and vying with wool, cotton is the cheapest, finest, warmest, cleanest, strongest, most beautiful, lasting and wholesome—the safest and best, material for clothing, bedding, many parts of furniture, and, it is believed, the canvass of shipping. If all Christendom were clothed in cotton, or even cotton mixed with woollen, as it is admirably manufactured in this country, the economy of cost would equal the whole expenditure of many nations, maintaining large standing armies. If iron is the basis of boasted British superiority, it may be affirmed of cotton, that it not only, by freights and manufactures, cements the American Union, but that it is an element of American sovereignty and universal equality. While ever silk, velvet, and fine linen, were the dress of upper classes, they were distinguished from common people as much by garb as by rank. It was impossible for the poor to look like the rich, who in costume were their betters. But cotton has levelled this distinction, and destroyed inequality in the appearance of the different classes more effectually than American legislation, or even the French revolution. All classes now look alike in an article of universal habiliment, which the poor can always get, and the rich cannot dispense with. If equality be essential to the perfection of liberty, cotton, sprung from that part of this country where the utmost inequality prevails, superadds equality to the liberty which it has been attempted to be shown came into being with the discovery of America."

The Reform Convention of Pennsylvania, which sat at Harrisburg in 1837, and at Philadelphia in 1838, was the last of Mr. Ingersoll's public service, and an ordeal for trying both the sincerity and the moderation of his politics. Accordingly, while no member of that assembly

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was more radical, yet none evinced a stronger attachment to acknowledged principles of public authority and private property. His reforms appear to have been restorations of establishments unduly supplanted by later alterations, but never destructive of any ascertained benefit. Attributing American progress rather to liberty than government, his plan was to infuse as much liberty into every vein of government as its vitality, from experience, will bear, to make the experiment of self-government whenever it can be safely done, and, instead of merely proclaiming the sovereignty of the people, to carry it into actual operation. While wonderful progress has been made within the last few years in every thing else, why should government remain almost stationary? Convinced that the second Constitution of Pennsylvania had improved less than generally supposed on the more democratic first, of which Franklin was the chief architect, Mr. Ingersoll held up Penn and Franklin as republican founders, whose radical but just and durable institutions, in after times, had been erroneously departed from, and which ought to be reinstated. Most men are inclined to let what they consider well enough alone. But from the second constitution of that State in 1790, there was a large number of the people constantly requiring more Democracy in some of its provisions. Mr. Ingersoll, long apprehending the danger of change, was finally brought to the conclusion that the right of suffrage might safely be extended, the judiciary rendered more responsible without impairing its independence, the Executive advantageously stripped of enormous patronage, which degraded it into mere agency for faction, incessantly stimulated, the legislature restrained in its alarming proneness to excesses, and the constitution itself rendered capable of occasional alterations, without a civil revolution, so as to keep pace with the progress of the age and the wants of a prudent people, neither studious of change nor fond of novelty. The modern science of political economy, with its great discoveries, is of itself enough to justify organic alterations in government; and Mr. Ingersoll is one of those who think that when steam has within a short time past removed Europe from its old place to within two weeks of America, it is impossible for America to stand still without retrograding and falling behind Europe. With these impressions he took his seat in the Convention, in which it so happened, by unlooked-for conjunctures, that there was a large party more anxious to maintain themselves in possession of the State government, and to get possession of that of the Union, than to reform the Constitution; and not a few bent on converting a convention for constitutional reform into a cabal for mere party purposes.

The history of the proceedings of that Convention being published in no less than fourteen volumes of journals and debates, even a brief view of the doings of one of its members cannot be extracted from such voluminous materials, without omitting much of them: wherefore this sketch will but cursorily allude to a few of the most important measures in which Mr. Ingersoll took a prominent part. The Convention having been or-

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ganised by party discipline, which cast Mr. Ingersoll into the minority, he was not placed at the head of any standing committee, and experienced great difficulties in raising one specially on currency and corporations, of which, though he was made chairman, care was taken that there should be a majority opposed to his views. Notwithstanding these obstacles, he produced a report, which, though denounced, and denied publication by the Convention, was warmly welcomed by the community, and rapidly published, or noticed in most of the newspapers of the United States. An excellent judge declared that almost every line of it contains an axiom, and its doctrines have been generally sanctioned. On the kindred subject of legislative control over bank charters as public acts, and not private contracts, Mr. Ingersoll, at the second session of the Convention, submitted an elaborate argument, (published in the thirteenth number of the Democratic Review,) which doctrine has since been adopted by the legislatures of the States of Ohio and New Hampshire, and seems to bid fair to become a part of the republican creed. He also addressed the Convention on the subject of finance and the constitutional treasury, and in an arduous midnight session succeeded, with the rest of the democratic members, joined by a few of their opponents, in imposing some constitutional restrictions on the legislative power to charter banks and other corporations. Mr. Ingersoll's speeches on the judiciary and on slavery, as delivered in that Convention, have been extensively laid before the public in pamphlets and newspapers. In a letter written at Harrisburg during the first session of the Convention, and addressed to the people of the third Congressional district of Pennsylvania, in June, 1837, thus by some months anticipating President Van Buren's message at the special session of Congress, of September of that year, Mr. Ingersoll suggested a return to the treasury and the money of the federal constitution, as the best close of the unfortunate banking and fiscal experiments, which since bank notes were by treasury order first allowed to be paid for public dues, together with national and State banks, have deranged the currency, impoverished the industry, depreciated the property, and unsettled the values, of the United States. His many speeches, letters, and other public appeals, since then, to the same effect, make it unnecessary to dwell on his connection with that reform, of which he has uniformly been a warm supporter, under circumstances which seemed, not long ago, to doom all its supporters to political downfall. Besides the political productions before-mentioned, Mr. Ingersoll has published at various times, a View of River Rights, a View of the Committee powers of Congress, together with various other tracts and reviews; among the rest, a Defence of the principle that free ships make free goods, published in Hall's Law Journal.

Avoiding details, and with few comments, this sketch of his public life is a mere narrative or statement of public transactions. It is not thought proper, therefore, to notice in it any portion of his professional life, omitting even those arguments on questions of constitutional, na-

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tional, and other higher branches of the law, which are to be found in the volumes of reports, down to his argument last winter in the Supreme Court of the United States, on the right of corporations to act in a corporate capacity out of the States incorporating them. Twice chosen, as we sincerely believe—once at a special election in 1837, and again at a general election in 1838—to represent the northern parts of the county of Philadelphia in Congress, his will probably be one of the remarkable cases of contested elections, to be judged by the approaching House of Representatives, whose determination, it is to be hoped, will display that rectitude which ought to distinguish every judgment of that high court involving so important an element of freedom as the elective franchise.

Since the last election, in the fall of 1838—when a majority of the judges gave Mr. Ingersoll the certificate of election over his competitor, Mr. Naylor, by rejecting, as vitiated by fraud or irregularity, the returns from a portion of the district which had cast a heavy Whig vote—some of Mr. Ingersoll's friends have been disposed to view with disapprobation his design of taking a seat thus given by a doubtful proceeding, at a time of high and not over scrupulous party excitement, in the face of a considerable apparent majority in favor of his antagonist. But Mr. Ingersoll, in common with all the Democratic party of his district, has throughout entertained a most profound conviction that he had been twice defrauded of his election fairly won by the majority of the popular suffrage; and he has determined to maintain his claim to the seat, in the confidence of being able to overthrow, before any impartial tribunal, the fairness of the apparent popular majority exhibited by his opponent. At the recent election—which, under the operation of the election law passed by the Legislature at its last session, precluded the possibility, on either side, of any such fraudulent proceedings as were charged by the Democrats to have been committed by their opponents on the two preceding occasions—the Democratic party succeeded in Mr. Ingersoll's district by an overwhelming majority. The bearing of this fact upon the question of this contested election is equally important and obvious, and increases the responsibility incumbent upon Mr. Ingersoll, as a duty alike to his party and himself, to insist upon either his absolute right to the contested seat, or at least a reference of the question back to the people themselves by a new election—upon the issue of which there can scarcely be any doubt.

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THE DISSOLUTION OF THE WHIG PARTY.

WELL, the summer and autumn elections are now for the most part over, and what have the Whigs left to say for themselves, and their exhausted and exploded cause? Will they, can they, pretend to maintain any longer even a show of regular opposition? Will they, can they, attempt seriously to contest the coming Presidential election? We find it difficult to imagine that they will or can.

Last year at about the same period, in considering a similar question, we were strongly impressed with the belief that even then it was impossible for them to resist the conviction, so clearly dictated by all the signs of the times, of the utter hopelessness of the struggle for the possession of the Federal Government which they had been so long, so zealously, and so bitterly waging. The year before—the panic year—they had ridden triumphantly and rough-shod over the all but prostrate cause of the Administration. It is unnecessary to revert in detail to events and facts familiar to the recollection of all—we are dealing here only with the history of principles and ideas. All remember the overwhelming ascendancy of the Opposition exhibited in the elections of that year throughout the whole of the Union, with but a few staunch and faithful exceptions. All remember the disorganization and discouragement of the Democratic party, the energy and the exulting confidence of our opponents, revelling already in all the insolence of unaccustomed triumph. All remember the immense advantages of attack possessed by the latter, on all the current topics of popular discussion—the ample materials of plausible argument and inflammatory appeal afforded to their myriad presses and orators by the actual condition of the country, during the severe crisis of the collapse of its inflated "Credit System"—the zealous and untiring use that was made of them to bewilder and excite the public mind—and the success which for a while attended those efforts, attested by almost every election that chanced to fall upon that disastrous period, from North to South, and from East to West. All this is doubtless fresh in the recollection of every reader of these pages; and the panic year of 1837 will long be reverted to by the old men of the Democratic party as the most perilous crisis of struggle and ordeal through which it has ever yet had to pass, within the memory of our political history.

But even before the expiration of the succeeding year had it become manifest to us, as before remarked, that the great reaction, at the darkest moment confidently predicted and appealed to by the Democratic press, was already in full sweep over the whole length and breadth of the land.

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One after another their entire array of specious delusions, and exciting appeals to natural popular prejudices, were put to silence and shame by the progress of time and the proof of the event. One after another did the Democratic press, in the giant struggle of opinion, succeed in exploding all the skilful sophistrics with which it was opposed; and step by step in forcing the enemy from the broad field of argument which had formed the battle ground between them. One after another, in different sections of the country, prominent individuals from among our opponents, as well as from those among our own ranks who had wavered at the crisis in well-meaning doubt, and honest though feeble fear of the bolder principles advanced by the mass of their own party, avowed themselves convinced of the rightfulness of the cause of the Administration, and of the patriotic wisdom of the policy on which it had staked its existence. And one after another, a number of the principal States, whose support had been relied upon by the Whig party, were seen to wheel round from the positions occupied by them in the preceding year, and to bring up unexpected majorities in favor of the Administration. Maine, which had so far fallen from the faith as to elect a Whig Governor in 1837, made a noble recantation of its temporary error by the heavy majority by which that incumbent was supplanted by the Democratic candidate in the following year. The strong Whig majority of 1837 in New Jersey was converted into a Democratic majority, small, but decisive of the great change already in progress in the public mind. In Pennsylvania, after one of the most furious contests ever witnessed in that State, the confident hopes of the Whigs were crushed by the solid ten thousand majority by which the Keystone State testified its unwavering attachment to the Democratic cause. Maryland, that had not from time immemorial known any other than a Federal Governor, was seen to select for that office the individual who had been most prominent in its Legislature in support of the Independent Treasury; and even little Delaware, so long scarcely surpassed by Massachusetts itself in the staunch obstinacy of its Federalism, astonished the Union by electing a Democrat to fill the seat in Congress to which time seemed to have almost conferred a vested right upon its former Whig incumbent. In South Carolina there was scarcely a serious opposition to the policy of the Administration; while in Georgia most of the candidates on both sides, of an election that turned upon local subjects and now obsolete party feelings, could recommend themselves to the popular suffrage only by strong avowals of opinions in favor of the Independent Treasury, and identical with the leading principles of the Administration. A severe contest in Illinois and Michigan resulted in its continued ascendancy in those States; while Missouri and Arkansas testified by largely increased majorities, how broadly and deeply the roots of its popularity had struck in the congenial soil of the hardy and healthy yeomanry of the Far West. And finally, to complete the long enumeration, the great State of Ohio which had been looked to with the strongest confidence by

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the Whig politicians as the main fortress of their cause, having given a majority of eight or nine thousand against Mr. Van Buren at the Presidential election, by one powerful effort revolutionized its late political character, and with a triumphant Democratic majority of nearly six thousand, elected, as of old, a Democratic Governor, Legislature and Congressional delegation.

Such, then, was the aspect of the party contest at about the present time last year, when we advanced the opinion, not only that the struggle was over—the victory already complete—the enemy in full rout along the whole line of the late battle—but that the Whig party was *on the eve of a total dissolution.* The prophecy was derided generally by our opponents; who could not from their position look upon the various elements of the question in the same point of view in which they presented themselves to the eye of the more competent observer who could look upon the workings of democratic institutions, among a democratic people, with the clearer vision of faith in democratic principles. It was from our profound conviction of the truly democratic character of the general policy of the Administration—the patriotism and wisdom of its leading measures—the opposite character of those of its opponents—together with our confidence in the intelligence of the people, when once fairly called into play by so thorough a discussion as the recent exciting party topics had undergone—from these convictions that we derived that unhesitating confidence in the eventual issue of the contest, which our readers will remember were as boldly proclaimed in the pages of this work in the midst of the darkest hour of disaster, when it first descended into the political arena, as when the later developement of the course of events came to stamp with the sanction of history, what had at first been derided as the infatuation of political enthusiasm.

Two events alone last year suddenly intervened to postpone, for a brief season, the complete fulfilment of our prediction in the total prostration of the Whig cause and the virtual dissolution of the Whig party. These were the New York election, and the New York defalcations—both events which we are free to confess, now as then, were equally unexpected. The former—largely as the Whig majority of the preceding year was reduced—certainly served for a while like some potent restorative applied to the expiring powers of nature, to revive the party to a brief continuance of sickly existence. The uniform course of Democratic reactions in the other States made it as unexpected to the delighted victors as it was to ourselves; and thus contributed to increase its effect as a stimulus to their exhausted hopes, by that very singularity, as an exception to the general rule exhibited every where else, which enabled us to look upon it with comparative indifference. It was easy for us, however, on calm retrospection, to find satisfactory and ample reasons for that isolated exception to the general rule—reasons which left entirely unaffected our reliance upon the rule itself. The local Democracy of that State had incurred that defeat, for the good and sufficient reason that, as a party, it

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had both deserved and needed it; and, rightly viewed, that event ought rather to have been a subject of satisfaction than of regret to the enlightened democrat, looking over the broad field of national politics, apart from the minor interests of local party affairs. It afforded a valuable lesson, of which we trust that the moral will not be lost upon the Democratic party, either of that State, or of the Union at large. The subject is not a pleasing one, and having amply explained our views in relation to it in former Articles, we abstain from here dwelling further on it.

The other event—the New York defalcations—came also, at about the same period, as a most lucky godsend, to reinforce the all but exhausted materials of their now desperate writers and orators. hough they cost the nation upwards of a million of dollars, yet—true to the general rule that it is on the disasters of our common country that the cause of Federalism is ever found to thrive best—to the Whigs as a party they were worth, at the moment, far more than that amount. Notwithstanding the explanations of which they were susceptible—notwithstanding the recognized Whig character of the Collector of that port, and the facts of his original appointment in opposition to the prophetic remonstrances of the present Executive, and of his reappointment on the general recommendation of the Whig mercantile community of that city—and notwithstanding the circumstance that it was under the old *régime* of the fiscal connection with the banks, national and State, that the defalcations had occurred, and that in truth, justly viewed, they strengthened the already decisive arguments in favor of the Divorce insisted upon by the Democracy—notwithstanding these sufficient answers to the Opposition attacks founded on this most unhappy event, yet, susceptible as it was of plausible popular misrepresentation, imposing in the amount, and striking in the suddenness, of the defalcations, it certainly constituted a severe blow, under which any Administration less firmly established on the broad and deep basis of its principles must have reeled and tottered to its foundation. It afforded the one animating idea of Opposition throughout the ensuing session of Congress; and by means of the imposing Committee of Investigation to which it led, served for a while to keep alive the attention, hopes and efforts of its party, and thus to avert yet a brief space the evil day of its inevitable approaching dissolution. In the end, our readers well know how abortive proved the grand party demonstration in Congress founded upon this event, which was the one single idea, the one single movement, of the session—how severely indeed it recoiled upon the heads of its authors, when their Report served only to illustrate the candor and completeness of the former investigation by the Treasury Department itself, and the iniquitous and factious spirit which characterized almost every successive step of the prosecution.

These two events alone intervened last year to save the Whig party from that speedy dissolution which all the indications of the times seemed to portend. They produced that effect for a while, and carried them on, through the last session of Congress, to try at least the experiment of the

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chances of this year's elections. The advantage which they had had in the elections already held for the next Congress, afforded a ground to hope for an Opposition majority in the House of Representatives, notwithstanding their evident popular minority throughout the Union; which might still have afforded a ground from which to harass the Administration, and a nucleus around which some tolerable party organization might still have been held together. But now—now, that those elections are for the most part over—now, that that they have resulted in general and overwhelming disaster—with the Democratic majorities every where largely increased, and the former Whig majorities either reversed, or so reduced as to leave them but little hope for the next trial of party strength, —with an assured decisive majority in both branches of the next Congress to carry out the policy of the Independent Treasury—with the subsequent course of events in the downfall of the United States Bank, and the second general suspension of specie payments throughout all the Union south of Philadelphia, all calculated to add double strength to its already impregnable position—what chance, what hope, can now any longer be entertained by the most sanguine and infatuate devotee of "Whig principles"?

It is evident that this long struggle between the two parties which has now at last reached its close, was one for life and death. The charges against the Administration, upon the maintenance of which the question turned, were of such a nature, that if the verdict of popular condemnation had gone against it, its downfall must have been utter and irretrievable. Those charges have involved the last extremes of public and private profligacy—usurpation, tyranny, extravagance, corruption—a deliberate hostility to industry, commerce, and credit—a guilty alliance with the fanatic licentiousness of the lowest orders of anti-social and anti-Christian agrarianism—these have been the charges that have been incessantly showered upon the Administration, till like the javelins of the Persian host, they for a while seemed almost to obscure the sun. This has been the character imputed to it, and which a great many very honest and well meaning persons have really been made to believe to have at least some foundation of truth. It is very certain that if the Opposition had succeeded in its object of impressing such a belief on THE PEOPLE, the consequent expulsion of the Administration from power must have been a political annihilation; and that the odium of having been even attached to it must have always continued a fatal stigma throughout the future public life of any of its present supporters.

On the other hand, the Whigs staked their own political existence on the issue of this contest. Should they fail in making good this long array of terrible indictment against their opponents, they must themselves be driven out of court with overwhelming disgrace. If THE PEOPLE should after all, in continued and multiplied majority, sustain an Administration so long the object of such a system of Opposition, it must be by reason of so profound a conviction of the righteousness of its side of the great

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issue, as must involve a detestation as profound for the opposite. And if, with all their advantages, all their exertions have resulted only in renewing and strengthening the ascendancy of the party against which they were directed, a truth to which every day's experience adds a fresh confirmation, what encouragement, we repeat, what inducement, can yet remain to continue a course of opposition so utterly fruitless and hopeless? The very fact of their late attempt to assume the Democratic name, to affect a pseudo-democratic character, must now react with a fatal effect against themselves. It was a forced recognition of the righteousness of the democratic principle; and directing the attention of their own party to that as the standard of all true American political faith, it is directly calculated to assist the transfer of the great body of their own masses, from their present false party relations, to the more congenial attachment to that party whose true democratic character is not less clearly attested by its present mighty and still swelling accumulation of the popular suffrage, than by its arguments, its measures, and its men.

The truth is that this process—namely, the rectification of the delusions which have so long kept so large a mass of the Democracy of the country in an attitude of opposition to the party to which all their natural affinities should properly attach them—is already in operation to a very great extent; and it is to this alone that can be attributed the enormous changes of the popular vote exhibited by this year's elections. It has only been by democratic arguments and democratic appeals, plausibly while most fallaciously urged, that our opponents have been able to maintain the popular strength which has heretofore supported them; and we always anticipated with confidence that the eventual operation of those very arguments and appeals would prove, at the close of the contest, to facilitate the disengagement of vast masses, now speciously deluded by them, from their unnatural attachment to a party, whose nucleus is still found to consist in the justly odious aristocracy of the antique Federalism.

The view here taken is quite independent of the issue of the approaching election in the State of New York. The ideas before expressed on several occasions in the pages of this work respecting the local politics of that State, will preclude any surprise on the part of our readers at our expression of great uncertainty about its result. If we succeed, as appears indeed highly probable, even the most bigoted Whig politician will acknowledge that with that State his last plank of hope is gone. If, on the other hand, the Whigs are able—from what appears to us the confused condition of the public mind in the State at large on the principles at stake, and the various great sectional interests involved—to retain a majority in its Legislature, although at the cost of a decreased popular vote, they will still of course maintain an active party contest there during the ensuing year, in the hope of effecting the impossible object of sustaining the Whig administration of so important a State at the great contest of next fall. That object will doubtless produce the effect of still preserving their local party organization, around the *point d'appui* of the State adminis-

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tration; but it cannot extend beyond that object, nor presume to aspire to any important part on the broader theatre of national politics; while even in its own minor sphere it must be comparatively spiritless and feeble, and can scarcely fail to fall an easy prey to the impetuons attack of the Democratic party at the general State and National elections of next year.

But while we see so much reason, in the actual condition and prospects of our political affairs, to congratulate the country upon the direction in which they have so decidedly set, there is a class of persons for whose truly hard case we cannot restrain a passing expression of our sympathy. We refer to that vast host of Whig *politicians* whose zeal and hopes have been in a constant state of high pressure by the apparent prospects of the great party struggle during the past ten years. Swarming in Congress, in State Legislatures, and in the local political assemblies, these gentlemen must have undergone a sad tear and wear of life in the perpetual vehemence of passion to which they have been accustomed to lash themselves, in pouring forth their perennial philippics against all the profligacies of this most atrocious of Administrations. That after all it should thus prove but "Love's Labor Lost,"—that the long-pursued Latium, teeming with such inviting "spoils of victory," to suit all tastes and all ambitions, from ministerial portfolios and ambassadorial outfits to the humblest subordinate official functions, should now have again receded to a distance so hopelessly unattainable—that thus the stone which with Sisyphian toil they have so long been rolling up the hill, should, when seemingly so near the summit, bear them back, wearied and despairing, to the foot again—does indeed present a case of hardship that might well move to sympathy a bosom of sterner stuff than we can lay claim to. Yet far less enviable than even this, is the position of that considerable body whose former professed democratic principles have been seen to yield to the severe ordeal by which they have been tested; who in the hour of disaster have proved faithless to the cause of which in its day of pride they were generally the noisiest champions; and who have sought to earn at the hands of their old political opponents, by the earliest treachery and the loudest zeal, those rewards of partizan devotion which they thought were henceforth to be looked for from that quarter alone. This latter class we leave to settle quietly down to that just level of political obscurity and contempt from which they can never hope to be raised again by the confidence or respect of any party. Among the former there are undoubtedly a great many sincere and honest men, who have been led astray by erroneous economical theories—by the plausibility of the charges against the high Executive action necessarily brought out, on the side of the Democratic party, by the circumstances of its struggle with the Bank of the United States—and by the brilliant meteor lights of the eloquence and intellectual power of the numerous "great men" of the Opposition who have animated and directed the long crusade against the late and present administrations. Like the great popular

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mass of their voters, there is undoubtedly a considerable number of this class whose delusions are chiefly to be ascribed to the democratic arguments and appeals which circumstances enabled our opponents to use for a while with equal plausibility and success. To these we would in all friendly sincerity tender this advice—that they should retire for the present from active participation in politics—earn for themselves a future title to the public confidence by the character and ability they may manifest in their various pursuits of private life—lay well to heart the lessons in the morals of politics with which the late general course of events is replete—obey, without any unworthy conservative timidity, the democratic genius of their country and age, and their own natural instincts—and at some future period, on the recurrence of new political topics, and the formation of new party combinations, they may reappear on the stage of public life, without fear that the odium of their late honest opposition, to what they must now recognize as the true cause of democracy, will be unforgivingly remembered against them by the people.

When we thus speak of the "dissolution of the Whig party," we by no means would imply the destruction of that Federalism which has been its centre and heart. On the contrary that must always remain, ready on all occasions to oppose itself to all democratic progress. That is a living and indestructible principle, resting on the anti-democratic tendencies and opinions of a certain class which must always be found in every community. But Federalism, though the animating spirit of the Whig party, has constituted but a small proportion of that formidable numerical force which was able so long to hold in suspense the balance of the popular majority. The latter has been composed of a great variety of heterogeneous elements, held together by the common bond of opposition; by a perpetual stimulus of expectation and excitement; and by the plausible delusions which have in truth been skilfully woven, by the unresting labors of ten thousand eloquent writers and orators, out of those very elements of their natural democratic character, upon which we may hereafter safely rely to constitute a large portion of them honest and sound members of the true democratic party. It is of the latter, forming the numerical mass of the self-entitled "Whig Party," that we have felt ourselves justified in predicting the speedy total *dissolution*.

A serious question of political morals must here present itself to the well meaning mass of the Opposition—Does not the evidence which now forces itself upon you from almost every direction, that the opinion and will of the majority have decided themselves in favor of the Administration policy of the Independent Treasury, impose upon the minority the duty now of acquiescence—nay, of concurrence, to give at least the fair play of an unembarrassed experiment to the new policy?

It is very clear that they have exhausted every means of opposition. What new arguments are there, that have not long ago spent their force in vain, under circumstances far more favorable to their success, than now exist or can ever return? Has not the recent progress of events, on the

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contrary, shed a strong additional illustration upon the arguments of the Administration—confirming the sagacity of its views in relation to the Bank of the United States—and proving again by a second bank catastrophe* the dangerous impolicy of trusting the national revenue to a system perpetually liable to similar electric shocks of general suspension? And if our arguments have risen triumphant out of the midst of disgrace and disaster, under all the advantages of circumstances then possessed by the Opposition, what idea can yet linger in any imagination of turning back their swelling tide of victory *now?*

This then all must acknowledge to be a settled point—the policy of the Independent Treasury is to be tried. Now is it not the imperative duty of all true patriotism, to assist rather than to harass and embarrass its trial? *Before* the settlement of a question of this kind, let opposition be as vehement and unyielding as the most zealous partizan may please. *After* it, the question presents itself in a totally different aspect. That patriotism which all parties vie with each other in claiming, then commands the sacrifice of the pride of prejudice and the passion of party, on the altar of the COMMON WEAL. To maintain a harassing guerrilla warfare of mere faction against the preferred government of our common country—to embarrass and thwart where it is impossible to oppose with

* The fact that a portion of the system have as yet maintained themselves erect, amid the general prostration of acknowledged failure, in no respect militates against this inference, however creditable it may be to the sagacity and honesty of those particular individuals of the system. They are, after all, but parts of the general whole—founded on the same vicious principles as the rest—though the instinct of self-preservation has taught them on the present occasion the prudence of honesty, and though a more just view of their own positions and prospects during the last two years has placed them by rigorous curtailment in a sounder situation than the others. Yet still it is but little over two years since these also yielded in the same manner; and even now the general opinion has remained uncertain how long they will continue thus to maintain themselves. It has only been by a tremendous pressure upon the mercantile community, involving with it the public at large, that they have thus far effected this object. To a certain extent indeed they may be said, in Mr. Calhoun's phrase, to have "unbanked" themselves; for by the curtailment of their liabilities to a level not very far exceeding their substantial capital, they have so far lost their distinctive character, as institutions creating and lending a fictitious credit capital, and *pro tanto* have obviated for the time one of the leading "Locofoco" objections to them.

But this course of business cannot be supposed to last very long. It is but a temporary collapse, and on the return of "better times" will be succeeded again by a new inflation of their several air-bubbles of credit. It is but the rectification of former error—error to which the system is from its nature ever prone. Those are vastly mistaken who imagine, that, because we applaud and sustain the unsuspending banks in their present sagacious practice of the maxim that *honesty is the best policy*, the compulsory exception of a part to the example of the rest mitigates in the least our general condemnation of the whole system; or that it is calculated at all to break this force of the unanswerable argument against a repetition of the exploded experiment of the use of State banks by the Federal Government, which every honest mind must derive from this second suspension within a year and a half, in the midst of peace, and a substantial national prosperity unsurpassed at any previous period of our history.

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effect—to seek to impede and endanger the administration of one scheme of public policy, resolved upon by the majority, because we have failed in all our efforts to impress upon the public mind our own preference for one which we regard as a better—what is such a course but virtual moral treason against the Republic?

We have no desire to crush the mental liberty of any minority beneath the iron pressure of the will of the majority. On the contrary, we would struggle earnestly against that tendency which is so often erroneously, we think, imputed by foreign observers to the working of our democratic institutions. We base our democracy on the foundation of our respect for *the individual man;* and concede even that the individual may sometimes be abstractly right in theory, and far in advance of the march of his age, in opposition to an adverse opinion that may have taken possession of the whole society. But in the practical administration of the common concerns of the Republic, there is a point at which opposition, uselessly and even perniciously protracted, becomes, as we have said, virtual treason; and when, without surrendering his freedom of thought or expression, the honest opponent of an established government is bound to coöperate even in making the best of a course of policy which, while there may have been yet a hope of averting it, he may have most zealously denounced. Such a point it certainly appears plain that the Whigs have reached, in relation to the Administration project of an Independent Treasury, and a total divorce of the Federal Government from the "Credit System," whether through the agency of a national or of State banks. This consideration is one that addresses itself to different motives than those by which disappointed and desperate *politicians* are likely to be affected. But it is not to such that it is addressed. *Politicians*—whether of one side or another—happily are not *the people;* and it needs no great stretch of candor, with the views we have expressed in the course of the present Article, to draw a very broad distinction between the Whig *politicians* and the Whig *party.*

The question here naturally occurs, what will probably be done by the approaching Presidential Convention of that party. We regard it as of very little consequence what resolutions or nominations it may see fit to put forth to the world. It is beyond the power of any quack nostrums of that description to breathe again the breath of life into the nostrils of their exhausted and expiring party. The object for which this Convention was determined upon was to select between the rival Whig claimants, to which of them should be given the nomination then deemed by them equivalent to actual election. Alas, in the prospects which must now attend its assemblage, how mournful an illustration of the mutability of human affairs—of the transitoriness of human glory—and especially of the uncertainty of Whig political calculations! This body will doubtless obey Mr. Clay's dictation, as it is well understood to have been long ago packed with a decisive majority of his friends; and

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it is not easy to calculate upon the probable course of that sanguine and ambitious, but most unlucky of politicians. Whether he can stoop his high and bold spirit, from the palmy pride of place so recently occupied by him, to a tame submission to the necessity to which he cannot any longer shut his eyes, and retire at once in advance with a certain degree of decent grace—or whether by that time he may have recovered a little from the shock which he sustained at Saratoga, when he struggled in vain against admitting a belief of the contents of a certain letter from Tennessee which proved, alas, too sadly true, and may yet be willing to encounter again in a Presidential canvass another overthrow more signal and crushing than even any of his previous experiences of the same kind—time alone can disclose. In the desperate state of the Whig game—the hopelessness of even approaching a possibility of electing any of their candidates, civil or military—it would seem to be their best move, if Mr. Clay will permit it, to abstain from any nomination; so as to leave their friends free, in those portions of the country in which particular influences may yet enable them to retain the administration of a few of the State governments, to make the best of their local advantages; and to maintain yet a little longer their local party organization, by selecting for themselves the candidates of their respective preference. While in the midst of thus dispensing gratuitous advice, this is the counsel of our best judgment to that respectable body of gentlemen about to assemble in a few weeks at Harrisburg.

Another high political body is also to assemble at about the same time —the Twenty-Sixth Congress. Twenty-five Congresses have therefore come and gone since the adoption of our present Constitution, marking a complete cycle of exactly half a century. We are now therefore just on the eve of entering upon a new epoch, a new great chronological division of our national history. As it was the act of the first Congress of the former period to consummate that unholy alliance of Bank and State which we have had so much reason to deplore, and which has impressed its stamp so deeply and perniciously upon the whole history of that period, so will it be the act of the First Congress of the second epoch to consummate its *divorce*, and to bring back again the Federal Government to the point from which it started, in a strict adherence to the Currency of the Constitution. And it has taken half a century of experience to accomplish this! So hard is it to retrace our steps in the path of error—so long and severe the penalty that nations have often to suffer for a single fault or a single folly, the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations.

We trust, too, that during this coming second epoch the beneficial influence of this great reform upon the practical working of our national system of government, will prove not less beneficial than that of its antagonist policy has proved pernicious. It is easy, in fact, to trace directly to this source a very large proportion of all the evil we have seen mixing itself with the substantial national blessings we have derived

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from that glorious Constitution of which we have just completed half a century's experiment. The evil of excessive party spirit has certainly derived a high stimulus from the vast moneyed interests which have been involved in our national politics through this ill-omened connection. That abundance of revenue which has been the mainspring of the high centralized overaction of the Federal Government—of its excessive legislation—its extravagant expenditures—the manifold abuses and corruptions necessarily incidental to the disbursement of large public revenue—we can here afford space but to allude to these ideas. Our readers will readily, however, follow out the suggestion of them, to the conclusion above stated; and will agree with us, that the compulsory public *economy* consequent upon a rigid restriction of the Federal Government to the currency of the Constitution must strike at the roots of a very great portion of the evils that have, during the past epoch, confessedly mingled themselves, like the tares in the wheat, with the benefits we have derived from our present system of government. The extent of the beneficial influence which must flow, in a thousand indirect ways, from such a reform, during the succeeding period, who can foresee?

There is no doubt of a safe Democratic majority in the next House of Representatives. There have, however, been some indications of a design on the part of a portion of the Opposition in that body, to attempt to gather a full attendance of their force at the opening of the Session, and—with the aid of the self-constituted and self-sustaining votes of some half dozen members whom the most shameless official frauds have placed in possession of the *prima facie* evidence of membership, in known opposition to the real popular vote of their constituencies—to make a bold and unblushing push to possess themselves of the organization of the House, by the election of the Speaker, involving of course the appointment of the Committees. For the honor of our common country we hope that so disgraceful a plot will not seriously be attempted to be carried into effect. It cannot succeed. Even were the Whigs allowed to count their grossly unfair and illegal votes from New Jersey and Illinois, we still believe that there is a sufficient majority for the election of the Independent Treasury candidate. But should the attempt be made, which it is hard to believe, it will be resolutely and successfully resisted. And among our opponents themselves, we are well assured, there is a sufficient number of men of high and honorable spirit to frustrate so flagitious a political fraud, by refusing to lend themselves to its perpetration,—who cannot but perceive the decisive ascendancy of the Administration in the country, and its clear legal majority in the House,—and who will recognize, both the just right of the dominant party in that body to control its organization; and the moral duty now incumbent upon every good citizen, since the new fiscal policy of the Administration is to be carried into effect, by the fiat already so emphatically pronounced of the popular will, to abstain from the harassing opposition of mere faction, and to coöperate with, rather than unpatriotically to embarrass, its fair application to the test of experiment.

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PHILADELPHIA BANKING.

THIRD ARTICLE.

Since the Article on this subject in our August number was written, events have occurred which have caused a general revulsion of public opinion with regard to the benefits, as well as the stability, of *Philadelphia Banking*. The great catastrophe which had several times threatened to involve the interests of the community in universal confusion, and had, on one occasion, about thirty months since, brought embarrassment and distress upon all, has at last arrived in sober earnest. Deferred by enormous sacrifices, in order that the measures ingeniously devised by its managers for the simultaneous overthrow of all the sound banks of the Union might fully exert their intended effect, and that the Pennsylvania elections might take place before this astounding shock should be given to the political influence of the Bank of the United States—the great crisis of its fate could not, it seems, be postponed beyond the very day subsequent to the election of a new State Legislature. No panic existed, nothing like a run upon the banks of Philadelphia had arisen; but the urgent necessities of the Bank of the United States had so greatly thickened, and this great corporation was so destitute of means for meeting them, after it had been for months absorbing the floating funds of the other cities by selling its post notes, payable at future periods, in the market, at rates which afforded from eighteen to twenty-four per cent. interest a year to the buyers, that it was even found impossible to wait the arrival of the steam packet Liverpool, which was hourly expected, and could not fail to bring intelligence of deep importance to the merchants and bankers of this country. On the day the election took place, orders were transmitted to the agency of the Bank at New York, to dishonor a large amount of its post notes

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falling due on the next day in the latter city. On the same evening a meeting of the officers of the banks of the city of Philadelphia took place, on the subject of continuing specie payments. Though the Bank of the United States had previously determined to discredit its obligations to the community, it was represented at this meeting, and its officers urged the suspension of all the other banks. A large majority of these banks, however, voted in favor of upholding their credit by maintaining the redemption of their paper in lawful currency. The events of the next morning soon satisfied the officers of these banks of the futility of their attempt to perform their honest intentions against the determination of the Great Regulator to exert its whole power to involve the banks throughout the Union in its downfall. During the night after the day of suspension the Liverpool arrived at New York, bringing information that the house of Hottinguer and Co. of Paris, which had been the agent of the Bank of the United States on the continent of Europe from the period of Mr. John Sergeant's famous mission, pursuant to the resolution of the Board of Directors of November seventh, 1816, referred to in our August number, had dishonored the bills of the Bank, drawn, not merely in the absence of means to meet them, but, as we happen to know, in disregard of an acknowledged notice that further drafts would be refused acceptance.

The annals of commerce cannot furnish another instance where any party, having the slightest pretensions to character, has undertaken to sell bills of exchange in the market, with full information beforehand that they would be dishonored. Individuals have been punished for obtaining money by false pretences, upon transactions precisely similar. It was a most flagitious attack upon real commercial confidence, and has produced a sensation throughout the continent of Europe, which we fear will be long remembered to the prejudice of such of our fellow-citizens as may have occasion to raise funds abroad.

That wonderful delusion, which, during so long a period, had blinded many worthy and intelligent individuals as to the policy and management of Philadelphia Banking, and its ultimate effect upon the credit of our country at home and abroad, was at once dispelled. No longer could political prepossessions serve the Bank of the United States instead of substantial capital. Even the most inveterate party prejudice gave way under its *experiments* upon the security of our fellow-citizens engaged in commerce at home, or travelling abroad. False glosses and extenuations have been promulgated by newspapers owned and controlled by the Bank. But the source of these apologies is now too obvious to deceive any, however willing to be misled. Unfortunately for the character of the newspaper press of our country, when the Bank undertook to carry into operation, upon a scale rivalled only by John Law, his great principle that *confidence* is the sole measure of value, as the means of its manufacture, it made large investments in leading newspaper establishments of some of our principal cities. These newspapers were

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employed to vindicate its proceedings, and support, in the face of the community, its meditated schemes of plunder. The evidence of its great outlay for these profligate purposes is not derived, like most of its secret operations which have exercised such destructive influence upon public morality, merely from inference. The precise amount expended in political corruption is indeed unknown to all but the principal officers of the Bank—absolute power over all funds in its custody, both public and private, having been given to its president by express vote of the corporation, to be applied at his discretion without voucher or explanation. But the fact of such expenditures, and their ostensible object, is officially avowed in the carefully elaborated paper which was adopted by the unanimous vote of the directors of the Bank—excepting the three appointed on the part of the public—and thus made the solemn act of the corporation on the first of December, 1833. This extraordinary document, to which we shall have occasion to refer hereafter, in endeavouring to defend the Bank from the charge of having secretly applied the funds entrusted to its custody to the support of partizan presses, and to subsidize party writers, employs the following language:

"The Bank of the United States, like every other bank, derives much of its advantages from its credit and its general reputation for solvency; and the directors are therefore bound, by official, as well as personal considerations, to remove unfounded prejudices and repel injurious calumnies on the institution intrusted to their care. * * * The Bank asserts its clear right to defend itself equally against those who circulate false statements, and those who circulate false notes. It cannot suffer itself to be calumniated down, and the interests confided to its care sacrificed by falsehoods. A war of unexampled violence has been waged against the bank. The institution defends itself. Its assailants are what are called politicians, and when statements which they cannot answer are presented to the country they reproach the Bank with interfering with politics. As these assaults, too, are made at the periods of public elections, the answer of the bank must of course follow at the same time; and thus, because these politicians assail the Bank on the eve of elections, unless the institution stands mute, it is charged with interfering in politics and influencing elections."

The country has seen the mercenary band employed under these pretexts, constantly vindicating and lauding all its experiments upon our commercial interests—its contractions and expansions, by which thousands have been ruined—its cotton speculations, which have disordered our foreign and domestic exchanges—its post-note policy, by which the banks conducted on mercantile principles have been suddenly stripped of the means of extending their accustomed facilities to commerce by the withdrawal of their deposites, from the unprecedented temptations offered to the cupidity of capitalists. At this time the apprehension of losing this great patron exercises an influence apparently as powerful as the bribery of the original investments. We find them carrying on the fiercest indirect hostility against the banks which have not suspended, in consequence of their exertions to uphold the standard of value. But since the present failure of the Bank of the United States the whole matter has become too transparent to allow the artifices which had so often proved

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sufficient on former occasions for misleading the mercantile and producing classes, to exert any very important influence.

When most of the banks in 1837 simultaneously dishonored their obligations throughout the country, a shout of anticipated victory was every where raised by the supporters of Philadelphia Banking. They confidently believed that this general movement, which had been skilfully concerted for the purpose of throwing the odium of the suspension upon the responsible Government chosen by the people to protect their rights, would result in the unconditional surrender of the industry and politics of the country to this system. Superficial declaimers, both in and out of Congress, boldly charged the Executive Government with bringing universal distress upon the country. It will doubtless be borne in mind, by those who have taken the trouble to examine our two former Articles on this topic, that our facts and deductions went to show, if indeed they did not demonstrate to all unprejudiced minds, that the result of the forty years domination exercised by this system over all the productive and commercial interests of the several States of the Union, enforced and aggravated by its control over the collection and disbursement of the public revenue, had placed the whole country in a condition of dependence upon its principal focus of operation. The independence of the States had become practically destroyed by the arbitrary power there exercised over an artificial medium, which had, by imperceptible degrees, been permitted to become our general measure of value. While confidence in this general medium happened to have been buoyant from an absence of effective demand for its redemption in money, the banks in every section had invariably been induced to expand their circulation and increase their accommodations with the avidity which large profits never fail to produce. All kinds of speculative undertakings were periodically encouraged, at the caprice of those who managed the focus of the system. But whenever their interests or their apprehensions have induced the demand of balances in lawful currency, none of the other banks have ever been able to sustain themselves but by sudden and violent contractions, producing distrust, distress and general embarrassment. By repeated alternations of these stimulating and depleting processes, the industry and enterprise of the whole country have been continually kept in a condition of servile bondage to a few irresponsible individuals.

Under the operation of this artificial system, sudden transitions from fallacious prosperity to actual suffering have always been found unavoidable. The radical difficulty is that paper is not money, and no human power can transmute it into money. When issued by banks as a substitute for money, it enables them to control the amount of lawful currency in circulation; but whenever their interest makes the distinction expedient, they find no difficulty in convincing the credulous holders of their notes that they are not money, but merely rags. Paper may be received by consent as the representative of farms, factories, or money. Paper currency is only credit circulated among the people by confidence.

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Costing nothing, or next to nothing, and being exchangeable for money which is intrinsically valuable throughout the world, whenever confidence is general an irresistible temptation is held out to manufacture and circulate this credit beyond the legitimate demands of commerce. Those who are able, by the aid of charters, to inspire this general confidence, enjoy the prerogative of making nothing represent objects of the highest intrinsic worth. This nothing is profusely substituted for money in common use, and as no one will habitually employ a valuable article where one of no cost will answer the same purposes, paper currency necessarily expels specie from circulation, and causes its exportation to those countries where it is held in higher esteem. When all the channels of circulation are distended with paper, the whole airy fabric is destroyed by a breath, and its victims stand agape at the trick of legerdemain by which they have been cheated, with as much apparent surprise as though it had not been repeated time and again.

The experience of the people of this country for forty years has established, beyond question, that it is not in the power of man to establish a paper-issuing authority which will regulate with steadiness and wisdom the paper issues of other institutions. Were our own experience inadequate to establish this axiom, it has been amply proved by the history of the paper currency of England, which, under the regulation of the Bank of England, aided by all the authority of that powerful Government, has produced only a continual succession of ruinous revulsions from the days of Sir Robert Walpole to the present hour. The reason is obvious. Impunity in the excessive use of confidence for individual profit cannot fail to lead to its abuse. Whether paper is issued by a single bank or by a thousand, the temptation of high profits invariably forces so much of this fictitious currency into all the veins and arteries of circulation whenever confidence is strong, as to excite the commercial and productive interests to the verge of insanity. Reaction inevitably follows, when a panic supervenes, and a sudden curtailment overthrows at once all calculations based upon such a visionary foundation.

In a country where all political power is, by the form of government, derived immediately from the people themselves, immense influence cannot fail to be exercised by those individuals who are actively engaged in pursuits the success of which depend upon the fluctuations of this system of currency, after it has superseded the employment of money for the purposes of commercial interchange. Among us these pursuits are held in higher esteem than in any other country. This influence has accordingly been found, at various periods of our history, to wield predominant power. Intelligent men appear to have occasionally surrendered their judgment to the implicit guidance of irresponsible persons, whose object evidently has been to realize large pecuniary gains, without regard to the ruin inflicted upon thousands of unsuspecting victims by the execution of their schemes of personal aggrandizement.

The events of the last few weeks have rendered it but too evident that

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every individual who either possesses or hopes to possess property must arouse himself from apathy, and bestow his attention upon the subject of public currency, if he expects to enjoy his possessions by any other tenure than the caprice of the manufacturers of paper money. Nor is the security of property alone hazarded by the control which these self-elected rulers exercise over the community. They have been enabled to monopolize vast amounts of property, and to direct the commerce of the country into such channels as will best promote their short-sighted views, by their arbitrary power over the practical measure of value. The state of dependence into which thousands are thus brought inevitably leads to political subservience. Whoever is able to withhold from any individual the necessaries of life, or the means by which those gratifications are obtained which the force of custom has elevated into the rank of necessaries, can exercise undisputed control over his political conduct. Such an individual becomes in effect a slave, though by courtesy and custom he may be called a freeman. The aggregation of property in vast masses, under the control of a single person, inevitably leads to subjugation. A practical instance of this kind was lately made the subject of complacent boasting in several of the newspapers opposed to the Administration. It was seriously alleged, no doubt for the purpose of inducing others to imitate the example, that the recent election of Members of Congress in Rhode Island was solely carried in favor of the Opposition candidates by the power exercised by two extensive manufacturers in that State over the numerous voters who were dependent upon them for employment and livelihood.

The regulation of the enterprise, industry and subsistence of the great mass of the people, from one central point, by the movement of artificial currency, enables its managers there to exercise almost unbounded power, though neither responsible to the laws of any State, excepting that in which this central point is located, nor amenable to the jurisdiction of the United States, under the Constitution. The present suspension in Philadelphia has involved the monetary transactions of the citizens of every State in the Union in difficulties. In many—indeed in most—of the States, it has at once expelled money from circulation as currency, and made it an article of merchandise. The long ascendancy of the Bank of the United States over all the commercial interests of the country has enabled it to inflict the greatest calamities upon every part of the country where other banks have been established, without the slightest power on the part of the State Governments of preventing these evils. Not only are citizens deprived of the means of meeting their pecuniary engagements, but the States themselves can neither collect their revenues nor pay their debts in lawful money. In short, this bank has been permitted to exercise the highest functions of political power throughout the Union.

The original projectors of Philadelphia Banking undoubtedly regarded this practical result of its operation—the creating an arbitrary

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and irresponsible control over the people of the United States—as its main object. Their design was to establish a strong government, with powers of self-election, wholly independent of responsibility to the people. It will be seen, by reference to the Report of Hamilton in favor of a national bank, that its specious language, when translated into the vernacular tongue, clearly imports that the Executive power was to be increased by the control intended to be exercised through a great paper-manufacturing machine over all the interests and pursuits of the people. As soon as it was established, he accordingly made it the focus of all public transactions, which necessarily involved those of the most influential classes of the community.

The present advocates of a national bank, emboldened by the great authority of Philadelphia Banking over all our productive and commercial interests, have flung aside all those disguises and subterfuges which have been suggested by their predecessors in justification of the violation of the Constitution which such an act of legislation by Congress involves. Instead of urging the necessity of creating an irresponsible corporation to assist the Executive in the management of the public finances, as was done by Hamilton, we have seen a distinguished candidate for the Presidency, in the course of a late peregrination through several of the middle States, earnestly point out the advantages of surrendering the control of the public resources to an association of private individuals, to be employed for their own profit, for the avowed purpose of lessening the Constitutional power of that branch of the Government. About the same period, a gentleman,* understood by all who are familiar with the politics of the day to be high in the confidence of the principal leaders of the party opposed to the existing Administration—if, indeed, he does not regard himself to be one of the leaders of that party—promulgated from Saratoga Springs, at that time the general head-quarters of the party, an elaborately written epistle upon the currency, of which the sum and substance may be understood from a single sentence, which is expressed in these terms:

"The fact is, a national bank is the sun of our political system, and without it we shall have the darkness and confusion which the planetary system would exhibit without the great regulator of the universe."

Views of similar import are contained in the address to the people of Mississippi by a late distinguished member of the House of Representatives, in offering himself as a candidate for the Senate of the United States, which has been republished, with strong marks of approbation, by the leading Opposition newspapers throughout the country. The question respecting the Bank of the United States may, therefore, be fairly regarded as the main point in issue between the two great political parties of the country, as distinctly as it was at the commencement of the operation of our present form of government.

*Mr. Joseph M. White, originally of Kentucky, and lately delegate to Congress from the Territory of Florida. The letter referred to in the text was published in the National Intelligencer of the 16th August last.

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It may be worth our while, under these circumstances, to consider whether the sagacious founders of our General Government, in framing its fundamental laws, were favored by that marvellous light which the "sun of our political system" has so benignantly shed upon modern politicians. It is obvious that Congress possesses no power excepting such as has been granted by the Constitution. But for the authority given by this instrument, any three hundred individuals, assembled in any part of the country, with or without the form of election, may assume the powers exercised by Congress. If, therefore, the Constitution has not invested that body with the power to create a bank of the United States, it may be chartered to as good a purpose by the Whig convention which is to assemble next month at Harrisburg, as by Congress.

Now, nothing is more certain than that the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States expressly refused to include among the powers granted to Congress, the authority to create any corporation whatever with privileges extending beyond the limits of the ten miles square, within which the right of exclusive legislation was restricted. Before that period, the blessings inseparable from the employment of paper currency as a substitute for money had been enjoyed to satiety. In fact, no other single cause had operated so powerfully in producing the evils which rendered a new form of government essential to the security of private property, and the preservation of the political rights of the people at large. The conflicting and profligate legislation of the several States* on the subject of currency had nearly destroyed all commercial intercourse between the several sections of the Union, had embarrassed foreign intercourse with a variety of unequal and preposterous restrictions, and had reduced society almost to its original elements.

In establishing the General Government with ample power to remedy the evils created by a narrow spirit of rivalship among the State Governments, the majority of the Convention disclaimed all desire or intention of empowering Congress to concentrate a general control over the people and property of the several States. This was no doubt among the reasons which led to the denial of power to create a bank—though the prominent ground shown by the debates appears to have been an absolute abhorrence of all paper currency in every shape and form. It is very certain that the upright and clear-sighted sages who took a leading part in those memorable discussions were deeply impressed with the cardinal principle upon which the strength and permanency of our republican system wholly depends—the ancient Germanic polity of local self-government derived from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Long since eradicated, by the influence of fraud and force, from the old world, its principal vestige, even in England, whence it was originally brought to this country, is the trial by jury, of which the original features have been so materially invaded, at different periods of English history, for the pur-

*A synopsis of this legislation may be found in the third volume of the Supplement of Dobson's Edition of the Encyclopædia Brittanica—article, UNITED STATES.

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pose of promoting the *convenience* of the prerogative. No argument operates with so much power upon superficial minds—and none is so often urged in favor of the general use of paper currency in all the transactions of social life—as that of *convenience.* It is regarded as sufficient to justify the overthrow of the most sacred sanctions. Impartial justice, the security of property, and the permanent comfort of the community, are all to be disregarded for the exclusive *convenience* of those who are enabled, by the employment, in all public and private transactions, of this factitious medium, to exercise irresponsible power. No government on earth was so *convenient* as that of Napoleon, in the zenith of his imperial sway. Nothing, on the part of his subjects, was suffered to interfere with his views of what he was pleased to regard as their interests. He always professed a devotion to liberty quite as zealously, and with more apparent sincerity, than is contained in the fervid declamations constantly promulgated in support of the management of Philadelphia Banking, as a counterpoise to the tyranny of our Constitutional Government. His secret orders were sufficient laws for his dependents. Those upon whom they operated became acquainted with their purport and object when they were put in execution. No directions were ever more implicitly obeyed—and none could be more highly esteemed by his followers—than those which empowered them to riot in the plunder of subjugated Europe. The overthrow of established dynasties by military force, in order to relieve their subjects from oppression, may be compared with the convulsions which have so long agitated the commerce and property of this country, by the galvanic action of the Bank of the United States, under its professed guardianship of the public freedom against alleged encroachments of the Executive upon the Constitution and the Laws. The unlimited control over the hopes of vast numbers of adulators and dependents which both Napoleon and the Bank were able to exercise for periods of nearly twenty years, at once sank under the reverses inseparable from the preposterous enterprises into which they were equally seduced by the *convenience* of arbitrary power over whole States and nations.

The principle of local self-government has at last found an abiding place on this side of the Atlantic. By the modern improvement of representation, its efficiency and extent of practical application have been incalculably increased. Populous communities are now enabled to participate in its manifold advantages, without being involved in those scenes of disorder which led, in ancient times, so often to anarchy. But this power of extension exposes its principal source of weakness—secret influence operating upon the selfish motives of an unworthy Representative, and causing him to pursue a course contrary to the true interests of his constituents. In England, this insidious corruption has effected such enormous sacrifices of the welfare of the bulk of the people, for the aggrandizement of a few individuals, as to seriously threaten the overthrow of the existing order of things. In this country, the same

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cause produced the charter of the first Bank of the United States, as was explained in the Article in our July number. The vast fortunes realized in Philadelphia out of the distresses of those who sustained the actual burden of the war of the Revolution, and who had been compelled by necessity to part with their public securities to speculators at two-and-sixpence in the pound, which were funded by Hamilton at their nominal value, in despite of the earnest opposition of Madison to this profligate arrangement, furnished ample inducements for soothing the original opposition of several members of Congress to the National Bank. Experience has invariably shown that, the more distant the Representative is removed from the knowledge and supervision of his constituents in the performance of his delegated trust, the more accessible he becomes to such abuses. The strongest bulwark against them is, accordingly, to be found in the practical sovereignty of the several State Governments. The imitation, by the first Congress, of the oppressive example of England, in subjecting the people of this country to a paper oligarchy, could never have been brought about, but for the ambitious schemes of the moneyed interest to impose indirect burdens on the whole people of the Union, by means of the General Government. Undoubtedly, the State Governments will be managed by men of like passions with others. The permanent interests of their citizens may be involved by improvident debts, created by the intrigues of speculators. These may be sustained by oppressive monopolies, introduced under ingenious pretexts of public advantage. Productive industry may be shackled by laws calculated to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. But, so long as these evils are local, they admit of remedies more immediate and efficient than when they are simultaneously spread over the Union. Where the whole body is diseased, cure becomes immeasurably more difficult and doubtful than when only a separate limb or organ is out of order. If the people of any State are willing to remain satisfied with an internal policy which would excite great alarm in another State, the perfect independence of each will promote the ultimate advantage of both. Discovery of any mistaken course will be made the more readily, and proper measures for retrieving the general interests of the citizens at large may be adopted and carried into effect with greater efficiency, under the immediate influence of those whose property and pursuits are exposed to injury, than would be practicable by the General Government. Every measure, therefore, which tends to invade the sovereignty of the States, or to render them dependent upon, or tributary to, any branch of the General Government, in matters of internal policy, must impair the safety of the whole people. While the States shall steadfastly uphold their right to govern their citizens within the sphere of their respective jurisdictions, and firmly exercise all the attributes of sovereignty, excepting such as have been granted to the General Government by the Constitution, the public liberty must remain in an impregnable position. No individual State, however temporarily

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misguided, can produce the slightest injurious effects upon the whole, while each shall maintain its rights over its own citizens. But, whenever the political power of the country shall become concentrated, by the subversion of the practical sovereignty of the States, the stability of the General Government will receive a fatal blow. The records of the human race do not furnish an instance of a revolution which does not illustrate the dangers inseparable from the concentration of political power. The oldest form of government in the world, equally with the most recent, only serves to evince the wisdom and foresight of the great framers of our Constitution, in their jealous anxiety to preserve, with all their original force, the rights of the States over every subject belonging to their internal government.

As the course pursued by the Celestial Empire, in prohibiting the smuggling of opium into her dominions, has been seriously stated to be the real cause of the late failure of the Bank of the United States, the example of that most ancient of all governments cannot be regarded as far-fetched, since the disastrous influence of its policy has, by a kind of magic in a single night, converted "*the best currency in the world*" into a disgusting mass of depreciated shin-plasters. China had realized all the blessings which inevitably flow from a paper currency many centuries before an individual of the present reigning family had passed the great wall. The Emperor, now in possession of the throne, inherits it from the leader of a horde of nomadic Tartars, who succeeded in seizing upon the seat of central power in one of his predatory incursions. As every section of that extensive and vastly populous nation is entirely dependent for all the details of internal administration upon the central power at Pekin, the usurper and his descendants found little difficulty in establishing and maintaining themselves at the head of the Empire, in spite of the repugnance of nearly the whole people to this forcible change of dynasty.

But to come more immediately to our own times, the nation which has most recently and most frequently changed its frame of government is France. Within the last half century it furnishes an interesting series of illustrations on this point. The most distant in time, but not the least applicable to our present purpose, is the original revolution in 1789. This was brought about by the results of the famous SYSTEM of John Law upon all public and private credit. A clear and satisfactory explanation of this system may be found in our number of March last, translated from the writing of the celebrated Storch. It will be perceived that Philadelphia Banking is merely a servile imitation of Law's scheme—even to the details of commercial speculation, and the exportation of specie to foreign countries. After the desolation which overspread France in consequence of the currency issued by the Royal Bank, the extreme distress of the people induced the national assembly to sanction the repetition of paper currency—the *convenience* of which has always been so seductive to short-sighted politicians, and the security of which was

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so unquestionable, when made receivable, as this paper was, in payment for the national domain of France, estimated at an immense value. The issue of *assignats* was strongly resisted—particularly by the minister of finance of the day—the upright and well-meaning Neckar. But all objections were answered by Mirabeau, in a single sentence, which shows both his talent and his profligacy. "Partout où se trouvera un porteur d'assignats, vous conterez un défenseur nécessaire de vos mesures—un créancier intéressé à vos succès." Can any intelligent man doubt but a similar motive has often dictated the course of Philadelphia Banking—especially in its recent enormous issues of post-notes at such appaling sacrifices? The same argument led the authors of the funding system and the Bank of the United States to declare a national debt to be a national blessing. On similar principles it has been lately proposed to issue a vast sum in Treasury notes for the relief of the improvident speculations into which the banks, and some of the States under their influence have been plunged.

Neither the revolution of 1789, nor the changes of government which afterwards so rapidly followed each other, could have been effected, had not all the political power of France been concentrated at Paris. The most striking and important of all these sudden changes of the supreme authority of that nation—the seizure of power by Bonaparte—would undoubtedly have failed but for the universal disorder and demoralization produced by the paper currency defended by Mirabeau, on the ground that it must ensure the overthrow of the royal government. The bulk of the French people, groaning under the evils inflicted on them by a false and fluctuating measure of value, were led to believe that the most arbitrary and tyrannical of all possible forms of government, which could protect their property from the plunder to which this flagitious system continually exposed them, was greatly preferable to such a state of insecurity. A faint idea may be formed of the general desperation which at that time pervaded France, and enabled that adventurer to ascend the most powerful and magnificent throne that has ever dazzled the eyes of Europe, if we will call to recollection the state of public feeling in this country, excited by the general suspension of the banks in 1837. Under the incitement of favors from the banks, individuals complimented as the peculiar Defenders of the Constitution and the Laws, were unwearied in their labors to create a rebellious opposition to the execution of long established solemn enactments. The control over the livelihood of large portions of the community at that time, as at the present, enabled the manufacturers of paper currency to plunge them at once into the deepest suffering. But for the forbearance and discernment of the laboring classes, which furnish the most conclusive proof of the real elevation of their character above that of many who have taunted them for their unfitness to exercise political rights, the whole length and breadth of the land must have been involved in scenes of disorder similar to those brought upon France by that rest-

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lessness of temper, and that avidity for all kinds of excesses, which the paper system always creates among its disciples.

A comparative view of the Revolution of England, in 1688, with that of our own country in the following century, will afford us useful instruction on the subject of concentrating political power. In the mother country a foreigner in a few weeks, by the aid of a body of imported mercenaries not exceeding fifteen thousand men, was able to mount the throne and change the fundamental laws regulating the future succession of the Crown, by simply seizing upon the seat of government, and thus obtaining the control of the whole machinery of political power. But during our Revolution the power of Government was not centralized. Congress could exercise no control over the property or pursuits of the people, excepting such as was indispensable to the management of the war, and the regulation of political intercourse with foreign nations. Every other power of government belonged to, and was exercised by, the several States. The capture of the city where Congress held its sessions created no disturbance in their functions. Neither the disaffection nor subjugation of particular States by the enemy, prevented the other State Governments from discharging their duties, both towards their own citizens and the common cause of freedom. The great armies maintained by England at various points within the Union for seven years, though sufficiently powerful to overrun several entire States, and to hold some of them as conquests for years together, were found totally insufficient to secure their allegiance to the British Crown. They were never able to organize a new political system, because the simultaneous control over every State was essential to accomplish that great object. This the whole energies of the British Empire could never effect—even with the assistance of the intrigues, the treachery and the cupidity of many influential individuals among ourselves. Unless every State could be vanquished, and the governments of the whole held under subjection at the same moment, the means of organized resistance were always at hand. This is the great secret of our strength as a nation. While this peculiar feature of our complex system shall be preserved in its original efficiency by the careful preservation of the rights of the States, no revolution can overthrow our Government, whether attempted by foreign or domestic enemies.

On the other hand, the various projects for consolidating and concentrating the political power of the Union, which have from time to time been entertained by the partizans of a strong and all-pervading National Government, would by their success, inevitably expose our republican institutions to destruction in a similar manner as the revolutions every where described in history have been effected. The strongest guarantee against the possibility of a sudden movement, by which only our system could be in danger of overthrow, is afforded by the diversity of habits, interests, and pursuits, which prevail among the people organized in

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separate and distinct political sovereignties. The practical influence of the several States in the exercise of their rights is therefore the palladium of our liberties.

No one can examine the Constitution of the United States without conviction that it was not intended to impair any of these essential rights. The States were expressly secured in the full enjoyment of political power over their own citizens within their respective jurisdictions. The sages, whose counsels and courage guided the American people through their momentous struggle with the most wealthy and powerful nation on earth with triumph, were deeply impressed with the importance of guarding the rights of the States with patriotic jealousy. This is amply shown by the debates, as well in the General Convention where the Constitution was drawn up and proposed to the States, as in the several State conventions whose adoption invested this instrument with its sole authority as a frame of Government.

A mere assembly of ambassadors, with no authority to raise revenue for the most pressing exigencies of the public service, as was the Congress of the Confederation, were continually involved in difficulty in endeavouring to carry on the common cause. The movements of such an unwieldy machine were exceedingly tedious and inefficient, even under the propelling enthusiasm excited by a civil war—in peace it was found to be almost wholly unmanageable. Two of the smaller States of the Confederation, New Jersey and Rhode Island, were able to set Congress at defiance. It finally became a matter of necessity to clothe the General Government with further powers to avoid the total disintegration of the system. Rivalry between the States—the development of conflicting interests upon several questions of commercial regulations—and above all, the universal embarrassments in which all mercantile interchanges were involved from the discordant currency authorized by the several States, which rendered it impossible to enforce contracts and moneyed obligations, rendered further measures essential for the security of property and the preservation of good faith. This great object could only be effected by the establishment of a general measure of value—by preventing conflicts among the States—by securing a uniformity in all commercial duties and regulations—and by placing the United States before the rest of the world in the attitude of one nation, possessing full powers to afford protection to its citizens These results were mainly aimed at in the Constitution. Its leading idea is to invest the General Government with plenary authority over the intercourse between foreigners and our own citizens. Its primary office is the control of all relations between the United States and other nations, whether of peace or war. The other powers granted to the General Government are intended to be subordinate and ancillary to this paramount duty. It possesses no rightful authority to interfere in the domestic transactions among the citizens of the several States beyond the necessary power to raise sufficient revenues

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for the use of the public establishments requisite for the discharge of its functions, directly from the people—and to prevent the several States from inflicting injustice upon the citizens of each other.

All powers not indispensable to carry into effect these general principles remain in the States as fully as before the adoption of the Constitution by them. As the General Government was created by the Constitution, it can obviously possess no powers beyond those contained in the instrument which called it into being. Whatever doubts might exist as to implied powers, they are conclusively settled by the tenth amendment, which was made contemporaneously with its existence as a frame of government.

We have already referred to the debates with which the framing and subsequent adoption of the Constitution by the States were accompanied. They are worthy of the careful study of every American citizen who desires to understand and perform his duty to himself, his fellow-men, and to posterity. The zealous and plausible attempt which was made to prevail on the General Convention to propose to the States a *strong Government*, as the design for concentrating the efficient political power of the Union in a Chief Magistrate and Senate for life, assisted, or rather shielded from responsibility, by a representative body, was complacently styled by its advocates, will be fully comprehended after such an examination. This plan was merely a servile imitation of the English system of government. It was proposed by Hamilton, who professed to regard the English as the best of all possible governments. He was imbued with an invincible, though no doubt honest, distrust of the people, who he supposed could be successfully governed only by force or corruption. Practically educated in the camp, his views of mankind were so grovelling that he appears to have sincerely believed that so long as the higher and better informed class of society could be secured in the enjoyment of the labors of the rest of the community, and the industrious classes kept in subjection by military force, good government would be maintained, and no longer.

After advocating his favorite plan with all the force of his great abilities, Hamilton found it so coldly received by a great majority of the Convention, that he left the body in disgust, and did not again join it until nearly the close of its session. He then appeared to have changed his views, and with great apparent zeal supported the draft which was finally laid before the several States, and adopted with amendments. This sudden change in the course of the leader and master spirit among those who advocated the establishment of arbitrary power over the whole people, enables us to understand what might otherwise puzzle us at the present day—the extreme misgivings and almost morbid apprehensions expressed by many of the ablest and purest patriots of that era, respecting the hostile influence of some of the provisions of the Constitution upon the liberties of the people.

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These misgivings and apprehensions among those who regarded the preservation of the integrity and sovereignty of the States as the most efficient security against the inroads of arbitrary power, not only explains the opposition which the Constitution encountered in most of the State Conventions, but indicate the original grounds of difference between the two great political parties which have divided the people from that day to the present. Few, if any, of the opponents of the Constitution were adverse to its provisions, could they be satisfied that those who might be elected to carry them into execution would not endeavour by implication and indirection to evade their spirit. It was evidently by those who had witnessed the wiles and intrigues of the enemies of popular rights, as is shown by the general tenor of the debates and essays to which the question of adoption gave rise, that the administration of the General Government might fall into the hands of unscrupulous individuals who would endeavour, from ambitious views, to extend its powers beyond the prescribed limits, by plausible glosses and liberal construction, to the ultimate subversion of that precious inheritance in the purchase of which they had so freely lavished their property and their blood.

As the only effectual mode of avoiding anarchy, the approach of which was daily aggravated by the overthrow of public and private confidence from the depreciation of paper currency, the States adopted the Constitution. It thus became the organic fundamental law of the Union. The Government now called into existence assumed its functions. Hamilton was placed at the head of the public finances.

It soon became apparent that ample grounds existed for the fears expressed; that the powers of the General Government would be employed to undermine the independence of the State Governments. They were first bribed into the support of a profligate and corrupt scheme for creating immense fortunes for those who had preyed upon the necessities of the brave defenders of the country, by the unjust mode adopted for assuming the State debts, incurred during the Revolutionary war, and thus swelling the mass of that national debt which was proclaimed to be a national blessing. Inclined as mankind are to relieve themselves from present embarrassments, at the hazard of future ruin, those members of Congress who acted under the influence of the temptations held out to them by the speculators, were praised and complimented to an extent unequalled even by the fulsome adulation bestowed in our own times upon individuals who appear to have exchanged the approbation of their own consciences for newspaper puffery, and to be better satisfied with the flattery of the hour, than with meriting the gratitude of posterity.

The immense burden imposed upon the people of the Union, by the adoption of these schemes, for transferring the fruits of industry to those who had acquired their claims in the first instance, by swindling the brave supporters of the country out of their hard earnings, and had then been enabled to realize their speculations by operating upon the cupidity of several individuals who had been entrusted by the people with the

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protection of their interests—made further steps necessary to carry out the design of enriching the few at the expense of the many. At the commencement of the next session after Hamilton had carried the funding system, he made two reports on the subject of "*establishing public credit.*" They are both dated December 13th, 1790, and are worthy of examination on the part of all who desire to trace public abuses to their origin. In one of them the taxation necessary to be imposed on the people to defray the charges of these vast debts, as well as to support the public establishments, is discussed in detail. The other contains his specious argument in favor of a national bank, which has never been equalled in point of talent by any who since that time have espoused that side of this great question. He urges the establishment of a bank, not as a means of furnishing currency, for he contends with subtle deference to the universal prepossessions of the time, *that a well constituted bank would favor the increase of metallic circulation.* In short, he brought forward every principle, whether true or false, which might recommend this important subsidiary to his other schemes, to public approbation; expressly setting forth, however, in a leading and emphatic sentence of this Report, that "it is to be considered that such a bank is not a mere matter of private property, but a political machine of the greatest importance to the state."

Such a political machine was not only no part of the Government recognized by the Constitution, but was, as we have seen, expressly repudiated by the Convention. It was accordingly opposed with great zeal by Madison and the most distinguished supporters of popular rights. It was admitted that it might be convenient; but that it was *necessary and proper* to carry on the Government at a time when the channels of circulation were exclusively supplied with metallic currency, will hardly be pretended at the present day, by the most earnest advocate of implied powers. This powerful institution was created wholly for the purpose of increasing the power of the Executive branch of the Government, by investing the head of the Treasury, through his influence upon the irresponsible managers of the Bank, with absolute power over the mercantile and speculating classes of society.

Among the consequences of this measure clearly foreseen by its projector, but little attended to since that period in the discussions which have arisen upon this topic, was its effect in increasing the expenses of domestic production. We explained, in our first Article on this subject, the effect of an increase of currency upon the manufactures of any country. The creation of the Bank rendered the assumption of another power not granted by the Constitution, also *necessary and proper*—that of interfering directly with the pursuits and employments of the citizens, by taxing the consumers of particular articles exclusively for the benefit of the manufacturers. Where the consumers and producers live in different States, as must of course be frequently the case, this is a direct perversion of the express terms of the Constitution, and a high-handed invasion of the rights of the States on whom such taxes are imposed. This is not the ultimate

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scope of the evils inflicted on the country by making currency more plentiful than would be possible under the laws of trade alone. When taxation is imposed upon the citizens at large for the advantage of particular classes or employments in the community, another power soon becomes *necessary and proper*—that of determining the objects upon which the surplus revenue, not required for the legitimate functions of the Government, may be squandered in order to afford the greatest advantage to political speculators. This particular exercise of power in derogation of the rights of the States, is, however, only required when the duties imposed by a high tariff can be realized, which often proves impracticable, from the enormous temptation it affords to smuggling, paying a large premium upon the demoralization of the trader and the destruction of commercial integrity. In short, when it is once admitted that it is *necessary and proper* for Congress to place the whole productive energies of the country under the arbitrary control of private speculators, to be excited or depressed as may best subserve their pecuniary interests or political schemes, or both combined, there is no foreseeing the consequences. By circulating a redundancy of paper currency, they push up and sustain prices at rates which flood our country with foreign productions. To pay for them it becomes necessary to drain the country of its lawful currency. When this is done, to require debts to be paid in specie under the sanction of the Constitution must break down the magnificent fortunes of many schemers which have been created by the paper system. How can we expect, under such a course, to escape the present condition of England? By a paper currency the burden of all obligations was aggravated to such an extent that the corn laws were established as the only means of preventing a general overturn of property. This nostrum for the security of property has vastly increased the cost of subsistence, and has created so much popular discontent in every part of the kingdom as to threaten the most alarming consequences.

Besides, the charter of the Bank of the United States by Congress was a gross infraction of the rights of the States. In view of the general calamities and wide-spread injustice previously inflicted upon the people by a discordant currency which had subverted confidence and destroyed the commerce of the country, the tenth section of the first article of the Constitution expressly prohibited any State from coining money, issuing bills of credit, making any thing but gold and silver a te der in payment of debts, or passing any law impairing the obligation of contracts. By creating a corporation of private individuals, and investing this corporation with unlimited authority to manufacture paper currency, received in all payments on public account, and, of necessity, used to discharge all claims of public creditors, the legal currency contemplated by the Constitution as the only medium of payment was, in a great measure, expelled from general circulation. By the operation of the universal laws of trade, the paper currency of the Bank compelled the exportation of the only currency which the States could authorize to be used in discharge of the con-

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tracts of their citizens with one another, brought before their tribunals to be enforced. This scarcity soon led the States on their part to charter banks with similar privileges, in order to relieve their citizens from almost exclusive recourse to barter as the mode of commercial interchange. Lawful currency entirely ceased to be employed as the practical measure of value by its expulsion from all ordinary channels, under the sanction of the General Government, instead of the rigid enforcement, by that Government, of the sole measure of value contemplated by the Constitution.

In the natural progress of abuses, this policy, from the conjoint action of the States and the General Government, gradually degraded both. The control of the industry and commerce of the whole country having been surrendered to irresponsible bodies of private individuals, they were empowered to trample upon the laws whenever their profits or their influence might be enhanced. The legislation of several States was not only shaped so as to shield them from these infractions, but Congress was compelled, at an eventful period, to charter a second National Bank for reasons given at large in our two former Articles on this subject. Madison, who had distinguished himself beyond all others for the ability with which he exposed the violation of the Constitution involved in the charter of the first bank, and the perspicacity and force with which he depicted the train of evils which would grow out of this assumption of power by Congress, was compelled either to sanction this charter, or to see the operations of the General Government, of which he was then the head, totally stopped for want of available revenue.

Several of the State Governments, under the seductive influence of this great example, have recurred to expedients deeply mortifying to the patriotic feelings of such of their citizens as reflect upon the course and consequences of the measures pursued. The privileges of plundering their citizens at pleasure by fictitious currency, under hollow pretexts of public advantage, were bargained and sold to individuals. In other instances the States themselves have become partners in private corporations, and participated in the *black mail* levied upon the necessities and the credulity of their citizens. By these means not only has a redundancy of currency which cannot be employed for the lawful payment of debts been encouraged by these States, but they have been involved in deep embarrassments by the profligacy to which such a redundancy always leads. The losses and inconveniences under which innocent individuals are now laboring from these causes are enormous, while the prospective sacrifices which will probably be inflicted both upon States and individuals are incalculable, unless a wiser policy shall be hereafter adopted and strictly pursued.

Such are the results of the adoption by the General Government of a currency repudiated by the Constitution. They have become oppressive in the highest degree. Courts of justice are compelled to enforce the payment, in gold and silver, of contracts entered into solely in

view of paper currency, without any power on the part of the States or the General Government to alleviate the burden growing out of the discrepancy of their actual value, which continually occurs from the avidity of the managers of the banks to increase their profits by profuse issues, and the consequent decline in the real value of their paper.

The nominal dollar, in view of which mercantile contracts are made in every section of the country, may fall in the market to the value of half or two-thirds of a dollar, in lawful currency. Creditors may require payment to be performed in the latter medium from all debtors excepting banks. No expedient has yet been discovered sufficiently potent to compel them to pay their obligations in gold and silver. Rigid provisions have been enacted in some of the States for that purpose, but it has heretofore been found impossible to enforce them. Any serious attempt to carry such laws into execution has generally led to their immediate repeal, as was the case in Massachusetts in 1837–8. Several of the States about the same time removed restrictions upon the issue of small bills by the banks, with the same object of increasing their power over the community. So great has been the ascendancy of these corporations over individuals delegated by the people to protect their rights, that the agents of these irresponsible bodies have generally succeeded, under plausible pretexts of public advantage, in carrying any measure through the forms of law which might serve to increase and secure their profits. The operation of these chartered monopolies which have been such peculiar favorites of legislatures, has accelerated the unequal distribution of property among individuals in many of our communities to such a degree, as to render the many absolutely subservient to the few who control them. This enables these favorites of the law, by the skilful application of a portion of their superfluity, to exercise an influence which has often proved destructive to the rights and security of the community at large.

Some of the leading measures of the late and present administrations of the General Government have been directed to the relief of the people of the Union from these evils, so far as they may be fairly attributed to its short-sighted and mistaken policy in originating them. To use the language of Mr. Jefferson, a strenuous endeavour has been made "to put the Government on its Republican tack," by the introduction and maintenance of the lawful standard of value. Without proposing the slightest interference with the constitutional functions of the States, President Van Buren, at the special session of Congress of 1837, recommended that the fiscal arrangements of the United States be conducted agreeably to the Constitution by responsible officers, instead of being surrendered to the control of private corporations.

This proposition was assailed with a degree of vituperation wholly unprecedented even in the annals of political discussion in this country. It was denounced as hostile to the banks, and threatening their total extermination. Nothing can be more unjust than such a charge. If adopted

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and carried into execution, this measure cannot fail to restrain and regulate those banks conducted on commercial principles, in a manner highly advantageous to their security and usefulness. Excess of confidence at periods when no practical demand for lawful currency exists, is the rock on which they have repeatedly been wrecked. The sound and unsound banks, during such periods, which have sometimes lasted for years together, go on crowding all sail in creating a redundancy of paper currency until prices are greatly elevated, and vast importations of foreign commodities produced, when specie is at once required for exportation to pay the balances due foreign creditors. They are then taken suddenly aback, and can only preserve their credit, in such emergencies, by ruining the merchants. The whole country is at once thrown into intense distress from the curtailments of the banks.

Now, a constant and moderate demand for lawful currency would effectually prevent these destructive fluctuations. By requiring all payments into the Treasury of the United States to be made in specie, the temptation to these improvident expansions, in times of confidence, which lead to so much suffering, would be avoided. The duty of redeeming their currency would be constantly kept in view of the banks throughout the country. The amount of lawful currency required to carry on the transactions of the public revenue and expenditure has been grossly exaggerated. Under just and economical appropriations by Congress, between five and ten millions of dollars would be amply sufficient. Generally, the public money would be required for disbursement, and be distributed among the community nearly as fast as it could be collected.

There can be no question but the direct burden of this system upon the public would be much greater than the bank deposite system. But the indirect tax upon the resources of the people growing out of the invariable management of the banks must be incalculably greater than the expense of conducting an independent treasury, were it treble the estimated cost—to say nothing of the losses arising from profligate speculations by public officers which the bank deposite system has always encouraged and screened from detection.

But, if cheapness be the main aspect in which this subject is regarded, why not extend the same view to the other branches of the public service? Our army and navy occasion a great portion of the public expenditure. Why not save the whole amount? Associations of individuals might readily be formed, who would gladly undertake, without pay, the duties performed by both army and navy, if authority only be granted them to plunder friends and foes at their pleasure, and immense fortunes might be realized by the bargain: besides, the fashionable declamations against placing the sword and purse in the power of the Executive would be at once ended.

But public establishments are, or ought to be, maintained upon other grounds than affording private individuals an opportunity of deriving

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wealth from them. Their principal legitimate design is security against plunder. The responsible and constitutional management of the public finances is quite as important to this security as the services of the army and navy. When such a system of management can be once established, every pretext will be taken from the States for afflicting their citizens with a false and fictitious currency, so far as the operations of the General Government are concerned. If their banks shall not be then conducted upon prudent and secure principles, those in whose power the choice of rulers rests will not be slow in finding out the cause, and in applying the proper remedy. It seems to be high time, after the long continued experience of the disastrous consequences of the various evasions of the Constitution which have been resorted to for the purpose of enabling a few favored individuals to grow powerful and wealthy by the privations and sufferings of the rest of the community, that the General Government should be brought back to the original principles of its formation. Its departure from these principles has produced much unfortunate legislation by the States—but when the people of the States shall comprehend their true and permanent interests, gradual and efficient means of cure cannot fail to be applied to the disorders which have grown out of the disastrous connection between some of the State Governments and their banks.

The great political party opposed to the policy of the late and present administrations of the General Government has, as we have seen, distinctly made the re-charter of the National Bank their rallying point. Though the luminary which, for so long a period, has enlightened the intellects and sustained the energies of a powerful band of politicians, has, within a few weeks past, undergone an eclipse of the most sombre character, which many of its former friends apprehend will prove not only total, but permanent, it is not to be supposed that the fealty of these adherents will be diminished by this untoward circumstance. One of the most shining attributes of chivalry is the tenacious fidelity which it inculcates towards those from whom its votaries have derived essential favors. At any rate, the principle of loyalty still survives. The sincere political adherents of the Bank will doubtless manifest, during the ensuing session of Congress, all the devotion of the French cavaliers of the *ancient régime:* "*Le Roi est mort—vive le Roi!*"

If any sincerity is to be found in the most formal and authentic professions of their party, the late misfortune only affords reasons of increased strength in favor of the power of Congress to produce the reascension of the Bank, in order that speculators may again revolve about it, receiving light and animation from its cheering influence. We have therefore deemed it proper to occupy a large portion of the present Article in stating the facts and explaining the principles upon which a National Bank was made the paramount power of the General Government. Our remarks upon its course in controlling the policy of the

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United States, from time to time, which we had intended to analyze in detail, must, from our limited remaining space, be very concise. Should they serve to induce any of our fellow-citizens to direct their reflections to this important subject, this is all we can expect or desire.

The mode of funding the public debts, in imitation of the English system introduced by Sir Robert Walpole, to which we have already referred, and the establishment of a National Bank, were inseparable parts of Hamilton's scheme of finance. By combining the interests of those who had opposed the Revolution, and had been able to realize vast fortunes by their speculations in the depreciated paper of the States and the Union, with that of the mercantile classes who were dependent on England for credit, together with the influential and active individuals throughout the country who honestly regarded the Government established by the Constitution as too weak to maintain itself, that subtle politician found himself in the possession of a tremendous power, which long survived him in other hands. Its existence wholly depended upon foreign support—and its vast influence was wholly directed to fostering the connections between this country and England. No candid mind at this distance of time, can examine the relations between the United States and the belligerent powers during the whole period of the wars of the French revolution, without perceiving conclusive evidence that this influence was continually at work. The testimony of Mr. John Quincy Adams, as to the treasonable designs of his associates, during a great portion of this eventful period of our political history, merely explains and illustrates facts, which were too prominent in their consequences upon the policy of the country to escape the notice of any excepting those who are wilfully blind to the relations of cause and effect.

After the close of the late war, the second National Bank was chartered, and went into operation under the circumstances, and with the results, explained in detail in our second Article on this subject. The first direct and prominent intervention of this bank in the politics of the day, which requires notice, was its becoming the great solvent of personal asperity and political rivalship in the election of President by the House of Representatives, in 1825. Those who had been denounced as traitors by Mr. Adams, as well as those who had denounced him as willing to barter the rights of the whole Union at Ghent, to secure some petty and local advantage to the New England States—those who had supported the tariff of 1824, and those who had opposed it on the ground of its destructive consequences to the manufacturing and commercial interests of the country, all made common cause in this extraordinary election under a new organization and a new name—the National Republican party. The leading principles of this party, as may be understood from its leading measures, were—firstly, the support of the Bank of the United States in all its schemes, however profligate and destructive to the highest interests of the community; secondly, the establishment of an exorbitant tariff, in order to sustain the manufacturers against the in-

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fluence of the redundant paper currency circulated by the Bank for the purpose of increasing its profits and influence; thirdly, the exercise of power by the General Government to make roads, canals, and all other internal improvements within the States, in order to expend the increased revenue, by means of which great inducements might be held out to influential citizens of democratic States, by proposing to enhance the value of their property by supporting this magnificent system, and eventually making both the States and their citizens immediately dependent upon the General Government. The Bank of the United States was accordingly the pivot on which the leading policy of Mr. Adams' administration turned. A variety of details, did our space permit, might be given, elucidating the scope of its measures in sustaining the Bank, particularly those adopted for its relief on the occurrence of the great revulsion produced by its operations in 1825, when it was brought to the verge of suspension, according to the statement made soon afterwards by its president.

The tariff of 1828, and the awful revulsion which overthrew so many of the most extensive manufacturers soon afterwards, were among the bitter fruits produced by this policy. The particulars will be found described in the second Article on *Cotton*, published in our April number of 1838. An episode belonging to this period has been so frequently referred to by Mr. Clay in his speeches delivered at various places in the Middle States during the present season, and published and enlarged upon in the newspapers of the day, that we shall make no apology for stating the real circumstances, which happen to be within our knowledge.

The branch of the Bank of the United States at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was so deeply involved by this great revulsion as to have lost about half the capital stock assigned to it by the Bank. Immediately on learning its embarrassments, the board of directors at Philadelphia thought it proper to change the management of that branch. Mr. Mason, the gentleman referred to in our August Article as among the most prominent members of the Senate opposed to the charter of the Bank in 1816, was induced to accept the presidency of this branch. He was abundantly capable of retrieving its affairs, so far as could be effected by uncommon vigilance and unrivalled talent.

From the establishment of that branch, in 1817, to the time when Mr. Mason became its president, the greatest portion of its loans had been made upon accommodation paper, with the understanding that the notes should run four months, paying ten per cent. of the principal at each renewal. For more than ten years, its business had been conducted on that basis. When he took charge of the branch, he received express directions from the Bank that no discounts should be made of paper running more than sixty days; and, if renewed, twenty per cent. of the original sums was in all cases to be required. Those who are conversant with transactions at banks will readily understand that the debtors to this branch found themselves, under this new rule, in a period

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of unexampled pressure in that region, at once placed in a situation totally different from their expectations, when they contracted the loans. The dealers with the branch became greatly alarmed, and expressed strong feelings against Mr. Mason personally, as having changed the previously agreed terms of payment of the notes daily falling due—while probably he had nothing to do with the new regulation but to see it executed, agreeably to his directions from Philadelphia. We have seen too many instances where mercantile men have mistaken the real authors of the unexpected embarrassments in which they have been involved within a few years past, to regard it as a remarkable fact that the citizens of Portsmouth did not, on this occasion, very carefully scrutinize into the true origin of their sudden distress. A single occurrence, which took place a few months after Mr. Mason became president of this branch, will serve to indicate the degree of exasperation which prevailed, as well as explain the feeling which undoubtedly led to the subsequent steps so often referred to. One of the wholesale dealers, whose house was among those which failed, refused to allow any of his friends to become his bail upon process issued against him by the Bank in the ordinary course, but, in the effervescence created by the occasion, determined rather to be committed to prison. When he had been locked up accordingly, it was represented through the town as an instance of gross oppression on the part of Mr. Mason. Tales, however improbable, are invented and readily believed in times of excitement. Even in a quiet town in New England, a mob might easily be collected, and breaches of the peace committed, under the influence of such a state of things. Mr. Mason was burnt in effigy before his own house, and a greater degree of violence was seriously apprehended.

This unfortunate state of feeling, which occurred soon after General Jackson became President of the United States, led to the petition by a large number of citizens, without distinction of party, for the removal of Mr. Mason from the presidency of the branch, as the readiest mode of alleviating this excitement. The petitions for this purpose were transmitted to Mr. Woodbury, then Senator in Congress, and to Mr. Hill, at that time Second Comptroller of the Treasury, in order, no doubt, that the respectability of the signers might be properly stated. They were accordingly sent to Mr. Ingham, then Secretary of the Treasury, who forwarded them to the president of the Bank at Philadelphia, with a request that respectful attention might be paid to them. He promptly repaired to Portsmouth, and on investigation became satisfied that Mr. Mason had barely executed the directions given by the Bank, and ought to be sustained. Such was undoubtedly the fact, so far as the conduct of that gentleman was involved. But whether the Bank can be justified in ordering a departure from the express understanding upon which the loans of the branch had been made, is quite another question. The merchants of Portsmouth appear to have entertained decided opinions on that material point, since the Bank returns show that from that time to

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the period when the branch was closed it scarcely defrayed its expenses, though under its subsequent careful management no losses appear to have occurred.

Out of this transaction the directors of the Bank concocted a heinous charge of conspiracy on the part of General Jackson, to control the political impartiality of the Bank! As many of the individuals who signed the petition for the removal of Mr. Mason were his political supporters, and subsequently petitioned Congress in favor of the restoration of the public deposites to the Bank, as well as its recharter, it would seem a much fairer inference from the facts, that Mr. Mason's change of residence to Boston, which occurred shortly afterwards, was occasioned by the alienation of feeling between him and his former friends growing out of this affair, than to attribute this popular movement in the town of Portsmouth to the determination of General Jackson to obtain the control of the Bank; and his subsequent course towards the institution, to his disappointment on this occasion. In all probability General Jackson never heard of these petitions until they were brought forward nearly five years afterwards, by the Bank itself, in the formal manifesto adopted by the corporation as an official censure upon the motives of the President of the United States in directing the deposites of public money to be removed from the Bank. We have already given a copious extract from this curious production, showing the grounds upon which the Bank assumed the right to apply the whole public and private resources entrusted to its custody, to purchasing newspapers, subsidizing writers, and influencing popular elections. On looking into this document, it will be seen that these petitions for the removal of Mr. Mason are brought forward in justification of this profligate policy, as evincing beyond doubt or question the determination of General Jackson "to render the institution subservient to political purposes."

The difficulties at Portsmouth which gave rise to these petitions, originated in a clear and palpable violation, on the part of the bank, of the original understanding upon which its currency was put into circulation in that region. Public odium was fixed upon the president of the branch, because he thought proper to carry into effect this breach of agreement, without endeavouring to screen himself, by placing the responsibility where it justly belonged. Subsequently, the dissatisfaction existing among his own political friends and those of the bank, was charged against the President of the United States, precisely as the panic of 1834, and the suspension of specie payments in 1837, equally produced by the management of the Bank, were ascribed to the tyranny of General Jackson.

We have seen that the report of Hamilton in favor of a national bank, expatiates upon the advantage of such an institution as "a political machine of the greatest importance to the state." From the origin of the first Bank of the United States to the present day, political influence of the most controlling character has always been exercised from that quarter. The Bank has undertaken, not only to direct the movement of the

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productive industry and commerce of the whole country for its own profit, but to control the opinions of influential classes upon all questions of public policy to the same end. After it failed to re-elect John Quincy Adams, its managers all at once profess to have been overtaken with the utmost horror at the idea of political influence.

This paroxysm seems to have been brought upon them, by long meditation upon the shocking enormity which had been perpetrated by the Secretary of the Treasury in transmitting to the Bank the petitions of a large number of respectable citizens, for the removal of the president of the branch at Portsmouth. That officer, in becoming the channel through which these petitions were sent, carefully abstained from intimating any other wish, than that respectful attention might be given them. His letter does not appear to express the most distant desire that they should be complied with. It furnished the directors with an opportunity for vindicating their outraged dignity in the following extraordinary language which may be found in the document referred to:

"No executive officer of the Government, from the President of the United States downwards, has the slightest authority to interfere in it, (the Bank) and there can be no more warrant for suggesting the views of the Administration to the Bank of United States, than to the Supreme Court of the United States."

Upon this assertion of indpendent power, it may be profitable for our readers to reflect in view of the discussions before the country respecting the charter of another national bank. The whole powers of government established by the Constitution of the United States are distributed into three branches, the Legislative, the Executive, and the Judicial. Here we find a fourth power created by some means not recognized by the Constitution, which over-rides all the others, and claims an absolute control over all the resources of the country for every purpose, whether of corruption or otherwise, which may seem good to its managers. On one or two occasions this independent power had previously condescended to allow committees of the House of Representatives to inquire into its operations. Even in this very document which places the Bank on the same ground of independence with the Supreme Court of the United States, it intimates its willingness to be responsible to Congress. But that this suggestion is a mere pretext, brought forward to break the shock which this claim of independent functions could not fail to produce, is conclusively shown by its treatment of the committee of the House of Representatives sent to Philadelphia for the purpose of investigating its concerns, some time afterwards. They were spurned with contempt, and compelled to return to this city with no other substantial information than the report of the refusal of the Bank to allow them to inspect its books and papers. No measures appear to have been adopted to secure a practical control over this great political machine, on the part of the responsible Government of the people. The whole proceeding affords a striking example of the lengths to which usurped and irresponsible power always carries those who exercise it. Both the banks chartered by Congress

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had been established upon no other ostensible ground, than an imperious necessity for their aid in carrying on the public service. They were created as important subsidiaries to the Treasury Department. Their charters were never defended upon individual considerations. It is not an essential duty of government to empower private individuals to enter into vast speculations upon the public resources, and whenever disappointed in realizing the anticipated profits of their enterprizes, to grant them relief by imposing the burden of their debts upon the public. But if the doctrines of the directors were correct, when the charter is once obtained the Bank of the United States becomes a despotic oligarchy. The Council of Ten of Venice, whose secret and arbitrary proceedings form such an important portion of the history of that great commercial republic, affords but a feeble example of the consequences of investing a moneyed corporation with unlimited power over a free people.

It is unfortunate for the general security, that the views of many influenced individuals have been so entirely perverted by Philadelphia Banking, that they seem to regard the general use of paper currency as an essential and salutary stimulus to the prosperity of the community. We often find it mentioned as the most important social improvement of modern times. It seems to be forgotten that distillation, and even the smoking of opium, are modern improvements. Paper currency, alcohol and opium, all stimulate the imaginations of men at the expense of rational and permanent comfort. The habitual use of either enables individuals to revel for a brief period in the fancied enjoyment of unbounded riches. Upon the community at large the seductions of paper currency produce by far the most extensive and injurious influence. Not only the constitution of individuals, but those of states become impaired and finally prostrated under its deleterious consequences.

The leading remedy for the embarrassments in which so many individuals are involved by the speculations into which they have been reduced by the convenience of paper currency, which has been lately proposed by its advocates, is the discouragement of the importation of foreign commodities by an increased tariff of duties. If the support of the public establishments requires more revenue, we presume Congress will not be wanting in its duty—and we hope it will stop, when it has provided for the maintenance of the public service upon the most economical scale. No proposition can be more insulting to the good sense of an intelligent community than the suggestion that their personal wants and habits must be regulated by legislation. This country has enjoyed quite an adequate trial of high duties to sustain a redundant paper currency. If the people are determined to impoverish themselves and beggar their posterity, by squandering their resources on foreign luxuries, no laws can prevent them. The present condition of Spain affords abundant examples of the futility of the restrictive policy, both with regard to imports of foreign manufactures and the export of gold and silver. That great and proud people, formerly the most free and powerful of all European

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nations, has sunk under its overweening self-estimation—its eagerness for great enterprises—its confident determination to make the rest of the world tributary to its wealth and splendor. It enjoyed a short lived prosperity under its restrictive laws, but their insidious operation has gradually deprived the people at large both of their liberty and their property. The opium trade of China, which has so much influence upon our paper currency, has grown up within a few years in spite of laws prohibiting its importation under penalty of death. With our extensive frontier by sea and land, it is preposterous to attempt to enforce prohibitory duties upon articles which are objects of desire on the part of such of our citizens as are able to pay for them. The only result would be the ruin of the fair trade by enhancing the profits of smuggling.

Next in importance to the high prices produced by our redundant paper currency, and originating in the same system of banking, the cause of inordinate imports of foreign luxuries of late years is the creation of State stocks for the purpose of enhancing the value of the property of speculators. These stocks have furnished means for the payment of vast sums for foreign commodities. While the proceeds of the labor of other nations can be enjoyed without industry, few can resist the attractions of idleness and luxury. It is worth while to bear in mind that nearly eleven millions of dollars have been imported in a single year, in articles of which almost the whole value consists in ornamental needle-work, such as wrought muslins, embroidered handkerchiefs, and expensive laces. We should be sorry to be compelled to believe that our fair countrywomen are obliged to be dependent on the dexterity and skill of European females for such personal decorations. It is not necessary to specify instances of more extravagant importations which have imposed such heavy burdens upon the productive energies of our own country.

Should we allow our personal sympathies for the distress of individuals produced by the operation of such a system, to suggest agreeable remedies for existing embarrassments, we should mislead both ourselves and our readers. The only honest and permanent relief for debtors is the surrender of property to its true owners. Many gigantic speculations which have been inflated by the Credit System cannot be upheld but by destroying the sanctions upon which all property must rest among civilized communities. Mortifying as the reduction of many vast fortunes in expectancy to their just dimensions must be, nothing is gained by delay. Had such a course been pursued two or three years since, when the revulsion, hastened by the Distribution Act, overtook Philadelphia Banking, much property, as well as comfort, might have been saved. By attempting to "*hold on*," agreeably to the Philadelphia fashion, individuals not only involve themselves deeper, but generally contrive to embarrass their friends and neighbours. Had a general adjustment of the liabilities which grew out of the insane speculations of 1835–6, taken place during the suspension of 1837–8, both banks and individuals would

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have now enjoyed comparative ease and ability. Unfortunately, the Bank, of the United States finding the people willing to tolerate an irredeemable paper currency, determined not only to uphold the wild enterprises its operations had created, but to plunge into more magnificent schemes than ever. Its example in this, as in many other instances, controlled the course of other banks and individuals. The whole country is now suffering under the consequences.

As to the debts created by several of the States, and even Territories, we are aware that it is a favorite plan of the speculators by whose influence they were created, to saddle them upon the United States. Every exertion which long experience in the arts of bribery and cajoling the members of legislative bodies, can bring to bear upon Congress, will undoubtedly be employed for that purpose. These debts were created mainly to enhance the value of individual property—either by inflating the paper currency by erecting new banks, or to increase the demand for lands bought on speculation by internal communications. Where the citizens of the States on which these debts are imposed, are willing to support the burden for either of these objects, no pretence can be raised for shifting it upon others. Where they may not be willing to tax themselves and their children to the latest generation, the property which now represents the debt may be turned over to the holders of the stock. Whether citizens or foreigners, they well understood the circumstances under which the debt was created; if they did not choose to ascertain the fact, it was their own fault. They stand upon the same equitable ground as the merchant who improvidently gives credit to an individual speculator. If he is able and willing to pay, it is very well; if not, he must take his chance in the success of the speculation. It will hardly be advisable in the present condition of the country, to add fuel to the flame of speculation. The citizens of the United States would find abundant reason to resist a project for burdening them with a permanent debt of two hundred millions for the purpose of confirming the profligacy and prodigality of a few speculators.

The questions involved in the enermous state of indebtedness in which individuals, corporations, and States have become plunged in consequence of the prevalence of Philadelphia Banking, are too complicated and important to enable us to give them a full consideration here. They deserve deep reflection on the part of every true lover of his country. Ultimate and perfect means of relief is within our power through an unshaken adherence to the standard of value established by the established by the framers of the Constitution, under deeper perplexities and embarrassments, produced not by profligate speculation, but in defence of our liberties.

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ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

No. III.

THE HOSTILE GOVERNORS.

By the author of Lafitte, &c.

Early one brilliant June morning, in the year 1776, the quiet of the peaceful citizens of New Orleans, hitherto living happily under the paternal government of France, was unwontedly disturbed by a rumor spread abroad by certain fishermen, who had just arrived with the produce of their nets in the market-place: it was, that a small Spanish vessel of war was seen by them at sunset the previous evening, close in with the Rijolets, and standing towards the head of Lake Borgne, which penetrates within two leagues of the rear of the town.

Scarcely had the alarmed citizens, that chanced to be gathered in the market-place at that hour in the morning, exchanged their opinions upon the object that could have brought the hostile stranger to their remote province, ere there came a second rumor borne noisily through the half-awakened streets on the ashy lips of a "*petit paysan*," who, mounted without saddle or stirrup upon one of the wild Numidian colts that roam over the prairies of Louisiana, his leather shirt and long black hair streaming in the wind, rode furiously into the public plaza. His story, as he drew up suddenly amid a crowd of anxious listeners, run, that a war-lugger, bearing the flag of Spain, had dropped anchor just at dawn at the end of the lake nighest to the city, and that a boat bearing two horsemen with their horses, all saddled and richly caparisoned, immediately put off from her and approached the land; whereupon, mounting his nag, he had ridden at spur-end to convey the news to the Governor. This startling intelligence spread like wildfire throughout the town, and "The Spaniard! the Spaniard!" was on every lip. The whole population was soon astir, thronging not only the market-place, but the *plaza* before the Governor's palace; and while their ears listened in the direction of the road leading through Faubourg Declouif to the lake, as if momently expecting to hear the approach of the strangers, their eyes were turned frequently towards the balcony before the Governor's window, in anxious waiting for his appearance; the stirring news that had invaded the repose of the city having been communicated to him by an officer of his household. In the meantime many, and various as the fears and hopes of those from whom they proceeded, were the conjectures, buzzed about from one man to another, as to the nature of this mysterious visit on the part of the Spaniard. That it was of a hostile character, the attitude in which France and Spain had for sometime stood to each other, left little room for doubt; yet the small size

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of the vessel, and, consequently the inadequate force she must bring, combined with the disadvantageous position for active hostilities she had taken up, seemed to promise intentions of a more pacific character than the more prudent and timid dared to believe.

The situation of the French province of Louisiana at this period, whether viewed in its civil, political, or social relations, was peculiarly interesting. For many years it had reposed under a benign and almost patriarchal government; and from its remote situation and the simple and pastoral habits of its people, it enjoyed peace and healthy prosperity, while the green bosom of maternal France was torn with feuds and red with the blood of conflicting warriors. At long intervals of time, as chance would direct some solitary vessel to its distant port, rumors reached them of wars declared, of sanguinary battles fought, and of kingdoms that had changed masters: but ere yet the far travelled news came to their ears, the wars had long ceased; the grass had grown over the graves of the slain; and the revolution of empires had become matters of history. Thus it happened, that the long existing hostilities between France and Spain had been amicably ended some months, and, as one of the conditions of the treaty of peace, Louisiana ceded to Spain by the former power, without the knowledge of the native inhabitants of that lovely province: but they were not, however, to be suffered much longer to remain in ignorance of this transfer of their allegiance.

The inhabitants of the city of New Orleans, although sharing the characteristics of burghers, and exhibiting, in a greater or less degree, the peculiar features that men, herded together in a community, ever present, nevertheless in some measure possessed the traits of the simple and quiet character of the *paysans* of the province, who were far removed from the influence of towns, and whose life was altogether pastoral. The Marquis de la Caronde, an old grey-headed warrior, had long governed them with a mildness of sway and judicious exercise of power, that, while it bound them together as one family, won for himself the reverential love of all hearts. Besides the officers of his household, who were few in number, waxed in years, and like their master, well worn in war, and a few substantial citizens, there lived within the limits of the town several noble French families, whose reverse fortunes and other causes had driven into exile. Easily falling into the simple habits, and readily adopting the customs of their unostentatious fellow-citizens, they soon became as unassuming and plain in their manners and mode of life as their good neighbors, and their days glided on in a calm quiet tenor in which they derived more real peace and contentment than they could have found amid the splendor and luxuries they had left behind them. In nearly every instance the heads of these families had died on the scaffold for political offences, or fallen in battle—two alone surviving. These two old nobles, being as far advanced in life as the venerable Marquis, and of rank nearly equal to his own, regularly took an evening pipe with him in the court of his cabilde, and, in times of intestine trouble, volunteered to assist in his councils, when the weighty affairs dis-

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cussed, the grey-headed trio would sit over glasses of ruby Port, and talk lovingly and long of la belle France, discoursing with sparkling eyes and a tear on each cheek, of the glorious by-gone days of Louis XV. These ancient families were seven in number, and in each was a noble youth born to titles, honors, and domains he was never destined to share —their names and those of their fathers having been struck out, ignominiously, from the roll of France. Besides a fair boy to each, and a small income, saved from the wreck of their confiscated estates, nothing remained to the widowed mothers and the two old nobles. These youths were nearly of the same age, of equal rank, and were bound together by ties of friendship so close that the spirits of Damon and Pythias seemed to have animated their souls. They were known every where as "*Les Siete Fréres*," or, The Seven Brothers. The eldest had not reached his twenty-second year, and the youngest had scarcely passed his nineteenth summer. Noble by birth, well formed and handsome in their persons, modest in speech and carriage, and possessing bold and determined spirits, they constituted a gallant band who might be relied on whenever duty or chivalry should call upon them to act. They were the pride of the town and boast of the whole province, maintaining an extraordinary influence over the minds of the provincial youths by their courage and gentle courtesy, and over the hearts of the maidens by their comely persons and chivalrous daring.

The Governor had not yet made his appearance on the balcony, from which he was wont to show himself to the towns-people and address them on occasions of public nature. The anxiety of the multitude was momently threatening to overstep the bounds of civic decorum, when the Governor's guard, which formed the whole regular force of the province, consisting of some three score grey-headed soldiers, issued at a quick step from beneath the arched gateway that led to the inner court of his palace, headed by their stout captain with his sword, which had long rusted in its scabbard, drawn in his hands. At this the confidence of the doubtful among the crowd was restored, and all were assured that proper steps would be taken, either to receive the expected strangers with suitable honors, or meet them at the pike's point, as their present coming should prove of a friendly or hostile character.

Presently there was a cry from some one who had stationed himself far down the road that led towards the lake giving the signal of their approach, and "They come! They come!" run from lip to lip, and the multitude was moved like the deep sea in a mighty wind. The Governor at the same instant stepped forth upon the balcony, clad in his long-disused military costume, his snowy head covered with a well-worn gold laced chapeau, and with his good sword girded to his side. He was a fine specimen of the cavalier of the old school of Louis Quince, tall and dignified, and numbering three score years and ten, which, from the fire in his eye, and the firmness of his carriage, sat upon him with the lightness of youth. His face expressed remarkable decision; but its soldier-like firmness was subdued by the teachings of a gentle temper and benevolent spirit. No

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sooner was he discovered than a shout was raised from the plaza, which he acknowledged by uncovering his head and gracefully waving his chapeau towards the multitude, while the sun shone upon his flowing white hair, giving it the hue and brightness of silver.

"Peace, mes enfans," he said in a tone of dignified yet gentle command; "I am informed that certain strangers have landed in our province under the flag of Spain, and are even now approaching the town. Let them come peaceably, and not a weapon be drawn to oppose or intimidate them. Their mission is peaceful, or they would be better supported than I am told they are. Leave them with me, with whom, doubtless, their business lies, and I will see that my children come to no harm, and that the honor of our country be sacredly maintained. Ha! they are already at hand. Fontney," he added in a lower tone, turning to an officer who stood near him, "see that the groom leads my horse round. I will meet them mounted like themselves."

While he was yet speaking there were seen approaching, at a slow pace along the river-road, two horsemen, who, from the distance formally preserved between them, were plainly of different rank. The foremost one, who seemed also, from his bearing and age, which might be about forty-five, to be of the highest consideration, was dressed in the rich cloth armor worn by Spanish cavaliers of the time, blazing with gold and polished steel; his head was covered with a light casque of glittering steel, and a short cloak of crimson velvet fell with graceful negligence from his left shoulder. The saddle and housings of his horse, which touched the earth with dainty steps, as if spurning the ground and would tread the air, were equally costly with the apparel of the rider, his whole body, save alone his arched neck, being covered with a fly net of silver threads, through which appeared the raven hue of his glossy hide, shining like floss. His attendant wore a curiously fashioned suit of green and scarlet, with the shield of Spain emblazoned on his breast, while the crest of the same royal arms were embroidered on the cuffs of his surcoat. In his left hand he bore a spear, about which was rolled a gorgeous banner. As he came nearer it was seen, that besides a sword suspended at his belt, there hung at his saddle-bow a silver trumpet chased with numerous royal devices, and that the housings of his saddle also bore, worked elaborately in silver, the same regal insignia.

But what more especially fixed the attention of the observing townsmen, and created no slight degree of sensation in their bosoms, was a body-guard of twelve halberdiers of gigantic stature, armed to the teeth, and carrying shining battle-axes in their hands, marching a few paces in the rear of the two horsemen. In the meanwhile, the venerable Marquis had mounted his horse in the entrance of the *porte du cocher*, and sallying out into the square, no sooner discovered this formidable escort of the cavaliers, than he commanded the captain of the guard to form his men into a line in front of the palace, and hold himself in preparation if it should become necessary, to give them a hostile reception: then riding a little way in advance of his brave old guard, he stopped, facing

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the strangers; and, surrounded by his officers and the gentlemen of his household, and a thousand hearts that were beating with anxious expectancy, he awaited their approach.

When the Spaniards reached the termination of the road on the verge of the square they came to a halt, and the foremost, after communicating a few words with the horseman in his rear, unfolded a small white flag and rode forward, looking about him with careless ease as he pranced along into the thronged plaza, the crowd, as he advanced, giving way to either hand, leaving a broad path open up to the very presence of the Governor. When within five yards of the Marquis, he reined his blooded horse in so shortly, though he scarce seemed to press the reins, that the animal reared with his fore feet high in the air, and threatened for an instant to fall backward upon his rider; but while poised with this dangerous inclination to the rearward, the rider, with a sharp blow of his spurred heel, compelled him to leap fearfully forward; then with an almost imperceptible touch of the snaffle, and a single word, he caused the spirited creature to stand as still as if he had been suddenly converted into stone. After this brief passage of horsemanship, he waved his snowy pennon above his head, and the other horseman galloped across the square and took up his position in his rear; then, at a sign from the cavalier, he disengaged his trumpet from his saddle-bow, and blew upon it three loud blasts, such as a conqueror gives when he demands the surrender of a beleaguered city. The Spanish cavalier then rose in his stirrups, and proclaimed in a loud voice,

"I, Garcia Ramarez, Count of Osma, in the name, and by command of His Most Catholic Majesty, Carlos the Second, King of Spain, do herewith demand of Eugene Chartres, Marquis de la Caronde, late Governor under France, of this province of Louisiana, that he forthwith surrender the government hereof to the crown of Spain, and into my hands, as the representative of said power; the demand and surrender being in accordance with the late peace made between Spain and France, and the terms and conditions of the treaty."

As he ceased, the pursuivant—such his office showed him to be—blew three blasts still louder than the first on his trumpet, and, at a signal from the Count of Ramarez, unfolded from the spear a silken flag, on which were represented, in the richest tints, the gorgeous arms of Spain, and elevating it, he flung its broad folds wide to the morning breeze, while a murmur of indignation and surprise, like the sound of an awakened tempest, rolled sullenly across the plaza, while the Marquis de la Caronde pressed his sword-belt with a firmer grasp; but age had tempered the fire of his blood, and, without betraying further emotion, he calmly waited the issue. Without heeding these palpable manifestations of resentment, the Spaniard extended his hand towards the flag, and cried:

"Behold the insignia of Spain and the emblem of possession. Hear ye, all men! I, Garcia Ramarez, in the name of His Most Catholic Majesty, do now take possession of this province of Louisiana for the crown of Spain. God and Don Carlos!"

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No sooner had the last words passed the lips of the haughty Spaniard, than the indignant Governor, his brow crimsoned with shame and insult, and his eye flashing with the fires of stern resentment, replied in a voice that rung defiance—

"Sir Spaniard, thou hast hardly weighed the odds, that you come to insult France in my person. Of treaty, nor of the ceding of provinces, have I heard until now; and Eugene Chartres must have higher and less questionable authority than thine, Count of Osma, ere he gives to Spain what he hath sworn to keep for France. Depart, sir, with this answer.

"Heed thy speech, senor Marquis, lest they become darts to pierce thine own bosom," said the Spaniard, his brow darkening; "that peace hath been ratified between Spain and France is true, on my honor as a Castilian knight and gentleman. Did you speak, senor?"

"I did merely ask my friend, the Baron Roche, by my side, if it were not the Count of Ramarez who slew his own brother, and kept an uncle shut up in his strong tower of Osma, until death took pity on him and gave him freedom. I did but ask this, and no more, sir Spaniard," replied the Marquis, with the cool, cutting irony of tone and manner that, it would seem, none knew better how to employ.

"Humph! And what said your friend in reply?" asked the immoveable Spaniard.

"That I was right; the name of the 'Castilian knight and gentleman' being Garcia Ramarez."

"What bearing has this upon the present, senor Marquis?" demanded Ramarez haughtily, and biting his lip to conceal the effect of the noble Frenchman's words.

"No more than, if the honor of a 'Castilian knight and gentleman,' which you have pledged to us in attestation of your veracity, be of no better metal than the honor of the only one I have the honor to know," added the Governor, bowing low to the Count of Osma, "why we had as well have your naked word; for though it may be a good round lie, it will come coupled with no perjury."

The Count of Ramarez turned pale. The words of the Marquis had poisoned his heart, and his soul grew dark with revenge. After a moment's silence, during which he succeeded in keeping down and shutting within his bosom all signs of emotion, he drew a pacquet from his breast, and tossed it on the ground at the feet of the Governor's horse, and said in an even voice—

"There lie papers that will confirm what I have said; though think not," he added proudly, "that a Ramarez would produce written vouchers for his spoken word."

"Thy parchments hold as little weight with me as thy speech," said the Governor, reining back as if he would terminate the controversy; "until I receive from my own good king the command to surrender this province to the Spanish king, I shall hold it until the last drop of blood in my veins sinks into its sands."

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'You forget, senor Marquis, that the dungeons of the Moro lie between thy paltry province and the court of Versailles," said the Castilian with a menace, in the quiet tone of voice in which he uttered the warning.

"They are not so deep as the dungeons of Osma, Count," retorted the Governor, with a smile that awakened the revengeful spirit of his antagonist; and with eyes burning like those of a tiger in his lair, and lips compressed with concentrated rage, he levelled his sword and drove his spurs deep into the sides of his horse, to bound forward within reach of the veteran Marquis. The animal had scarce moved a muscle to obey his fierce will, when the bridle was caught close to the bit by a strong hand, and the horse thrust back upon his haunches with such sudden force, that the rider rolled from the saddle to the earth: the next instant a foot was pressed firmly on his breast, and the point of his own sword was at his throat.

"Hold, Renault!" cried the Governor to the person whose skill and address had doubtless saved his life, so unexpected to him was the Spaniard's abortive attack. "Let him rise up! In God's name, we want no crossing blades with them if they will go in peace."

The person addressed was a young man of extraordinary personal beauty, seemingly perfect in face and figure, as symmetrical in limb as a young Apollo, while neither Greek nor Circassian ever presented to the sculptor's chisel a finer head or nobler profile. His eye was jet black, and his hair vied with the plumage of the raven's wing in its jetty hue. His complexion was dark, very dark, yet through the brown of his manly cheek the red blood was seen as if through a shadow, and richer far for the softness it lent to it. At the command of the Governor, he stepped back from the humbled Spaniard; and taking up a slender pike, such as was used by the forest cuirassiers, or hunters of the prairies, which he had dropped on seizing the horse, he disappeared amid the crowd. The Count of Osma rose slowly from the earth, and casting about him a glance of defiance, remounted his steed, and was preparing to turn him from the spot, when his eye lighted on a flag-staff near him in front of the quarters of the Governor, at the lofty summit of which floated the snow-white ensign of France. He instantly changed his intention, and turning towards the point where he had left his halberdiers, he made a signal with his glove, when they advanced at a round pace and formed immediately in his rear, presenting a formidable front to any opponents. They were men of huge stature, and formed both for strength and activity. Besides their halberds or steel battle-axes, each had slung across his back a short harquebuss, and wore at his side a ponderous sword, sheathed in a massive iron scabbard. Breast-plates of untanned hide covered their huge chests; on their shoulders and the upper part of their arms they wore iron pieces, and scull-caps woven close with wire, so as to be at the same time both light in weight and capable of resisting a heavy stroke from any weapon, protected their heads. Their looks were as stern as their garniture was warlike, while

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mustachoes and long, heavy beards gave to their visages a still more formidable appearance. It was plain that they had been drawn for the present occasion, and were a sort of gentlemen not to be lightly roused.

The public square in which the meeting between the rival Governors of France and Spain took place was near the centre of the city, and on one side bounded by the river, and on the answering one by the cathedral and Governor's palace; while the two remaining sides, facing north and south, were enclosed by Morisco-looking mansions, with deep, narrow windows defended with iron bars, vast portals opening into inner courts, light verandahs, and flat roofs, adorned with urns and fantastic battlements, every available place upon which was thronged with interested spectators of the scene in the plaza beneath. Near the centre of this square, a little to the left, towered the flag-staff, on which floated, like a white cloud, the spotless banner of France.

The Spaniard waited until his men had reached him, when with a single bound of his horse he placed himself at the foot of the staff, and at a single stroke of his sword severed the cord that kept the flag in its elevated place, so that, fluttering and wildly floating in the air, it descended like a stricken swan to the ground. Ere it reached the earth it was caught by the herald, and placed beneath him across his saddle; and before several young townsmen could spring forward to snatch it from its ignominious situation, he, by a bold leap of his horse, placed the halberdiers between himself and their vengeance, and gained the foot of the staff beside the knight.

"Ha, Caravello! you are at hand just as you are wanted. Give me the Spanish flag! Halberds, form close around me, and cleave to the chine whoever dares attempt to break your front. Now for Don Carlos and Spain!" he shouted with triumph, and with coolness and rapidity began to attach the colors to the cord, the halberdiers at the same time presenting, with their glittering battle-axes, a bristling crescent on the side of the Governor and his guards; and before these could recover from their surprise at this manœuvre, or divine his intentions, the bold Castilian had firmly fastened the flag to the dissevered cord, and they beheld rising swiftly into the air, towards the top of the staff, the gay ensign of Spain.

"God and St. Denis! he has done it in our faces! Charge them, my brave guards!" cried the Marquis, brandishing his sword, and riding against the firm phalanx of halberdiers; while his guards, with loud cries, pressed forward to the rescue of their dishonored flag, and to avenge the insult it had received. Their advance, however, was suddenly checked by a universal shout of triumph; and reining up within five feet of the immoveable halberdiers, the Governor, following the direction of all eyes, cast his glance upward and beheld the Spanish ensign, ere yet it had reached the summit of the pole, floating loose through the air, and a light cuirassier's spear still vibrating in the mast.

"Renault, the Quadroon! Bravo! vive Renault!" was heard from a hundred tongues, while the surprised Spaniard into whose hands the

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severed cord had fallen, following the general gaze, watched eagerly the course of the light silken banner, as, flashing in the morning sun and gorgeous as a rainbow, it floated off on the gentle winds; while the stern halberdiers, and the guard arresting themselves in full career, and alike forgetful of their hostile attitude, turned, with the whole multitude, their eyes upward to this interesting object. Now whirling round and round in wild gyrations—now sailing outspread on the bosom of the wind—now rustling its folds together as the breeze turned it in its flight, the beautiful thing hung long suspended above the square. At one moment it would sweep along low over the heads of the people, and then, mocking their grasp, rise rapidly again, in its ascent flying almost within reach of the hand of some fair lady on her balcony. The Spaniard watched its erratic motions with an earnest and anxious gaze, aware of the ignominious destiny that awaited it, should it fall among the hostile crowd; and once, as it swept past near his head, he vainly attempted to secure it with his sword, but only piercing it, it escaped him amid the derisive laugh of the multitude. On his part the noble old Governor enjoyed, with the keenest satisfaction, the defeat of the Spaniard's object, and watched with the eagerness of a delighted child its sportive circles through the air.

Standing on the battlement of one of the dwellings on the south side of the square, was a very young girl of exceeding beauty; but from the deep brown of her cheek, and her flashing dark eyes, she was a quadroon. Twice the winds had wafted their silken plaything almost within her reach, and now swept it a third time close above her head, and bore it past her in the direction of a square tower that rose from the midst of the roof. Every eye watched it with breathless eagerness; it touched the tower—fluttered an instant, and then a shout mingled with execrations of the Spaniards announced that it had become entangled on a projecting point of the stone. Instantly several young men were seen scaling the front of the dwelling, aided by the light columns of the verandah and the iron bars of the barricaded windows.

"Les fréres! vive les fréres!" was heard on every tongue, and all eyes were turned towards the daring young men, seven in number, who appeared on all parts of the front of the edifice in their ambitious and reckless ascent. While they were ascending, the young quadroon girl, by an inner stair-case, had flown to the top of the tower, and boldly stepping on the verge, reached down, and with great peril extricated the ensign; then waving once in triumph, she placed it beneath her symmetrical little feet, and indignantly trampled upon it.

"Vive, Lizza! vive! bravissimo!" rose tumultuously from the crowd below, and at the same instant the young men gained the battlement. One or two of them were also preparing to surmount the tower, when she cried with lofty energy that, either from the manner in which she spoke, or from the extreme beauty of the speaker, singularly enforced their attention.

"Stop, Messieurs! The flag is mine, and shall be given only to the

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defenders of our fair province. Swear that you will hold Louisiana free of Spain and all other power save God and France, and it shall be yours!"

Her voice rung with the rich clearness of a clarion, and her words were distinctly heard by those who stood on the opposite side of the plaza.

There was a smile of surprise on the faces of the young nobles as she ceased, but the lovely Lizza was a favorite with all; and with the native gallantry of their chivalrous land, now seconded both by patriotism and beauty, they with one mind felt disposed to give solemnity and importance to what they at first viewed with levity, and elevated and serious they answered—

"*We swear!*"

And laying their right hands one upon the other, they solemnly bowed their heads upon them; and then laying them upon their hearts, they looked up to Heaven in attestation of their truth.

"Then receive, each of ye noble youths, these badges in remembrance of your oath."

As she spoke she rent the flag into eight scarfs, and casting one across her own bosom, threw the rest from the tower at the feet of the seven young men. A loud murmur of applause filled the air at this action, and the youths, taking up the brilliant scarfs, bound them across their breasts. At this instant the report of some fire-arm was heard from the square, and the quadroon, with a thrilling shriek, fell headlong from the tower. Every eye was turned upon the Spaniard, who with a look of malicious triumph, was in the act of returning to a halberdier a blunderbuss which he had discharged at the ill-fated girl, as relieved against the sky she presented a prominent mark to his deadly aim, and a suitable victim to his vengeance.

"Do them to the death!" cried the Governor; "close in upon the demons—drink the blood of the Spanish hounds!"

"Be firm and close about me, halberds! Present them your fronts and retreat slowly," ordered the Spaniard coolly, as if most at home when dangers thickened about him. "Meet their charge with your battle-axes, but let not a man leave his place to follow up a blow. Keep firm and steady, and we will yet leave far behind us this pack of French wolves."

Led on by the Marquis, the French guard rushed forward with fierce cries, and while the old warrior sought to reach the Spanish chief, his men became furiously engaged, hand to hand, and helm to helm, with the slowly retreating halberdiers, who kept firm in line, defending themselves with ponderous blows of their battle-axes. For a few moments the melee was terrific. The roar of the heavy muskets of the guard, the sharp ring of pistols, the clashing of swords, and the dull sound of the strokes of the battle-axes, as they sunk into breast or skull, were for a few seconds unceasing. The Marquis having made several ineffectual attempts to break through the halberdiers, at length, by making a detour

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round their flank, succeeded in gaining their rear where the Count of Ramarez, his herald by his side, was slowly retreating step by step, with his men, coolly giving his orders, and enjoining them to keep shoulder to shoulder, and steadily fall back upon him; while, at times, seeing them hard pressed, he would make a fierce charge upon the guards, and dispersing them, resume his station, and retreat in the same regular order as before.

"Now shalt thou die the death, Count of Osma?" shouted the old warrior as he found the path open between himself and the Spaniard, and throwing, as he spoke, his body far forward on the horse, which he spurred to the encounter, he made a desperate lunge at his foe; but his sword met the resistance of a shirt of mail worn beneath his splendid apparel, and broke short to the hilt. The force of the blow, nevertheless, nearly unhorsed the Count, who speedily recovering his seat, dealt in return so well-aimed a stroke upon the head of his antagonist, that he was stunned, and would have fallen from his saddle but for the support of his stirrup; his terrified horse, at the same time, swerved wildly from one side, and when he recovered from the shock, which he did in a few seconds, he found himself separated from his foe by the halberdiers.

At length, after defending themselves desperately against such odds, fighting and winning every inch of ground with their faces towards their enemies, the halberdiers, aided by the skill and coolness of their chief, succeeded with the loss of two of their number, in extricating themselves from the square, and reaching the entrance to the Borgne road. Here the Marquis, who had lost some of his best men—many citizens also having fallen in the fray—finding nothing would be gained by pursuit, recalled his guard and permitted them to continue their retreat, the herald still bearing off the flag, without further molestation. Not so the seven brothers, who, after bearing the body of the slain maiden to the rooms below, now made their appearance on the square. Separating and moving swiftly from group to group they whispered a few words to each young man they met, who, one after the other, silently withdrew and dropped from the throng.

Weary, wounded, and sore with revenge, the Spaniards made a rapid march on their return towards the lake, which at length, through an opening in the trees, gladdened their sight with their little vessel at anchor upon its placid breast. They hailed the broad expanse of water with a shout of joy, and with renewed vigor marched towards the glittering beach. With light steps and cheerful spirits they traversed the sandy shore to their boat, which lay in wait for them, devoutly with their leaders stern and hardy as they were, blessing the saints for the dangers they had escaped, and full of confidence in their present security. But they were yet a mile distant from their barge, when a sound like the tramping of numerous horses fell upon their ears from the direction they had come, and looking round with apprehension, they beheld to their dismay a body of fifty horses, armed with sabres and cuirassier pikes, emerging from the wood, and approaching them at full speed. They

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could discern that they were led on by seven young men who wore silken scarfs of yellow and crimson streaming behind them.

"Fly for your lives, my brave halberds!" shouted the Count of Osma, after watching for a few seconds their swift coming "To the boats! to the boats! We are in no condition to withstand their mad charge."

With this rapid and energetic order he put spurs to his horse, and urging and encouraging his men forward, he fled towards the barge. But finding the pursuers gained each moment on them, the Count bade his men do their best if it came to blows, and leaving them to their fate, accompanied by his herald, galloped onwards at the top of his horse's speed. But all in vain was the flight of those who were not mounted. Like a whirlwind the troop came sweeping along the beach, and ere the halberdiers could turn to show resistance, they were borne to the ground by the mere weight of numbers, and trampled in the earth by a hundred iron-shod hoofs, while their blood dyed the silvery sands from many a ghastly wound. The work of death was but of an instants' duration; armor was no defence to them—strength and courage of no avail. They fell as if a simoon of the desert had swept over them.

Scarcely without pause the conquering troop galloped onward to the lake side, in hot pursuit of the two horsemen who were flying as if borne forward on the wings of the wind. The foremost of the pursuers, a dark handsome youth, without a scarf, and armed only with a little spear, who seemed to be one of the band that had gained the lead by the superior speed of his horse, at length came near the herald and shouted to him to rein up. But the fugitive, with the white ensign of France wound about his body, continued to urge his steed forward without heeding the call or looking behind.

"I will soon stop thy flight, gay bird!" said the youth in a half-tone; and rising in his stirrups, he threw himself far back to give force and energy to the blow, and launched his light spear with such unerring eye that it entered his body through the folds of the flag, and passed out a third of its length on the farther side.

"The honor of France is redeemed," he cried, coming up with two or three tremendous leaps along side of the herald's steed, and seizing, while the two horses were still flying like eagles along the sands, the tottering body, and tearing the crimsoned banner from it ere he hurled it, still warm with life, to the ground.

"Vive, Renault!" said one of the Freres, coming up with him, "this day hast thou saved the honor of our belle province. Thy hand, Renault! The drop of Moorish blood in thy veins shall not come between thee and my love. Let us be friends, brave Renault."

The youth grasped the hand, extended to receive his, in eloquent silence.

The young noble, then fastening the flag to his sword, elevated it above his head, and after waving it in triumph, continued the pursuit of the Spanish leader. Intimidated by the slaughter of his men, and witnessing the fall of his attendant, he gored his horse to madness, reached his barge,

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and, reckless of all save his own safety, leaped, mounted as he was, into the midst of his men; while his voice, commanding them with oaths and menaces to put off from the land, could be heard above the thunder of the hoofs of the pursuing horse. They needed no urging; and while the horsemen were yet a hundred yards from the waters edge, the boat was full as far from the land, and its occupant safe from their vengeance. After seeing him embark and the vessel make sail and stand down the lake, the party of horse, composed of the young townsmen, both creole* and quadroons, hastily raised by the seven young nobles, returned in triumph to the city.

For three years afterwards, the city of New Orleans and territory of Louisiana continued to hold out against the Spanish claim. But at length, by the command of France, which hitherto had been too much occupied with affairs at home to ratify the treaty by a formal conveyance to Spain of the ceded territory, the city of New Orleans and province of Louisiana reluctantly prepared to surrender to a Spanish force, and transferred their allegiance to a Governor appointed by Spain.

THE MUSICIAN'S LAST HOUR.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The good old man lay dying. Soft and cool
Played the light summer breeze among the leaves
Of a deep-foliaged tree, that cast its shade
Into the the window of his quiet room:
It made a rustling whisper, like the hush
Of a fond mother o'er her sleeping babe;
And all was still! yet many friends were there,
Who oft had hung, enchanted, on the sounds
Flowing from those pale lips, springing like thought
Beneath the touch of those thin, stirless fingers.
He slept—how calm! and, oh, methinks he dreamed!
He dreamed of starry music—of the spheres
Making rich harmony—of seraph harps
Thrilling and trembling to the heavenly plumes
That fann'd their golden wires. He heard the song
Of Cherubim, symphonies, faint and low;
For soft he smiled, and seemed intent to hear—
He heard the choir of angels, loud and full,
Pouring a flood of music; for he stirred
With restless fervor, and his eyelids rose.
'Twas but the breeze, disquieting his slumber—

* In Louisiana "CREOLE" signifies nothing more than *native*.

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Throwing the branches of the leafy tree
Against the lattice—freshening, as the ray
Of sunset deepened. Its first, low-sounding tones
Had mingled with his fancy, and he dreamed
Of gentle cadence; when it louder swell'd,
He heard the angel-chorus and awoke!
Turning his feeble gaze upon the forms
That stood around, subdued to breathless awe,
He seem'd to seek for some dear countenance.
Th' inquiring look was answered; for a girl,
As lovely as the seraph of his dream,
With voice as charming, to his pillow leaned,
And sobbed—"What wilt thou with me, oh my father?"
"I'm dying, Ella, dying! play an air
Upon thy harp: it cords I would hear thrill
With the deep music, which I taught and loved—
And still love next to thee, mine own, and Heaven!"
The maiden went, and with a faltering step,
Approached her harp. She lightly touched the strings
Prelusive to some strain, as sad and solemn
As the lone swan's last-warbled requiem song.
Sudden the old man rose. His dim eye lightened;
His hands he threw, as if in rapid haste
Across the chords and hastly spoke, "Not so!
Not so! my daughter—not one mournful tone,
For I would triumph over Death, and soar
Victorious, as a Conqueror, to my throne!
Play me a MARTIAL AIR!"

The maiden paused
A moment only; for strange courage flashed
O'er her bright brow; and Inspiration, caught
From her great father's spirit, gave her power
To sweep the cords with firm and brilliant hand.
She played a Triumph, such as Miriam sang
When Israel's rescued armies passed the sea!
The sunset's latest beam streamed proudly in
Upon the old man's couch. His visage shone,
As if the portals of the sky were thrown
Apart before his way. The harp still flung
Majestic music on his raptured ear;
And, with the utterance of a mighty strain,
He fell upon his pillow—and was calm!
His soul had floated on that wave of sound
To Heaven!

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THE PROJECTED SHIP CANAL TO CONNECT THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.

No. II.

In our last number, we made our readers acquainted with the past history of this subject, as necessarily preparatory to the consideration of the questions which must immediately present themselves, on the mere suggestion of so grand and glorious a project. Is it physically practicable?—and, By what means, and in what manner, can it best be carried into effect?

All will agree that if not absolutely forbidden by a higher than any human power—if not manifestly decreed impossible by the fiat of that creative will which has spread out the oceans and the continents, and has reared high towards the heavens the rocky barriers of the eternal hills—that then it ought to be accomplished, and must be accomplished, even though it should prove an undertaking to task the combined energies of all the commercial and civilized nations of the globe. All will agree, too, that it should never be abandoned until its utter impracticability shall have been decisively demonstrated by the most thorough topographical investigation of every proposed route that may seem to exhibit the slightest probability of success.

Now this at least is certain, that if its practicability has never yet been demonstrated, on the other hand its impossibility has never been shewn; and the object designed in the preceding historical sketch has been it is presumed, sufficiently attained, of shewing, that neither from the several centuries that it has remained a mere visionary speculation in men's minds, nor from the failure of the several abortive efforts that have been started to carry it into execution, can any just inference be derived fatal even to its probable practicability.

There exists, on the contrary, much evidence to encourage a rational presumption of its practicability by either of the two routes between which, as before stated, the question must lie,—and with comparative facility and moderate cost, in view of the immense benefits to be derived, with immediate certainty, from it,—and of the vast national interest involved in it.

1. *The Northern or Nicaragua Route.*—By this route, as has been before remarked, a water communication already exists between the two oceans, with the exception of the narrow space between the west side of Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific, sometimes called the Isthmus of Nicaragua. The lake itself is a large body of water, of an irregular oblong or oval shape, extending lengthwise north-west and south-east, cor-

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responding with the direction of the Pacific coast, from which, as has been before remarked, the distance at the narrowest part does not exceed seventeen miles. Its circumference is between four and five hundred miles. At its northern extremity, it communicates, by a small connecting stream, with a smaller lake, named Lake Leon, about a hundred and fifty miles in circumference. It (Lake Nicaragua) has its outlet at its south-western side by the river San Juan, a considerable stream, which empties into the Atlantic at the harbor of San Juan, after a winding course, in a broad channel, of about a hundred miles; though the distance in a straight line from its mouth to the lake does not exceed sixty miles. Thence across to the western side of the lake, at the narrowest part of the Isthmus of Nicaragua, the distance is about fifty miles. The depth of water in the lake is said to vary from three to eight fathoms. It has been freely navigated by vessels of considerable size, such as large armed brigs, schooners, &c. With respect to the navigation of the river San Juan, there is some diversity in the testimony. Mr. William D. Robinson, in his "Mémoirs of the Mexican Revolution: including a narrative of the expedition of General Xavier Mina, with some observations on the practicability of opening a commerce between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, through the Mexican Isthmus in the Province of Oaxaca and at the Lake of Nicaragua, &c." —published at Philadelphia, 1820—thus speaks of it:

"In looking over the excellent maps of Melish and Doctor Robinson, recently published, we perceive that the river called San Juan discharges its waters into the Atlantic ocean, in the province of Costa Rica about the latitude of 10° 45′ north. This noble river has its source in the Lake of Nicaragua. The bar at its mouth has been generally stated as not having more than twelve feet water on it. About sixteen years ago, an enterprising Englishman, who casually visited the river, examined the different passages over the bar, and discovered one which, although narrow, would admit a vessel drawing twenty-five feet. It is said that some of the traders to that coast from Honduras are likewise acquainted with the passage just mentioned, but it has never been laid down on any map; and if the Spanish Government had been informed of it, they would, conformably to their usual policy, have studiously concealed it. After the bar of the San Juan is crossed, there is excellent and safe anchorage in four and six fathoms of water. It is stated that there are no obstructions to the navigation of the river but what may be easily removed; and, at present, large brigs and schooners sail up the river into the lake. This important fact has been communicated to us by several traders."

In Thompson's Guatemala, it is stated:

"That the San Juan is navigable from the port to the interior of the lake for craft drawing three or four feet water, at all times in the year, there can be no reason to doubt. It also appears clear that it can be ascended in two or three days more than is occupied in descending it. For thirty or thirty-five leagues up, it is navigable for vessels drawing from ten to twelve feet water.

A gentleman from Guatemala, the Marquis de Ycineni, in a letter dated May 8, 1836, quoted in the Report of the committee, says that:

"The river San Juan issues from the lake, and empties into the Atlantic, and is navigable for canoes and for steamboats of light draught of water; but, with little expense and labor, the obstacles which now prevent the ascent of large steam-vessels could be overcome."

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Mr. C. Bolton, who visited the country in 1825, with a view to these investigations, in a reply to a letter of inquiry from the chairman of the Committee, states, that:

"The river St. John, emptying into the Atlantic, is the only outlet of the lake Nicaragua; it is generally a pretty rapid stream; has many sand-banks, and one or more ledges of rocks, so that a boat drawing eighteen inches is obliged to be discharged in the time of low water, where, in time of high water, from four to six feet may be carried."

These impediments in the navigation of the San Juan, it is stated by Mr. de Cañaz, on the authority of some official estimates, could be removed at very moderate expense.

On the other hand, Col. Biddle, in his Report to the Secretary of State, thus gives us the result of the surveys and explorations instituted by Bolivar, in 1828 and '29—though the authority of a *Colombian* decision against the *Guatemalian* route may well be regarded as very questionable;—besides that, the fact is that Bolivar's engineers, Messrs. Lloyd and Falmarck, did not make any exploration beyond the boundaries of the Colombian territory:

"The river San Juan and the lake of Nicaragua were deemed ineligible on account of the shallowness of the water, the numerous obstructions in the river, the violent hurricanes on the lakes, the unhealthiness of the climate, and the great distance between the two oceans—it being more than treble that of the route by the river Chagres."

The question of the navigability of the river San Juan is of little consequence in connection with the project of a *ship canal*, except as an evidence of the volume of water which it could furnish as a feeder to the canal to be carried along its banks. Next in importance, however, to the grander enterprise which would open a communication between the two oceans for the commerce of the world, without the process of the transhipment of cargoes, is that of a steamboat communication; the practicability of which, at small cost, would seem to be placed beyond much doubt by the preceding testimony, so far as it is entitled to confidence.

With respect to the country intervening between the Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific, it is generally known that the great chain of mountains which runs through the two continents, at this portion of its course, in Guatemala, almost entirely disappears. Some of the accounts represent the country between the lake and the Pacific as almost a dead level, broken by but a few isolated conical hills; which, for a portion of its extent, from the gentle smoothness of its ascent, it undoubtedly appears to be; though a ridge of moderate elevation, and presenting no very formidable obstacle to a canal, certainly does appear at the distance of about six or eight miles from the lake. In Thompson's Guatemala is quoted a table of levels taken from the ocean to the lake, at the average distance of one hundred yards each, under the direction of the Spanish authorities. From this table a profile of the route has been furnished

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to the Committee by the Topographical Bureau at Washington, and published as a map in the Appendix to their Report. This exhibits, at a glance, the depth of the cut required to carry the proposed canal from the lake to the ocean. The sole difficulty lies within the eight miles next to the former; for about six miles of which, the elevation of the earth exceeds the surface of the lake upwards of sixty feet; and for two miles of the six, it averages about one hundred and thirty-five feet; and for about one-third of a mile, it reaches one hundred and fifty feet, but never exceeds that height. For the remainder of the distance to the ocean, the ground descends gradually, being, as is remarked in the Report of the Committee, "as favorable for a canal as could be desired." The height of the level of the lake above that of the ocean is about one hundred and forty feet. The level of the lake being assumed as the summit level of the canal, in computing the amount of excavations to be made through that portion of the intervening ridge which rises above that level, there is to be added to the elevations above mentioned an excavation of the depth of the canal itself, which is assumed at about twenty-six feet, or the draught of a large frigate. With respect to the nature of the ground through which these excavations are to be made, the only testimony we find is that of Mr. Bolton, alluded to above, who says that it is founded upon "a species of rock very easy to work; probably it may be worked by a pick-axe, offering perfect solidity to the banks of a canal through the isthmus."

Assuming these excavations for the passage of the canal, there can be no doubt that the lake will furnish an ample supply of water as a feeder. Or perhaps the necessity of them may be to a considerable extent obviated by the use of locks to cross the ridge, which might be fed from the Lake Leon, the level of which is known to be much higher than that of Lake Nicaragua—the short stream that connects the two having a very rapid descent, almost a fall, estimated at upwards of thirty feet. In fact, for the sake of the advantage to be derived from the higher level of Lake Leon, it has been proposed, instead of carrying the cut from Lake Nicaragua direct to the Pacific, at the point of the shortest distance, to carry it considerably farther northward, in a diagonal line from the north-western extremity of the lake to the sea, to the excellent port of Realejo, a little to the north-west of Lake Leon.

There is still another route from Lake Nicaragua to the Pacific, which was in the contemplation of the Holland Company when treating with Guatemala for the privilege of making a canal through its territory, viz: from the southwestern side of Lake Nicaragua to the bay and port of *Nicoya* on the Pacific, about twenty-five or thirty miles. Of this route less is known by actual explorations than of the other two.

As for the eastern portion or main body of the canal, from the lake to the Atlantic, it would certainly seem that no other great difficulty can exist in the way of its construction than the distance, already stated as about sixty miles. For what distance from its mouth the bed of the

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river might afford a sufficient depth of water to serve as a portion of it, does not appear. No actual exploration appears to have been made along its banks; but there can be no doubt that where the natural river can make its way the canal can be carried. The elevation of the surface of the lake above that of the Pacific has been shown to be about a hundred and forty feet. Even, therefore, if we concede the probably unfounded popular opinion that the surface of the Atlantic, at the Isthmus, is higher than that of the Pacific, (estimated by Capt. Cook at not less than twenty feet,) the elevation of the vast volume of water of the lake would still constitute it an inexhaustible feeder for a canal of any dimensions, in addition to the contiguous supply to be derived from the river—a supply certainly very large, and probably alone sufficient.

There remains to be regarded but the question of harbours and anchorage afforded at the two extremities of the proposed canal. Of that on the Atlantic, the port of San Juan, Mr. de Cañaz says:

"The port of San Juan, on the Atlantic, is very open, its anchoring ground capacious, and its climate so very wholesome, that the troops of the garrison stationed at Fuerte de San Carlos, as a corps of observation, have constantly been in the habit of petitioning to be put on that service, in order to recover their health: they are, perhaps, the most healthy in all America."

The proposed *débouche* of the canal on the Pacific side, at the point of the narrowest distance from the lake to the ocean, is at a harbor called the port of San Juan de Brito, or San Juan of the South, on the gulf of Papagayo, which is also described by Mr. de Cañaz as an open and good anchorage port, and by Mr. Robinson, as "free from rocks and shoals," and as having a "shore so bold that a frigate may anchor within a few yards of the beach." While of the port of Realejo, before alluded to as one of those in contemplation on the Pacific side, Mr. de Cañaz says, that "a thousand line-of-battle ships can conveniently and safely ride at anchor in the said port of Realejo."

A great variety of the most valuable timbers overspread the country, together with rich mines of gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, zinc, and quicksilver. It is described as the garden of the world, teeming with the richest and most varied vegetation, and abounding with game and fish, so as to make the comfortable sustenance of human life as cheap and easy as can be possible in any section of the globe. The population is about two millions, almost without any intermixture of the negro race, and labor exceedingly cheap; and there is no doubt that the government of Central America, which is unembarrassed by any heavy foreign debt, would strain every nerve, and bring the whole energies o the people, to coöperate with the execution of the enterprise for which all the physical circumstances of the country appear to offer such signal advantages.

2. *The Southern or Panama Route.*—This route has certainly, over that which has just been described, the obvious and immense advantage of a greatly diminished distance to be overcome. The shortes distance across, from sea to sea, in a straight line, is about twenty-eight miles, ac-

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cording to Humboldt, though the course of a canal would be considerably longer. The most suitable point on the Atlantic side to be selected for that purpose, is unquestionably, from its great advantage as a harbor, the Bay of Limon, or "Navy Bay," a little to the eastward of the mouth of the river Chagres, emptying into the bay of the same name. On the Pacific side the choice will lie between the Bay of Panama and the Bay of Chorrera. The distance in a straight line across from Panama to the mouth of the Chagres is about forty miles, the Isthmus beginning here to widen. It is remarkable that there occurs here, according to Lloyd's Report to the Royal Society in 1831,* a subsidence of the chain of the northern Cordillera of the Andes, similar to that before spoken of as observable in the province of Nicaragua—as if designed by nature as a hint and stimulus to men to select one of these points to complete, by art and labor, the work left undone by herself, of connecting the two adjacent oceans by a ship communication. The Chagres is a considerable river, navigable for vessels drawing five or six feet water about forty-three miles from its mouth, to the small town of Cruces. At about twelve or fourteen miles from its mouth it receives a large tributary called the Trinidad; and in fact it may be considered doubtful which of the two is entitled to the designation of the main stream.† To its junction with the Trinidad it is proposed to use the river as part of the projected ship communication, it being fully adequate for the purpose. From that point two diverging routes are proposed, the one to the Rio Grande, which empties, with a broad mouth or estuary, into the Bay of Panama, and the other to the Bay of Chorrera—both of about the same length, namely, twenty-eight or thirty miles. On the Atlantic side a short cut is proposed, of two or three miles, from the river to Navy Bay, in preference to entering the

* "It is generally supposed in Europe that the great chain of mountains which in South America forms the Andes, and in North America the Mexican and Rocky Mountains, continues nearly unbroken through the Isthmus. This, however, is not the case: the northern Cordillera breaks into detached mountains on the eastern side of the province of Veragua. These are of considerable height, extremely abrupt and rugged, and frequently exhibit an almost perpendicular face of bare rock. To these succeed numerous conical mountains rising out of savannahs and plains, and seldom exceeding from three hundred to five hundred feet in height. Finally, between Chagres on the Atlantic side, and Chorrera on the Pacific side, the conical mountains are not so numerous, having plains of great extent interspersed with occasional insulated ranges of hills of inconsiderable height and extent. From this description, it will be seen that the spot where the continent of America is reduced to nearly its narrowest limits, is also distinguished by a break for a few miles of the great chain of mountains, which otherwise extends, with but few exceptions, to its extreme northern and southern limits."—*Phil. Trans. Royal Society*, 1830, *Part.* 1. *page* 65.

† Capt. Lloyd, in his Report to the Royal Society, says—"should a time arrive when a project of a water communication across the Isthmus may be entertained, the river Trinidad will probably appear the most favorable route. The river is, for some distance, both broad and deep. Its banks are also well suited for wharves, especially in the neighbourhood of the spot from whence the lines marked for railroad communications commence."

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river at its own mouth, in the Bay of Chagres. The greater part of either of these lines would be through a tolerably level country, with the exception of a ridge extending within a few miles of the Pacific side, through which a deep cut would be necessary. Along the greater part of the route the waters of both the Chagres and the Trinidad, the one on the right and the other on the left, could be made tributary to the canal as feeders, which there is considerable probability to suppose would be quite sufficient for the purpose.

There are also numerous smaller streams, especially as we approach the Pacific, which would be available in the formation of reservoirs. Of this route, Mr. Radcliff, whose opinion is entitled to great weight, thus speaks, in a letter to the chairman of the Committee, published in the Appendix to the Report:

"In reference to the route by the river *Chagres*, which I have no doubt is *practicable*, and *preferable to any other*, I would observe, that, on a review of all the authorities respecting it, and further examination of the great question as to a supply of water at the summit-level, I feel more confident than ever of a sufficiency of water being obtainable there for a *ship-canal*. There are several streams rising in the high land of the isthmus, on each side of the contemplated route, besides the rivers Chagres and Trinidad, (either, perhaps, sufficient) which may all be conducted into one spacious basin or reservoir, located high enough to feed a canal on the summit-level both ways, though perhaps at heavy expense, which is of little consequence in regard to such a work as this. It is also possible to make an excavation, through the dividing ridge of land between the two oceans, deep enough to admit the water from the bed of one or both those rivers to feed the canal on its summit-level, and even deep enough to let the water of the Pacific supply that level every flood tide; as it rises daily from fourteen to sixteen feet, and is then so much higher (less than one and a half foot) than the Atlantic. Such an excavation would probably not exceed the one in the valley of Mexico, described by Humboldt. But there is still another method of supplying that level if others fail—that of raising the water out of a reservoir filled by streams into a higher one on the summit-level, by means of forcing-pumps, like the Philadelphia water-works supplying the city, and those on the Pennsylvania Union Canal for supplying the summit-level thereof. The former elevates water out of the Schuylkill, by six forcing pumps united, to the height of one hundred and ten feet, at the rate of three thousand gallons per minute, into a reservoir constructed at that height, covering six acres of ground, and holding twenty-odd millions of gallons."

To the means here alluded to of filling large reservoirs for the supply of water to the canal, should be added that afforded by the season of incessant and heavy rain, about five months of the year, from May to October. And sufficient experience has been had in the use of reservoirs of this kind to admit of exact calculation of the amount of loss by evaporation to be allowed for the dry season.

The Isthmus is described in Lloyd's Report, already alluded to, as abounding in valuable timbers and all the building materials requisite for a work of this kind; and an ample supply of laborers, at low wages and cheaply supported, could be fully relied upon, as well as the zealous coöperation of the liberal and now well consolidated government of New Granada.

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A *strong probability*, then, may with safety be said to exist that either of these routes will be found practicable for a ship canal of the largest dimensions. The latter has the advantage of being of not more than one-third the distance of the former; though whether that advantage is not compensated by that of the vast reservoirs placed already by nature at the summit level of the canal, in the lakes of Nicaragua and Leon, is only to be ascertained by more thorough exploration. In either case, a deep cut would be required for a few miles; but in neither does that obstacle present any difficulty entitled to serious consideration in comparison with the inappreciable value of such a work to the world at large. To familiarize the imagination of the reader with the conception of excavations of such magnitude, the Committee quote, in their Appendix, from Humboldt's description of the famous excavation, probably the largest in the world, which serves as a drain to carry off the surplus waters of the valley of Mexico, called the Desague of Huehuetoca. The length of this is between twelve and thirteen miles, and it cuts its way through a chain of hills (the hills of Nochistongo), which requires for the space of half a mile an excavation of from one hundred and forty-seven to one hundred and ninety-six feet, and for a little over two miles from ninety-eight to one hundred and thirty-one feet, in perpendicular depth. The breadth at the top is from two hundred and seventy-eight to three hundred and sixty feet across. The contemplated excavation in the Isthmus of Nicaragua, though somewhat longer than this, nowhere equals it in depth, averaging only one hundred and fifty feet for about one-third of a mile, at its greatest depth.

For a description of this stupendous work, and a history of its execution, we can only refer the reader to Humboldt's New Spain, Book 3, ch. 8, our present limits permitting us to extract only the following remark upon it, in which Humboldt evidently alludes to the far nobler undertaking in support of which we are referring to the example of the *Desague:*

"The *desague*, in its actual state, is undoubtedly one of the most gigantic hydraulic operations ever executed by man. We look upon it with a species of admiration, particularly when we consider the nature of the ground, and the enormous breadth, depth, and length of the aperture. If this cut were filled with water to the depth of ten metres, (32.8 feet,) the largest vessels of war could pass through the range of mountains which bound the plain of Mexico to the northeast. The admiration which this work inspires is mingled, however, with the most afflicting ideas. We call to mind, at the sight of the cut of Nochistongo, the number of Indians who perished there, either from the ignorance of the engineers, or the excess of the fatigues to which they were exposed in ages of barbarity and cruelty. We examine if such slow and costly means were necessary to carry off from a valley enclosed on all sides so inconsiderable a mass of water; and we regret that so much collective strength was not employed in some greater and more useful object—in opening, for example, not a canal, but a passage through some isthmus that impedes navigation."

The only two great ship canals in existence, the celebrated Caledonian and Amsterdam canals, though inferior in scale of magnitude

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to the project now under consideration, yet may be regarded as far greater undertakings in proportion to the purposes to be subserved and the interests to be benefitted by them, than this work would be, if realized on the most magnificent scale, in comparison with the incalculable advantage to the commerce of the whole world directly involved in it. The length of the present article necessarily excludes any particular description of these canals; a sufficient account of which can, however, be found in Lieber's Encyclopædia Americana, a work very generally distributed through most parts of the country.

There cannot be any doubt that the revenue of such a work would more than amply cover the interest of its cost at a rate double the fair and regular value of money in the great money markets of Europe, which is not above four per cent. Mr. Radcliff shows conclusively that, even in the present state of the commerce of the world, the saving which it would effect in the actual expense of navigation, to the commerce of the United States and Europe with the Pacific, must at least exceed two millions of dollars per annum, which might therefore be levied upon it, in the form of toll, without the imposition of any additional burthen; and that estimating its probable cost at the enormous amount of twenty millions, it would pay an interest of eight per cent., with an annual surplus of near half a million. While the natural growth of commerce, together with that which would result from such a prodigious increase of its facilities, must justify the anticipation of even a much larger income, from which to reimburse the principal of its cost,—to be succeeded by that great consummation towards which tend the aspirations of all its enlightened friends *the perfect freedom of its navigation to the commerce of the world*, with no other than the trifling charge of its maintenance and management.

It must be apparent that this great enterprise should be a work, not of private individuals, but of nations. Supposing it once accomplished, who can for a moment tolerate the idea that such a general highway or thoroughfare for the commerce of the world should be subject to the control, either of the cupidity of private incorporated capital, or of the uncertain policy of any individual government? Whether that government should be that of the country to which the accident of geographical position has given the territory through which the canal shall be carried, or any single one of the commercial nations of the world which, by taking the initiative in the enterprise, should secure its future control, such a state of things would be equally exceptionable to all the rest, and especially to our own country. At all risks and at all events, the United States could never permit to any European power the possession and control of the Isthmus—the key to both the continents of the hemisphere in which they constitute the ascendant power—the pivot upon which mus revolve its entire commercial system. The perfect and universal freedom and neutrality of this canal must be secured by the amplest guarantees. On this point, we cannot add anything to the force of the follow-

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ing remarks of Mr. Radcliff, in his letter to the chairman of the Committee, which has already been alluded to:

"There is a consideration of great weight and importance, in my opinion, bearing on the subject of the ship canal in contemplation, which I have stated to different persons, and I believe to yourself, but has not apparently struck other minds as forcibly as my own, and which I beg leave to repeat to you, with some reference to the facts in its support. Suppose the United States should omit taking any measures in relation to a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, is it not highly probable that some other government will ere long undertake and execute the work separately, and then reserve to itself its use and benefits, excluding all others from any participation, or allowing it only occasionally, or on the most unreasonable terms; thus annoying the commerce of the world, and particularly that of the United States? And suppose that government to be Great Britain, (as probably it would,) the mistress of the ocean, and the monopolist of every commercial advantage in its power over the world; what then would be the consequence but a perpetual subjection to the will or caprice of that government for one of the greatest boons or privations on earth? What then the state of the public mind, but regret and mortification for having neglected to guard against an evil of such magnitude? Or suppose (what is still more probable) that the government and citizens of either of the countries through which a canal is practicable should undertake its construction on their own account, by means of foreign capital obtained on the security of the canal itself, or its income, (which no doubt they would prefer whenever in their power, and that may be soon,) then all the world would be subject to their dictation for the use of it, however unreasonable, until wrested from them by force of some stronger power, and that perhaps would lead to war with other powers; and then all would regret the want of foresight and precaution in not having guarded against such consequences.

"From the mere possibility of such results occurring through our own omission to act with prudence and foresight, it behooves us to attend to the matter without more delay. Many minds have been reflecting on this subject; many eyes are turning to the isthmus; and plans may be forming and ripening for the execution of the project, without our knowledge, and with design to exclude us from coöperating and equally enjoying the benefits. This leads me to advert to some of the facts referred to in support of my views. One is, that, in consequence of a heavy debt owing by the Government of New Granada to some of the subjects of Great Britain, for which no provision is made, either to pay interest or principal, the creditors have suggested and recommended to their government to negotiate with that of New Granada for the purchase of the territory comprehending the isthmus, and assume their debt as an offset for its value, or in part; and stated their belief it *could* be effected with immense advantage to the nation as well as themselves. This indicates some danger, at least, that Britain may become possessed of the isthmus ere long.

"Another fact is, that the inhabitants of the isthmus have long been desirous of dissolving their connection with New Granada, and becoming a separate state, under the protection of some powerful government willing to guaranty their independence, and able to assist them in opening a navigable communication through their territory, *for their joint benefit*. This indicates a similar danger, either that Great Britain or some other great strong power will become masters of the isthmus, in conjunction with the local authorities thereof."

But in addition to the motives here referred to, as dictating the propriety of speedy and energetic action on the part of the United States, to promote the execution of the project of a ship-canal, there is another not without weight. It is clearly the common interest of this country with the rest of the world, that the projected junction of the two oceans should

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be by a *ship-canal* in preference to any inferior mode of communication. This is an enterprise too vast and bold to be undertaken by private capital unencouraged by national auspices and assistance. Yet of the comparative facility and cheapness with which either a railroad or steamboat communication, or a combination of the two, could be effected, even by private enterprise, there can be very little doubt. And enormously profitable as such a work would manifestly prove to its undertakers, who can suppose that it can remain much longer unexecuted? It is clearly the interest of either of the local governments to *prefer* such a mode of communication to that by a ship-canal; for while the one would merely afford a rapid and undisturbed transit to the commerce of the world, the other would arrest a large portion of it at the Isthmus, establishing great depots on both its shores, which must necessarily soon present a scene of commercial activity and prosperity unparalleled in the history of the world. We may therefore daily expect to hear of its being undertaken by private enterprise: in which case the grander cosmopolitan project of a ship communication would be superseded and indefinitely postponed, and special privileges secured to some minor private interests, for doubtless at least half a century, hostile to the common interest of the world at large.

The duty is peculiarly incumbent on the United States to take the initiative in this work. Our position as the first of the American republics, and the principal national interest and power in the Western Hemisphere—our own experience of the results of the development and stimulus of national resources by the creation of similar facilities of commercial intercourse—our unexampled career of enterprise, industry, and prosperity, with the national character, identified in the opinions of the world with our name, for enlightened commercial energy and spirit, and for that pacific and liberal public policy which should never regard with indifference any means of promoting the prosperity and ameliorating the condition of large masses of the human race—all seem to point peculiarly to the United States, as equally entitled to the glory of such an undertaking, and responsible to the world for its accomplishment.

Upon the question of the constitutional competency of the Federal Government to take the course to which these remarks point, there cannot be a divided opinion. Jealous as we avow ourselves of every extension of the federal action, even for the most useful purposes, wherever State authority may be competent and adequate,—preferring even almost any ultraism of the State-Rights principle to that of its antagonist doctrine of centralization—yet, within the proper limits of the federal action, none are more desirous to give it the full energy worthy of the collective will of a great and enlightened Democracy. In every foreign relation we are emphatically one people, acting through a government of no less ample powers and energies, while administered through representative machinery, than that of any of the monarchies of the old world. And this is purely a question of foreign relations, involving the

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collective interest of the whole people; so that, notwithstanding the abuse which has of late years been made of the argument for federal power, derived from its authority to "regulate commerce," we might safely invoke it to justify even the liberal appropriation of money to aid in the construction of the work now in contemplation, if such aid were necessary. Such is, however, not the case. All that it would be necessary for our Government to do, would be to lay the foundations for the execution of the enterprise, by proper treaty stipulations with the powers interested. The business should be placed in the hands of a more cautiously selected special agency, (chosen without reference to any other considerations than personal fitness, and acquaintance with the subject,) through which treaties should be negotiated with the Governments of Central America and New Granada, as well as a thorough exploration and survey instituted of the different routes proposed. On these should be founded an united treaty with the principal commercial nations of Europe—England, France, Holland, and Russia; to engage the coöperation of all, and the united patronage by all of the association of private capitalists which, under such auspices and guarantees, could without difficulty be formed for the execution of the work, whatever might be the estimate of expense that should be fixed upon, after a complete and accurate survey of the ground. There is no need of further delay, for further information. We are already in possession of a sufficient basis of facts to justify such an initiatory proceeding as is proposed; and we trust that the next Congress will not adjourn without providing a liberal appropriation for the expense of such a special agency and surveying party. It would be enthusiastically sustained by the public opinion which the slightest discussion of the subject cannot fail to awaken; and would reflect unfading honor on the administration under whose auspices so grand and glorious an undertaking should be commenced.

A MESSAGE.

There cometh o'er the stormy sea,
A gentle message unto me,
  A soft, melodious voice;
Its hallowed music doth control
The sway of sorrow, and my soul
  To hear it doth rejoice.

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Yet with a joy that might not seem,
To many, other than a gleam
  Of starlight through the gloom;
So sober is it, and it bears
Upon its face the trace of tears,
  Like Hope beside a tomb.

And yet I know no purer joy,
No deeper draught of extasy
  To me hath yet been given;
It chaseth haggard care away,
Turneth dark midnight into day,
  And beareth thought to heaven.

From whence is that soft whisper borne,
That cometh like the breath of morn
  Over the eastern wave?
There is an isle across the sea,
From thence it cometh unto me,
  A whisper from the grave.

A solemn whisper from the tomb,
Where, blighted in her early bloom,
  A lovely flower is laid;
So beautiful, so young, to die—
E'en resignation heaves a sigh,
  And tears may not be stayed.

In the still watches of the night,
When thought is busy, o'er the blight
  Of early hopes I mourn;
Her spirit heareth every moan,
And that consolatory tone
  On the night breeze is borne.

And when I seek the silent shade,
Of darksome wood, or gentle glade
  Far from the haunts of men,
And mingle in communings high
With beauty, power, and majesty,
  That voice is with me then.

Oh then I feel that presence nigh,
And thrilled with holy sympathy,
  I clasp her to my heart;
The stream of time flows back amain,
And life, and love, are ours again—
  And Death's dark shades depart.

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That gentle music now is near—
Its softest whisperings I hear,
"Oh wipe away thy tears,
Thy resting place is not below,
Man's pilgrimage of joy or woe
Sees not an hundred years."

THE GREAT NATION OF FUTURITY.

The American people having derived their origin from many other nations, and the Declaration of National Independence being entirely based on the great principle of human equality, these facts demonstrate at once our disconnected position as regards any other nation; that we have, in reality, but little connection with the past history of any of them, and still less with all antiquity, its glories, or its crimes. On the contrary, our national birth was the beginning of a new history, the formation and progress of an untried political system, which separates us from the past and connects us with the future only; and so far as regards the entire development of the natural rights of man, in moral, political, and national life, we may confidently assume that our country is destined to be *the great nation* of futurity.

It is so destined, because the principle upon which a nation is organized fixes its destiny, and that of equality is perfect, is universal. It presides in all the operations of the physical world, and it is also the conscious law of the soul—the self-evident dictate of morality, which accurately defines the duty of man to man, and consequently men's rights as man. Besides, the truthful annals of any nation furnish abundant evidence, that its happiness, its greatness, its duration, were always proportionate to the democratic equality in its system of government.

How many nations have had their decline and fall, because the equal rights of the minority were trampled on by the despotism of the majority; or the interests of the many sacrificed to the aristocracy of the few; or the rights and interests of all given up to the monarchy of one? These three kinds of government have figured so frequently and so largely in the ages that have passed away, that their history, through all time to come, can only furnish a resemblance. Like causes produce like effects, and the true philosopher of history will easily discern the principle of equality, or of privilege, working out its inevitable result. The first is regenerative, because it is natural and right; the latter is destructive to society, because it is unnatural and wrong.

What friend of human liberty, civilization, and refinement, can cast

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his view over the past history of the monarchies and aristocracies of antiquity, and not deplore that they ever existed? What philanthropist can contemplate the oppressions, the cruelties, and injustice inflicted by them on the masses of mankind, and not turn with moral horror from the retrospect?

America is destined for better deeds. It is our unparalleled glory that we have no reminiscences of battle fields, but in defence of humanity, of the oppressed of all nations, of the rights of conscience, the rights of personal enfranchisement. Our annals describe no scenes of horrid carnage, where men were led on by hundreds of thousands to slay one another, dupes and victims to emperors, kings, nobles, demons in the human form called heroes. We have had patriots to defend our homes, our liberties, but no aspirants to crowns or thrones; nor have the American people ever suffered themselves to be led on by wicked ambition to depopulate the land, to spread desolation far and wide, that a human being might be placed on a seat of supremacy.

We have no interest in the scenes of antiquity, only as lessons of avoidance of nearly all their examples. The expansive future is our arena, and for our history. We are entering on its untrodden space, with the truths of God in our minds, beneficent objects in our hearts, and with a clear conscience unsullied by the past. We are the nation of human progress, and who will, what can, set limits to our onward march? Providence is with us, and no earthly power can. We point to the everlasting truth on the first page of our national declaration, and we proclaim to the millions of other lands, that "the gates of hell"—the powers of aristocracy and monarchy—"shall not prevail against it."

The far-reaching, the boundless future will be the era of American greatness. In its magnificent domain of space and time, the nation of many nations is destined to manifest to mankind the excellence of divine principles; to establish on earth the noblest temple ever dedicated to the worship of the Most High—the Sacred and the True. Its floor shall be a hemisphere—its roof the firmament of the star-studded heavens, and its congregation an Union of many Republics, comprising hundreds of happy millions, calling, owning no man master, but governed by God's natural and moral law of equality, the law of brotherhood—of "peace and good will amongst men."

But although the mighty constituent truth upon which our social and political system is founded will assuredly work out the glorious destiny herein shadowed forth, yet there are many untoward circumstances to retard our progress, to procrastinate the entire fruition of the greatest good to the human race. There is a tendency to imitativeness, prevailing amongst our professional and literary men, subversive of originality of thought, and wholly unfavorable to progress. Being in early life devoted to the study of the laws, institutions, and antiquities of other nations, they are far behind the mind and movement of the age in which they live: so much so, that the spirit of improvement, as well as of enfranchisement, exists

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chiefly in the great masses—the agricultural and mechanical population.

This propensity to imitate foreign nations is absurd and injurious. It is absurd, for we have never yet drawn on our mental resources that we have not found them ample and of unsurpassed excellence; witness our constitutions of government, where we had no foreign ones to imitate. It is injurious, for never have we followed foreign examples in legislation; witness our laws, our charters of monopoly, that we did not inflict evil on ourselves, subverting common right, in violation of common sense and common justice. The halls of legislation and the courts of law in a Republic are necessarily the public schools of the adult population. If, in these institutions, foreign precedents are legislated, and foreign decisions adjudged over again, is it to be wondered at that an imitative propensity predominates amongst professional and business men. Taught to look abroad for the highest standards of law, judicial wisdom, and literary excellence, the native sense is subjugated to a most obsequious idolatry of the tastes, sentiments, and prejudices of Europe. Hence our legislation, jurisprudence, literature, are more reflective of foreign aristocracy than of American democracy.

European governments have plunged themselves in debt, designating burthens on the people "national blessings." Our State Legislatures, humbly imitating their pernicious example, have pawned, bonded the property, labor, and credit of their constituents to the subjects of monarchy. It is by our own labor, and with our own materials, that our internal improvements are constructed, but our British-law-trained legislators have enacted that we shall be in debt for them, paying interest, but never to become owners. With various climates, soils, natural resources, and products, beyond any other country, and producing more real capital annually than any other sixteen millions of people on earth, we are, nevertheless, borrowers, paying tribute to the money powers of Europe.

Our business men have also conned the lesson of example, and devoted themselves body and mind to the promotion of foreign interests. If States can steep themselves in debt, with any propriety in times of peace, why may not merchants import merchandise on credit? If the one can bond the labor and property of generations yet unborn, why may not the other contract debts against the yearly crops and daily labor of their contemporary fellow citizens?

And our literature!—Oh, when will it breathe the spirit of our republican institutions? When will it be imbued with the God-like aspiration of intellectual freedom—the elevating principle of equality? When will it assert *its* national independence, and speak the soul—the heart of the American people? Why cannot our literati comprehend the matchless sublimity of our position amongst the nations of the world—our high destiny—and cease bending the knee to foreign idolatry, false tastes, false doctrines, false principles? When will they be inspired by the magnificent scenery of our own world, imbibe the fresh enthusiasm

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of a new heaven and a new earth, and soar upon the expanded wings of truth and liberty? Is not nature as original—her truths as captivating—her aspectsas various, as lovely, as grand—her Promethean fire as glowing in this, our Western hemisphere, as in that of the East? And above all, is not our private life as morally beautiful and good—is not our public life as politically right, as indicative of the brightest prospects of humanity, and therefore as inspiring of the highest conceptions? Why, then, do our authors aim at no higher degree of merit, than a successful imitation of English writers of celebrity?

But with all the retrograde tendencies of our laws, our judicature, our colleges, our literature, still they are compelled to follow the mighty impulse of the age; they are carried onward by the increasing tide of progress; and though they cast many a longing look behind, they cannot stay the glorious movement of the masses, nor induce them to venerate the rubbish, the prejudices, the superstitions of other times and other lands, the theocracy of priests, the divine right of kings, the aristocracy of blood, the metaphysics of colleges, the irrational stuff of law libraries. Already the brightest hopes of philanthropy, the most enlarged speculations of true philosophy, are inspired by the indications perceptible amongst the mechanical and agricultural population. There, with predominating influence, beats the vigorous national heart of America, propelling the onward march of the multitude, propagating and extending, through the present and the future, the powerful purpose of soul, which, in the seventeenth century, sought a refuge among savages, and reared in the wilderness the sacred altars of intellectual freedom. This was the seed that produced individual equality, and political liberty, as its natural fruit; and this is our true nationality. American patriotism is not of soil; we are not aborigines, nor of ancestry, for we are of all nations; but it is essentially personal enfranchisement, for "where liberty dwells," said Franklin, the sage of the Revolution, "there is my country."

Such is our distinguishing characteristic, our popular instinct, and never yet has any public functionary stood forth for the rights of conscience against any, or all, sects desirous of predominating over such right, that he was not sustained by the people. And when a venerated patriot of the Revolution appealed to his fellow-citizens against the overshadowing power of a monarch institution, they came in their strength, and the moneyed despot was brought low. Corporate powers and privileges shrink to nothing when brought in conflict against the rights of individuals. Hence it is that our professional, literary, or commercial aristocracy, have no faith in the virtue, intelligence or capability of the people. The latter have never responded to their exotic sentiments, nor promoted their views of a strong government irresponsible to the popular majority, to the will of the masses.

Yes, we are the nation of progress, of individual freedom, of universal enfranchisement. Equality of rights is the cynosure of our union

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of States, the grand exemplar of the correlative equality of individuals; and while truth sheds its effulgence, we cannot retrograde, without dissolving the one and subverting the other. We must onward to the fulfilment of our mission—to the entire development of the principle of our organization—freedom of conscience, freedom of person, freedom of trade and business pursuits, universality of freedom and equality. This is our high destiny, and in nature's eternal, inevitable decree of cause and effect we must accomplish it. All this will be our future history, to establish on earth the moral dignity and salvation of man—the immutable truth and beneficence of God. For this blessed mission to the nations of the world, which are shut out from the life-giving light of truth, has America been chosen; and her high example shall smite unto death the tyranny of kings, hierarchs, and oligarchs, and carry the glad tidings of peace and good will where myriads now endure an existence scarcely more enviable than that of beasts of the field. Who, then, can doubt that our country is destined to be *the great nation* of futurity?

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The earth may ring, from shore to shore,
  With echoes of a glorious name,
But he whose loss our tears deplore,
  Has left behind him more than fame.

For when the death-frost came to lie
  Upon that warm and mighty heart,
And quench that bold and friendly eye,
  His spirit did not all depart.

The words of fire, that from his pen
  Were flung upon the lucid page,
Still move, still shake the hearts of men,
  Amid a cold and coward age.

His love of Truth, too warm, too strong,
  For hope or fear to chain or chill,
His hate of tyranny and wrong,
  Burn in the breasts he kindled still.

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SKETCHES OVER THE SEA.

No. II.

THE GOTHA CANAL.

The Wener is an inland sea, one hundred and twenty miles long and forty broad, two-thirds the size of Lake Ontario, and, after Ladoga and Onega, is the largest lake in Europe. Its shores are too low for beauty but its situation in the centre of the peninsula; its great extent, forming a line of coast of more than three hundred miles; the many streams running into it from far into the surrounding country, and its ready outlet to the sea, through the Trolhätta canal, and the river Gotha, give it great commercial importance, From Wenersborg, a mean little town of wooden houses, and four thousand inhabitants, scarcely rebuilt after the fire which not long before had laid it in ashes, we set off upon the lake, stretching across its southeastern quarter. The shore is so irregular, that, as we steered in nearly a straight line to the canal, which comes in on the eastern shore, we ran sometimes close under the points of long headlands, or clusters of islands sprinkled along the coast; and then again, far in the open lake, almost beyond sight of land. Early in the morning the water was smooth as the smallest lake; but the wind freshened as the sun went up, and before we had gone far we encountered a heavy, rolling sea. This began soon to produce a visible effect upon the ladies, which some of them frightened off by an expedient I never saw practised before—looking up into the sky, so as to see as little of the motions of the boat and waters as possible; an expedient which seemed to be quite successful. In the afternoon we left the lake, and entered the canal; and before dark stopped for the night near the little lake Wiken.

The Gotha Canal is a remarkable work, whether it be regarded in itself as an achievement of art, or in its results, as opening, by an artificial channel of sixty-two miles, navigation of three hundred and forty, forming a circumnavigation between the sea and the two great lakes, and through the heart of the kingdom. The canal around the falls of Trolhätta was first made, and called the Trolhätta canal. It was undertaken by a company of merchants in 1793, and finished in 1800, to serve as an outlet to the Wener, whose little towns it transformed virtually into seaports. Six hundred vessels navigate the lake, and the extent of its commerce may be estimated from the number of vessels, said to be five hundred a month, which pass through the locks at Trolhätta. The canal between the Wener and the Baltic was afterwards undertaken, to complete the navigable line from sea to sea; and the whole is now generally designated as the Gotha canal or navigation. There are seventy-two locks

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and thirty-six bridges. Its elevation above the Baltic, at the summit level, is three hundred and eight feet.

None but masted vessels, such as can navigate the lakes, are to be seen upon it; and these are drawn chiefly by oxen. The bridges are, for the most part, of iron, not elevated much above the canal, but thrown straight across, from bank to bank, and instead, of being like ours, drawn up and pulled backwards, upon rollers, so as to permit vessels to pass. In the canal the rate of speed allowed to the steamers is four miles the hour; and our boat is steered with such precision, that it is made to shoot through the parted bridges, when there are not more than two feet to spare on each side, at nearly this rate of full speed. Two swivels swung on pivots at the bow railing, are used to give signal of our approach to the locks and bridges; and I have often watched with almost breathless anxiety our little steamer rushing towards these bridges, while they are yet opening, and then darting through them without even turning back her wheels.

Travelling in this way one loses some of the opportunities of observation which he might have upon the high road. But there are, on the other hand, some advantages to compensate him for the loss. He is travelling with a larger number of persons, principally natives of the country, whose characters, habits, and manners, he has the best opportunity of observing; whenever the boat is detained by the locks he can step ashore and walk into the neighbouring cottages or hamlets; while, so far as the aspect of the country is concerned, he can see quite as much, if not more, of it. But travellers are, in all circumstances, liable to great mistakes. A long and intimate acquaintance with a people can alone qualify us to pronounce a positive and unqualified judgment upon their social or political condition. There are, however, in all countries, some peculiarities which meet the stranger on his way, and fasten themselves upon his attention, however brief may be his sojourn in the land. And let him travel as he will, to remain a longer or shorter time, it is his best course, from the moment of his arrival, to mark the impressions as they arise, while they are yet vivid, and before custom has blunted the edge of his curiosity, leaving subsequent observations and other observers to correct his mistakes. There is no deception in such cases, if it be only understood that he professes to record no more than the impressions which the passing scenes, as he views them, make upon his mind, and the information that he receives from others; that the inferences which he draws may be just or not; and that the information given him may be wrong. Great allowance should always be made for him, for it is one of the most difficult operations of the understanding, to separate and assort the mass of impressions which must be rapidly cast upon it, and, in some measure, blended there; and he is obliged to draw his general conclusions from a number, too limited it may be, of single facts; and he must accept information from those who are as ignorant perhaps as himself. Travelling, more than any thing else, makes us charitable towards the mistakes of travellers.

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Rocky, vast, and barren, compared with most of the other parts of Europe, Sweden has to me, more than any other country I ever saw, the appearance of an immense rock, on which the soil has been for ages gradually deposited, but yet so light that the rock is still bare at innumerable points, and on almost all the great elevations. The mountains are not high; but there is an endless succession and variety of hills, some of them bare, and the rest covered with stinted pine. Though there is a great deal of birch and beech, pine is the most common tree, and you may see forests of it covering the hills, that swell, one after the other, to the utmost verge of the horizon. There is a species of birch I never saw elsewhere, drooping or weeping birch, drooping like the weeping willow, very luxuriant and beautiful. There is, as might be expected, an infinite number of green, secluded, quiet valleys. Along the streams, in the valleys, and on the shores of the lakes, there is a beautiful vegetation—beautiful in itself, more beautiful from contrast with the bare rocks or pine forests, and from its fringing so many charming lakes. Those lakes form perhaps the most striking feature in the country—sprinkling its whole surface, so much as almost to make you doubt whether there is the more land or water within the limits of the kingdom. They lie at the bottom of all the valleys, and so near to each other that it is natural to fancy the peninsula might once have been an aggregation of an infinite number of islands, which subsiding waters have united, leaving the lakes behind. The beauty and variety these lakes give to the scenery can scarcely be imagined by one who has not seen them.

The valleys are cultivated, but the agriculture strikes me as imperfect. It was now the season of harvest, and the ripe grain was waving in the fields, some of which were of great extent, but the crop looked light. The country is thinly peopled; and there are strong evidences of poverty in the dwellings and dress of the inhabitants. Both the fashion and the material of the dress are rude; coarse linen trowsers, and an ill-shapen coat of coarse cloth The houses are almost always built of timber; logs hewn square, laid horizontally upon each other, dove-tailed at the corners, and filled in, at the interstices, with moss and pitch. The better class are painted red, with a white border around the windows. The people are very civil and kind, and very curious. I have never been asked so many questions in any part of my own country. Where are you from? where are you going? what is your name? and for what did you come here? are questions put to me half a dozen times a day. Lively and versatile, they remind me often of the French; the scene I saw at an inn to-day was just such a one as I have seen in France, a party sitting over a table, talking all at the same time, in the most earnest and impassioned manner.

July twenty-sixth.—To-day we have entered one of the richest provinces in Sweden, Ostgotha. We started at three o'clock, passed through the charming Wiken, where the overhanging woods bent gracefully over as if to kiss the pure water, and wave and tree both smiled in the morning sun; and then ran down the Botter-sjou, an arm of the Wetter, where

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we met the steamer from Stockholm, full of people. The wheels were stopped; friends recognized each other; greetings were exchanged; inquiries made and answered; and the boats passed each on its way. By ten o'clock we were in the midst of the Wetter, the second lake in Sweden, passing its islands and admiring its varied shores. On the opposite side we entered the canal at Motala, one of the most industrious and flourishing villages of the country. Here we went ashore to see the great manufactory of steam-engines, for which Motala is remarkable, and then walked along a mile or so, to watch the boat, while she was descending the five locks into the lake of Bören. On the banks of the canal is the tomb of Von Platen, its projector and author. There is a striking appropriateness in placing the tomb of a great man by the side of his works, and in the midst of scenes where living he loved to dwell; as if the spirit would watch over the fruits of its labors, or linger with more pleasure in a familiar spot; and because the living may thus be led to think more of their obligations to the dead, and incited to emulate their example. Napoleon wished to be buried "on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom he had loved so well." Washington has a more appropriate grave in the shades of Mount Vernon than under the dome of the Capitol. New York would do herself honor if she were to place the tomb of her Clinton on the banks of her great canal, his work and witness.

Arriving at the upper locks, we saw the Bören spread out before us, a lake remarkable even here for its picturesque shores. The boat was waiting for us at the last lock; the company was soon gathered; and we went our way through the Bören and down the canal. The weather was as fine as it was possible to be; the scenery was perpetually changing, and at times full of beauty; now a gentle hill, next a mountain green with pines, then a valley ready for the reapers, or a lake, with winding shores, or studded with islands. Sometimes we wound along a hill-side, overlooking, on the one hand, a valley, or perhaps a lake below, while the trees waved above us on the other. Before entering into the Roxen, another of this chain of lakes, the canal descends an hundred and thirty-six feet; then from the brow of the hill we overlooked not only the Roxen, for many miles, but a wide valley, containing several churches and hamlets, and could see Linköping, six miles to the right, one of the most considerable towns in this part of the country, and the seat of a bishop, whose old cathedral appeared in the midst. The Roxen was the station for the night; and, as there were yet two or three hours to nightfall, a drive to Linköping was proposed, and instantly agreed to by half a dozen of the party.

We went to the nearest post-house, or Skyd's station, and ordered post-wagons and horses. The house was of a rude exterior, built of logs and unpainted; but within there were several nice rooms, strewn with pine boughs in place of sand carpets. A book called the dag-book was handed us to inscribe our names, station, residence and destination; without which you cannot demand post-horses. This book is kept at each

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house, and submitted monthly to the examination of the inspectorso f posts, that the police may know not only who are travelling in the country, but whether the peasants and postmasters have complied with the law, in providing for the travellers. Two post wagons were soon got ready, the rudest of all vehicles I have ever seen, excepting only the Lithuanian cart—without springs, coarsely put together, and so narrow that it was a sort of torture to make two persons sit in it side by side The Russian kibitka is a well-made and handsome wagon in comparison. Two small horses were attached to it, not with traces, but poles tied to the collars, and ropes used for reins. But the postillion, a barefooted boor, with long hair hanging about his neck, and covered with an old hat that had, to all appearance, seen service for years on the same head, with whose growth, however, it had unfortunately not grown, was an active boy, and the horses were of good mettle, and away we flew, at a rate that would not have disgraced the most impatient coachman on an English road. The road was excellent—all the Swedish roads are so, smooth and hard, the soil being favorable, and care taken of them; macadamized roads could not be better than these in summer. It takes much from the pleasure of travelling here, that it is the practice of this country, instead of enclosing the fields from the road, to run the fences across it, enclosing their land without any reference to it whatever, except that they make a gate for travellers to pass. There are of course innumerable gates to be passed in a day's ride, and much consequent interruption to the travelling. If there are boys living near the gates, they run to open them for you, in hopes of receiving a skilling from the travellers. There were perhaps a dozen gates across the road in this day's ride; and it afforded us no little amusement, to see the boys, half of them without hat or shoes, running as fast as their little legs could carry them, striving who should get first to the gate, and claim the skilling. Whoever travels by the road, must provide himself for this purpose, with abundance of skillings, small copper coins, about the size of a cent; and such seems almost the only purpose for which coin of any description is indispensable here—paper money of all denominations being the medium of exchange, and seeming nearly to have banished the precious metals from the country.

The termination "köping," pronounced *chuping*, signifies market, or market town; Linköping is therefore Lin market. It is a small town, containing some four thousand people, and remarkable principally for its gymnasium, and its cathedral, the largest and most beautiful in the kingdom, after that of Upsala. There are some handsome houses and gardens; and, altogether, it is of the better class of country towns in Sweden. To conceive the idea of such a town, imagine streets without side-walks, and with the roughest pavements of round, unequal stones—houses, on the line of the street, with plain, red or white walls, of logs or plaster, one story high, and steep roofs of red tiles inclining to the street—and between the houses, gardens or stables, or unsightly red fences. Sauntering along the principal street, I happened to stop at the

window of a print-shop, where my eye fell upon two views in New York and two in Philadelphia. What a transition such a sight produces: in an instant I forgot every thing around me, Linköping and Sweden, and felt myself to be in my own land.

July twenty-seventh. This morning we passed through the Roxen, and the long, narrow lake of Asplängen. After leaving Asplängen, the canal led us, through rich meadows, where mowers were at work, and peasant girls following them, throwing the hay, to Söderköping, a small, dilapidated town. Three miles beyond Söderköping, we entered, at eleven o'clock, an arm of the Baltic; ran down a long bay; passed under the walls of the old castle of Stegeborg, famous in Swedish history, now in ruins, and entered the Baltic. The eastern coast of Sweden is girt by an infinite number of small rocky islands, so numerous and extending so far off, one behind another, that the open sea is not visible; and the water, defended from the ocean swell, is as smooth, as undisturbed by storms, as if it were a river. All the afternoon we coasted along northward amongst these islands, and followed up an inlet of the Baltic, by Trosa, to Södertelje. We had a pleasant breeze from the sea, and the weather, like all that we have had from our leaving Gottenburg, such as a traveller would most desire—clear, not so warm as to be oppressive, and a gentle, cooling breeze, so that we have passed on deck nearly every hour of the day. There is a delicious excitement about such a mode of travelling, in a country where every thing is new and interesting, that none but the traveller can know.

Towards evening we saw a steamer in the offing, which approached us, and proved to be a government steamer, with the Crown Prince Oscar and his family, from Carlscrona, going to one of the summer palaces on the coast. With what means we had, our captain fired a salute, which was immediately returned. The Swedes of our company manifested much enthusiasm for the Crown Prince: they spoke of both himself and his wife in the most affectionate terms. She is the daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, and, by the concurrent testimony of all I have heard speak of her, is a most amiable and excellent woman.

July twenty-eighth. We started before sunrise, and by a canal of a mile in length entered the lake Mälaren, on which Stockholm is situated. The scenery of this lake is of extraordinary softness and beauty; a vast number of little islands, (twelve hundred, it is said,) not ragged or barren, like the Baltic islands which we saw yesterday, but covered with trees to the water's edge, seeming like masses of foliage just risen from the lake. A morning among these islands is a pastime; so thick are they on all sides, rising beyond each other, that we seem always to be hemmed in some narrow bay; but the boat advances, and the land opens before and closes behind us as by enchantment. Swiftly our boat bore us past these islands, and at seven o'clock the towers of Stockholm were in sight, gleaming above the waters.

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THE DUTY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

PROSPERITY is, proverbially, a more severe test of character than adversity. True of individuals, this maxim has a still more emphatic applicability to political parties. And it well behoves the Democratic party of our day, in its present hour of triumph and pride, to lay its moral deeply to heart.

The machinery of Party, like all other human creations, is not only a very imperfect construction, but in many respects of its operation is attended with unavoidable evil which goes far to counterbalance even the good which it alone affords the means of effecting. This is a subject which urgently claims the most anxious consideration of the American patriot; and he would indeed well merit the highest meed of gratitude from his country, who should succeed in pointing out and impressing on the public mind any practicable method—not of wholly averting, for that is essentially impossible—but of mitigating, the serious moral evil which now evidently results from the too high and violent working of our great system of party machinery. We have neither space nor time to dwell upon this topic here; but as it has been a subject of much reflection with us, we will on an early occasion take advantage of the propitious opportunity afforded by the present state and prospects of our public affairs, to endeavour to direct attention to it more particularly than has hitherto been attempted.

For the present we must take things and the times as we find them; but, while reaping all the advantages afforded by this mighty engine of party combination, in securing the ascendancy of principles which we deem essential to our country's true greatness and happiness, we should be no less solicitous to avoid as far as possible their concomitant evils and dangers. For this purpose, the present juncture of political affairs suggests the duty of exceeding care to guard against the acknowledged injurious tendency, upon a triumphant party itself, of the possession of so complete and decisive an ascendancy as the democratic party has now so incontestably attained.

We have no great faith in professional politicians, whether self-styled "Democrats" or "Whigs," when too long entrusted with too securely established a power. There are many individual exceptions on both sides—many men of pure, disinterested and high-minded *patriotism*, even among the prominent leaders on both sides of our party array, though that sentiment is by no means one of the leading characteristics of our modern civilization—yet neither certainly possesses any advantage over the other in exemption from the infirmities of our common nature;

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and to neither can be entrusted the possession of too much power, whether upheld by one system of machinery or another, whether by the organization of standing armies or standing parties, without a fatal liability to degeneration from the pristine purity of their earlier principles and professions. We by no means intend to place our two parties on a par in this respect. Very far from it. Without designing here any odious personal comparisons, we are satisfied that, as a general rule, a Whig politician is much less safely to be entrusted with power than a Democrat, from the different directions of the natural tendencies of their respective systems of opinion. In the one case—assuming both to be equally honest, personally, at the outset—a much greater distance, than in the other, has to be overcome in passing into that state of political dishonesty which is so often the common character of both, together with many more obstacles to such a transition, internal and external. In the one case the way is long and steep; in the other, rapid and sloping. In a democracy a democrat alone can be free, frank and fearless; the politician of different fundamental faith must of necessity be reserved, deceptive, and sophistical, to woo the favor of that majority which in his own inner heart he distrusts and despises. The former bears with him always the unswerving magnet of a fixed principle by which to guide his course; the latter, pursuing ever a delusive expediency, trims his sails to every breath of popularity. The former, trusting to the eventual rectitude of the sober second-thought of the people, has every inducement to openness, simplicity, and political virtue; the latter, necessarily conscious, to a greater or less extent, of a certain hollowness of inconsistency within, between his true faith and his compulsory professions, becomes early habituated to the crooked paths of intrigue, and corrupt party management; and believing often sincerely that he and his party are but deceiving the people for their own good, his "public conscience" is too apt to ride smoothly at anchor by the elastic cable of that pernicious maxim of the old Jesuitism, that the means become consecrated by the end.

Trusting, therefore, little to the class we have termed professional politicians, there is still a wide difference in the degrees of confidence with which we would expose those of our two respective parties to the ordeal of the possession of power; and we deem it at the present period a just subject of sincere congratulation to the country, that it is now happily relieved from all danger of the possession of the administration of the federal government of our noble Union passing into the hands of the "professional politicians" of the late and present Opposition.

But let not the Democratic party itself sit now contentedly down, under the impression that all is safe and well; and that, the danger past and the contest over, nothing remains but the tranquil enjoyment of the victory won. Above all, we would admonish our own friends, the politicians of our own party, not to sink into that pleasing delusion. This now is the danger against which we would take this occasion of warning our own political friends—we refer to that class of persons, distributed over

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the whole Union, who, stimulated by an honorable ardor in the cause of the democratic principles at stake, may have distinguished themselves by the zeal and efficiency of their political exertions during the late long struggle, so as to entitle themselves to be regarded in some sense as the leaders of the great popular movement, in their respective local spheres and degrees of influence. After the achievement of such a general triumph as is now manifesting itself in favor of our party, the class of persons of which we speak naturally remain at the head of the general party organization, of which it becomes a strong interest on their part to keep alive the activity, and to retain the general management. This class of men are exceedingly liable to yield to the obvious temptation of directing the influence which thus naturally attaches to their position, in one form or another, to the gratification of their own personal interests or ambition. It is but too natural, that after leading on, or fancying themselves to have been leading on, the "rank and file" of the masses through all the hot fatigue of the day, they should afterwards desire to sound a halt in the mighty movement, and to lie down by the pleasant pastures and cooling streams of the Promised Land of party ascendancy which they have gained. Now, such was by no means the object of that movement, to place any set of individuals in those positions of party distinction and control, though that supposition is an error into which they are but too apt to fall. Nor is it a less error to imagine themselves to have been the authors of the movement, before which they have happened to be borne along, either because their own impulses happened to coincide with its direction, or because they early possessed a sagacious presentiment of its probable course. We confess that we feel very unwilling to see our party—a generous, honest and high-minded party—fall again under that control and management of a class of local party leaders, whether in or out of office, which we have so often before seen to be the case, and which is so apt to degenerate into a state of things very little, if at all, preferable to an open domination of Federal principles. Such a class are very liable to become not less hostile to all progressive improvement, to all further development and practical application of democratic reform, than the most conservative bigots of the opposite school of politics. They are the first and the sternest to frown upon what they designate as the impracticable ultraisms of the more ardent and single-minded votaries of the very principles to which they have owed their own elevation. They become the most bitter in the persecution of those from whose unseasonable agitation of such topics they apprehend a disturbance of that calm and consolidated party ascendancy of which they are reaping, or hoping to reap, all the fruits of personal aggrandizement. They gradually crust themselves over the party, with an influence upon it paralysing to all the generous simplicity, fervor, and truth, natural to democratic principles; until at last they ruin by corrupting it, and eventually, after the lapse of a greater or less term of years, the healthy vitality of the main body itself is roused from its long lethargy

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—its gallant and unsophisticated youth come forward on the stage, and take up and carry on the great mission of the party, which is that of *unresting democratic reform*—the old skin sloughs gradually off, and it comes forth in all the young vigor of its rejuvenescence—and lo, if you presently look abroad, you will find the greater portion of these old "party leaders," once so loud, so zealous, and so radical in their day, arrayed on the side of the old permanent aristocratic opposition to all democratic movement. For an illustration of this brief sketch of the "Course of Time," in the history of parties and professional politicians, it is scarcely necessary for us to direct the eye of the reader to the annals of TAMMANY HALL, during the last dozen or fifteen years. In the subjoined "Notes of the Month," a few pages below, will be found a reference to a single passage from those Annals which alone suffices to to tell the whole story of this successive process of maturity, decay, and reproduction, which we have attempted to describe. That class of persons for whose benefit this train of remarks is designed, will do well to ponder seriously the valuable political moral which it involves.

This is, we repeat, no time to halt. The democratic principle is most emphatically a principle of movement, of progress, of reform,—unresting, uncompromising. Let no one suppose, because we have now at length secured the immensely important reform of the disconnection of the Federal Government from the banking system, and the restoration of the currency of the Constitution, now at an early day to be consummated,—and because the continuance of the present Democratic *régime* in the administration of the national affairs is placed beyond the reach of danger, its old formidable party of Opposition being at last fairly broken down and crushed—that therefore nothing more remains to be done, nothing more to be attacked, nothing more to be striven for. The paramount prominence of the subject of the fiscal concerns of the Federal Government has caused the whole conflict of parties, during the last ten years, to turn mainly on the questions arising out of that subject; and all agitation of other topics has been, as it were by mutual consent, postponed till the final settlement of that one. But during the course of that long and severe struggle a spirit has been aroused—the spirit which alone has carried us safely through it—which will by no means rest content with the achievement of that one single reform; and this is the spirit of which we would say to the politicians—attempt not to control it, still less to arrest it! A great impetus has been given to the movement of democratic reform—a great progress made in the developement of the democratic principle, in loosening the hold of old errors upon the public mind, and in the infusion more just, healthy, and American ideas.

We want the movement to go on. We want to see that principle carried worthily forward in its mission of political and social improvement in the condition of the millions that are so rapidly multiplying themselves over the all but boundless extent of our fair country. Though we have secured the important object of divorcing the Federal Government

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from the Credit System—an immense achievement for a single step—yet that step has been but across the threshold of Reform. Other questions must soon next arise. The same principles must next be applied, individually by the local democracy, to the respective State Governments. The present Administration has nobly led the way—we trust that the Democratic States will not be slow to follow. Countless abuses have to be corrected—countless obstacles to be removed to the developement of our fundamental national principle, the democratic, in both our national and State governments. The period which will be designated in our history as that of the fiscal reform of the Federal Government, being now near its close, the next will be fertile in the suggestion of further reforms in the direction of the great democratic movement—for the simplification of government—for the enlargement of liberty—for the relaxation of the pressure of public law upon the freedom of the individual—for the diminution of the central action of our Federal Government, and the extension of the principle of State sovereignty and local self-government—for the radical cure of the great national disease, by which we are so sorely afflicted, of paper-money—and for the accomplishment of a host of philanthropic improvements in the details of our necessary public laws and institutions, upon which this is not the place to dwell. Now, all suggestions of reform of this character must be frankly met—nay, cordially welcomed. We must not fear the senseless imputation of radicalism and destructiveness. We must not object to the appellation of "Radical" when there is so much evil to be attacked at its *roots*—to that of "Destructive" when there is so much that we are loudly called upon to *destroy*, in the name of Democracy, Christianity and Humanity. Let us not be false to our own first principle of *confidence in the people;* nor fear to make any advance, in the progress of reform, which shall only recommend itself in its theory by this test—does it rest upon the presumption of confidence in the virtue and intelligence of the people, in their capacity for self-government, and in the healthy tendency of the principle of untrammelled freedom in the practical working of the general business of society? Thus to be fearlessly true to itself—to its own vital principle—to the impulse which it has received during the agitations of the struggle we have been passing through—to its high and holy mission of the social elevation and improvement of the broad mass of our race—this it is that we conceive to be now, at its present period of complete ascendancy and triumph, the Duty of the Democratic Party.

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NOTES OF THE MONTH.

A POLITICAL PALINODE.

A lesson in politics memorable and impressive is afforded by the extract we give below. It appears from it that four short years have sufficed to effect a change and a progress in political opinion amounting to revolution, and that even that Alma Mater of orthodox democracy, Tammany Hall, has undergone such a transition of belief in cardinal articles of political faith, that the creed of its Sachems not a lustrum ago would now be deemed the rankest heresy, and would attach to its professors the taint of unequivocal political heterodoxy. The Evening Post excommunicated by Tammany Hall, and no longer recognized as an organ of the Democratic party! and the principles of William Leggett outlawed by a vote of the "General Republican Committee!" Were it not for the record here preserved upon their own minutes, and, in the shame of penitence, now publicly expunged, these strange facts might well be deemed incredible. Remarkable indeed is the lesson these proceedings teach us. Man, and his passions, and his prejudices, are of the earth earthly; but principles are immortal. When this resolution, now recalled in disgrace, was passed, Leggett was deemed, and called, a visionary—an incendiary—a lunatic. The Evening Post was denounced by the party organs of the day, and its course was decried, by open-mouthed ignorance, as dangerous and destructive. Yet it is still published, and is still the same. Tammany Hall has come round to the Evening Post—not the Evening Post returned to Tammany Hall. The great doctrines of equality and free trade, applied fearlessly to every species of legislation—an uncompromising opposition to monopolies—to special privileges—to legislative and judicial usurpation—were features that then, as now, distinguished that able journal, and made it an object of fear and hatred to every one that distrusted their truth, or dreaded their ascendency; but the heart of the People was sound. The truths scattered by the dauntless journalist sank into a congenial soil; and now his memory is vindicated, and his triumph is complete. Let the lesson teach—let no party leader of the hour arrogantly assume to embody his own selfish fears and narrow prejudices in the utterance of millions. The folly, the falsehood and the fraud will sooner or later be detected and exposed, and the great interests of mankind, in their proper time, by their own quiet and irresistibly powerful action, will vindicate themselves. If this resolution had been published, signed by its authors and supporters, it would have passed away to oblivion and contempt, without any necessity of a repeal—sufficiently expunged by the contrast afforded to every reflecting mind between the interests and the intellects denouncing and denounced; but it appeared as the oracular voice of the great Democratic Party—it assumed to speak *their* sentiments, to utter *their* sentence of condemnation; and the object was accomplished of crushing the individual beneath the idol-car of Party. But the principle was unhurt, though the high-hearted man was driven to exile and poverty—aye, and to early death. He had uttered, as with the language of inspiration, the truths and the principles of Democracy, and the hearts of the Democracy answered him. With party or partizans the revolution that ensued had little to do. But the triumph of truth was not the less complete; and Party has had to humble itself in the dust before Principle.

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New York Democratic Republican Young Men's General Committee.

"At a special meeting of the Committee, held at Tammany Hall on Monday evening, October twenty-eighth, 1839, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, On the second day of November, 1835, a resolution was passed by the Democratic Republican Young Men's General Committee, in the following words, to wit:

"*Resolved*, That the Democratic Republican Young Men's General Committee no longer recognise the Evening Post as one of the organs of the Republican party, and that in future no notice emanating from this Committee be published in that paper:"

And whereas, The said resolution had its origin in a spirit of hostility to the bold, honest and truly democratic position so nobly maintained by the then editor of the Evening Post, William Leggett, whose loss we consider a public calamity, whose memory we revere, and for whose political character and writings we cherish sentiments of the most profound regard and esteem; therefore

Resolved, That the aforementioned resolution be expunged from the Journal of this Committee.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolution be published in the Democratic papers of this city, and in the Washington Globe and Albany Argus.

FERNANDO WOOD, Chairman.

R. B. CONNOLLY, THOMAS KINGSLAND, } Secretaries.

MATTHEW CAREY.

This eminent and philanthropic individual died in Philadelphia on the 17th of September, from the effects of an injury occasioned by the overturning of his carriage. From the papers we extract the following particulars of his life and character. The National Gazette says:

Mr. Carey was in his eightieth year. A native of Ireland, he came to this country during the last century, and was engaged for many years as a printer and publisher, in which professions he realized an ample fortune. During his business life, but particularly since his retirement, Mr. Carey was actively employed in philanthropic pursuits. With a clear intellect, a sound education, a disposition to seek out objects of reform and amelioration in society, and the energy to carry out approved means, he possessed also the unbounded liberality which is the purest evidence of sincerity and the soul of success. As a writer he is remarkable for the concise array of facts which are brought to sustain his opinions. In questions of political economy, Mr. Carey always evinced a deep interest; and even those who dispute his positions must admit the ability and candour with which he maintained them. His latest writings, produced within the last two months, are a series of papers entitled the "Querist," concerning the cotton trade, evincing industrious research, and a mind unimpaired by the lapse of four score years. The attention of Mr. Carey was also directed to plans of public education, and various means of elevating the condition of the laboring classes. His exertions in favor of indigent women were unremitting, and it is believed that in this city they were attended with gratifying changes in the condition of that unfortunate class. We cannot at this moment present a biographical sketch of Mr. Carey, or attempt to do justice to his memory. His name is familiar to this country, and in Europe, as a firm supporter of a rational liberty, and a sufferer in its cause. Through a long life he devoted his energies, with unquenchable enthusiasm, to great and good purposes. His purse was as open for them as his counsel. In the death of Matthew Carey, the cause of sound republicanism has lost an advocate, the poor a benefactor, the oppressed a patron, and society a friend. Physical infirmity limited the sphere of his personal exertions, but the scope of his benevolent desires reached the farthest verge of enlightened philanthropy.

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THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

The secret of M. Daguerre's wonderful invention, or discovery, by which he is enabled to transfer an exact transcript of rural scenery, buildings, &c. to paper, and fix the colors permanently, is disclosed in the following article, copied from the London Globe. For disclosing the secret, M. Daguerre received from the French Government an annual pension of six thousand francs, and M. Niepce, who also made discoveries in the same direction, an annual pension four thousand francs.

It having been announced that the process employed by M. Daguerre for fixing images of objects by the camera obscura would be revealed on Monday, at the sitting of the Academy of Sciences, every part of the space reserved for visiters was filled as early as one o'clock, although it was known that the description of the process would not take place until three. Upwards of two hundred persons, who could not obtain admittance, remained in the court yard of the Palace of the Institute. The following is an analysis of the description given on this occasion by M. Arago:

The influence of light upon colors was known long ago. It had been observed that substances exposed to its action were affected by it; but beyond this fact nothing was known until 1836, when a peculiar ore of silver was discovered, to which was given the name of argent corne, and which had the property of becoming black when exposed to the light. Photographic science remained at this point until it was discovered that this argent corne (chloruret of silver) did not become black under all the rays of light. It was remarked that the red ray scarcely effected any change, whilst the violet ray was that which produced the greatest influence. M. J. Baptiste Porta then invented the camera obscura, and numerous efforts were made to fix the pretty miniature objects which were seen upon the table of it, and the transitory appearance of which was a subject of general regret. All those efforts were fruitless up to the time of the invention of M. Niepce, which preceded that of M. Daguerre, and led to the extraordinary result that the latter gentleman has obtained. M. Niepce, after a host of attempts, employed sheets of silver, which he covered with bitumen (*bitume de Judee*) dissolved in oil of lavender, the whole being covered with a varnish. On heating these sheets, the oil disappeared, and there remained a whitish powder adhering to the sheets. This sheet, thus prepared, was placed in the camera obscura, but when withdrawn the objects were hardly visible upon it. M. Niepce then resorted to new means for rendering the objects more distinct. For this purpose, he put his sheets, when removed from the camera obscura, into a mixture of oil of lavender and oil of petroleum. How M. Niepce arrived at this discovery was not explained to us; it is sufficient to state that, after this operation, the objects became as visible as ordinary engravings, and it only remained to wash the sheet with distilled water to make the drawings permanent. But as the bitume de Judee is rather ash-colored than white, M. Niepce had to discover the means of increasing the shadows by more deeply blackening the lines, (hachures.) For this purpose he employed a new mixture of sulphuret of potassium and iodine. But he (M. Niepce) did not succeed as he expected to do, for the iodine spread itself over the whole surface, and rendered the objects more confused. The great inconvenience, however, of the process, was the little sensitiveness of the coating, (*enduit*,) for it sometimes required three days for the light to produce sufficient effect. It will easily be conceived, therefore, that this means was not applicable to the camera obscura, upon which it is essential that the object should be instantaneously fixed, since, the relative positions of the sun and earth being changed, the objects formed by it were destroyed. M. Niepce was therefore without hope of doing more than multiplying engravings, in which the objects, being stationary, are not affected by the different relative positions of the sun.

M. Daguerre was devoting himself to the same pursuit as M. Niepce, when he associated himself with that gentleman, and brought to the discovery an important improvement. The coating employed by M. Niepce had been laid on by means of a tampon, or dabber, similar to the process used in printing, and consequently the coating was neither of a regular thickness nor perfectly white. M. Daguerre conceived the idea of using the residuum which is obtained from lavender by distilling it; and, to render it liquid and applicable with more regularity, he dissolved it in ether. Thus a more uniform and whiter covering was obtained,

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but the object, notwithstanding, was not visible at once; it was necessary to place it over a vase containing some kind of essential oil, and then the object stood forth. This was not all that M. Daguerre aimed at. The tints were not deep enough, and this composition was not more sensitive than that of M. Niepce. Three days were still necessary to obtain designs We now come to the great discovery in the process, for which M. Daguerre has received a national reward. It is to the following effect:—A copper sheet, plated with silver, well cleaned with diluted nitric acid, is exposed to the vapor of iodine, which forms the first coating, which is very thin, as it does not exceed the millionth part of a metre in thickness. There are certain indispensable precautions necessary to render this coating uniform, the chief of which is the using of a rim of metal round the sheet. The sheet, thus prepared, is placed in the camera obscura, where it is allowed to remain from eight to ten minutes. It is then taken out, but the most experienced eye can detect no trace of the drawing. The sheet is now exposed to the vapor of mercury, and, when it has been heated to a temperature of sixty degrees of Reaumer, or one hundred and sixty-seven of Fahrenheit, the drawings come forth as if by enchantment. One singular and hitherto inexplicable fact in this process is, that the sheet, when exposed to the action of the vapor, must be inclined; for i it were placed in a direct position over the vapor, the results would be less satisfactory. The angle used is forty-eight degrees. The last part of the process is to place the sheet in the hyposulphite of soda, and then to wash it in a large quantity of distilled water. The description of the process appeared to excite great interest in the auditory, amongst whom we observed many distinguished persons connected with science and the fine arts.

Unfortunately, the locality was not adjusted suitable for the performance of M. Daguerre's experiments, but we understand that arrangements will be made for a public exhibition of them. Three highly curious drawings, obtained in this manner, were exhibited—one of the Pont Marie, another of M. Daguerre's Atelier, and a third of a room containing some rich carpeting, all the minutest threads of which were represented with the most mathematica accuracy, and with wonderful richness of effect.

THE MASCAL PLANT.

A letter in the St. Louis (Mo.) Argus gives the following description of one of the most remarkable vegetable productions of South America. Many parts of our territory are adapted to the growth of tropical plants, and it is greatly to be desired that an enlightened spirit of enterprise should make the effort to introduce them:

This extraordinary vegetable production (a description of which has never been published) is only to be found on the Rio Grande, and its tributary streams, northwest of the Mexican republic; it grows spontaneously on the most barren and sterile mountains in that country, and is as much esteemed as an article of food by the Mexican Indians as is the buffalo, the elk, and the deer, by their more northern neighbours. The Mascal grows in the shape of a cabbage head, and may be found as large in size as a half barrel; it is thickly covered with sharp prickly protuberances, to the length of from twelve to eighteen inches; the root is very small; the head has also a thick covering of leaves, much resembling in shape those of the Plantain tree, which are very juicy, and, when prepared for eating in the same manner as the head, afford a sweet and nutritious beverage, answering every purpose to allay thirst.

The process used for cooking this plant is very singular, yet, if digressed from in a single instance, the Mascal is spoiled and rendered unfit for use; it consists of digging a hole or pit in the ground, to the depth of four or five feet, which must be covered with a layer of heated rocks, on which the Mascal is to be placed with the root downward; a thick coat of leaves and brushes must be thrown over the mouth of the pit, over all of which is to be lain a thick coat of dirt, just sufficient to prevent the heat or steam from escaping. In this situation must the Mascal remain (according to Indian computation) for three days and three nights, when it may be taken out, and will be found perfectly cooked, and most delicious

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food. In flavor it resembles a ripe, mellow peach, each succeeding day adding to its good qualities: it increases in excellence by age. On this plant alone do the Indians subsist for months, being perfectly satisfied with their food, and esteeming it above all other. About half a pound of Mascal is by them deemed sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger for a day, and it is always carried with them on their hunting and other excursions. As I before observed, the leaves of this favored plant contain a rich and delightful beverage, altogether forming a most extraordinary combination of food and drink, thus affording another illustration of the beneficence of a kind Providence, in securing even to the wild and untutored savage a luxury which their more favored and civilized brethren might well envy.

I have seen the Mascal so thick in some places as to form an almost impenetrable forest of thorns, as formidable in appearance as would be the same number of glittering spears, covering the whole expanse of the country as far as the eye could see, in travelling through which, the incautious or unwary will be reminded, by a gentle stab, of the necessity there is to have a care.

I may also mention that many of the peasantry of the States of Lonora and Chihuahua, bordering on this country, also cultivate the Mascal in their fields and gardens, and, I have been informed, distil from it liquor, which is said to be excellent, and not inferior to the best Jamaica Rum.

THE TENNESSEE MOTHER.

The following affecting narrative, extracted from the Milledgeville (Georgia) Journal of August sixth, surpassing any incident of romance in its sublime development of the affections, cannot be read without deep emotion. It is indeed worthy of lasting remembrance:

Some few years ago, a young man left his home in the State of Tennessee, with a horse drover, for the purpose of assisting in driving a lot of horses into the "Georgia market." The Tennesseean, meeting with a sale for *all* his horses, and not wishing to retain one to carry the young man home, advised him to remain in Georgia, and seek employment as a laborer on one of our railroads—stating that it was a profitable business, by pursuing which, he could not fail to make money. Naturally a simpleton, the young man followed the advice of the individual who should have protected him, and who had enticed him from his home, and sought employment on the Monroe railroad. Here he was most unfortunately thrown into bad company, and was induced to forge an order, amounting to about forty dollars, on a store for goods. The forgery discovered, he was indicted, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. His trial took place at the March term of the Superior Court, in Monroe county, 1838, since which time he has been confined to hard labor in the penitentiary.

His mother, an old lady of sixty years, residing four hundred and fifty miles from Milledgeville, hearing of the unfortunate condition in which her son was placed, and knowing the imbecility of his mind, with all a mother's affection, determined to proceed at once to this place, and to make his true situation known to the proper authorities. But alas! how was a poor and lonely woman, without money or friends, having no conveyance of her own, to get to Milledgeville? With a resolution truly heroic, this old lady determined to travel on foot the whole distance; and accompanied by a sister ten years younger than herself, she actually started, and over mountain, stream and valley, she walked the extraordinary distance of four hundred and fifty miles, to petition the governor to pardon her unfortunate son. An investigation of the case induced the governor to extend to the unfortunate youth a remission of his sentence, and we had the melancholy pleasure of seeing the old lady and her sister, together with the son, slowly wending their way back to their home in Tennessee. What will not a mother's affections accomplish! The incident, in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," of Jeannie Dean's trip to London, for the purpose of procuring a pardon for her sister, bears no comparison to this proof of filial affection on the part of a mother to an unfortunate son. May they all reach their homes in safety, and may the young man, under the guardianship of his aged mother, be restrained, in future, from the commission of crime! The drover who enticed him from home, and left him to suffer in a land of strangers, knowing his imbecility, should supply his place in the penitentiary.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. VI. DECEMBER, 1839. NO. XXIV.

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☞THIS NUMBER CONTAINS SIX SHEETS, OR NINETY-SIX PAGES.

THE PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM LEGGETT.

☞ This Number has been detained in the expectation that the engraving of William Leggett, which it is intended should be bound up with it, could be made ready to accompany it. The artist, however, requires some further time, but expects to have it finished for the January Number.

In consequence of this detention, subscribers had better not bind up the last volume until they shall have received the plate, which will be furnished to all subscribers during the present year. This portrait is being engraved on steel, and it is expected will be a creditable work of art.

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THOUGHTS ON THE TIMES.

We live in strange times—such times as patriarch and apostle knew nothing of—such times as Greek and Roman never conceived of—such times as never entered into the imagination of man of the middle-ages. Neither patriarch nor apostle, nor Greek nor Roman, nor yet man of the middle-ages knew aught respecting suspended banks and disordered exchanges, with all the consequent train of evils, public and private, present and prospective.

Yet, "say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were beter than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." In all times men have had their troubles—at least in all subsequent to the golden age. The patriarchs had to fight for the water they drank. Our water is supplied to us without money and without price. For a long period succeeding the patriarchal age, the grain used for bread was ground in hand-mills. The more eminent of the Heathen poets, "albeit not much given to the melting mood," speak with commiseration of the sufferings of "the slave behind the mill." Descending to the times of Greek and Roman glory, we find much splendor in certain ranks of society, and corresponding wretchedness in the great bulk of mankind. The splendor that then prevailed probably exceeded any thing known in modern days; yet comforts, now almost universal in civilized life, were not then enjoyed by even the most opulent. As remarked by Doctor Miller, "Augustus, with all his wealth, had neither a shirt to his back nor glass to his windows."* In the middle ages there was almost an entire disappearance of what we should call comfort, and little splendor

* In justice to Augustus it must be stated that this was because it was not then the *fashion* to wear shirts. He had money enough wherewith to purchase "fine linen of Egypt." It was for the same reason he had no glass to his windows. Some of the houses of Pompeii have glazed windows.

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left, except such as attaches to a Highland chieftain, in having a multitude of ragged retainers. We allude, here, particularly to the condition of things in our "Fatherland." It was reckoned a piece of great magnificence in a certain English nobleman, that, on the occasion of a grand entertainment given by himself, he furnished all his guests with straw to lie upon. And honest old Hollinshead, describing the state of things in England about the time of the discovery of America, complains bitterly of chimneys, and windows, and pewter platters, as recently introduced, and soul-corrupting luxuries!

In many respects the present are decidedly better than "the former days."

The political rights of mankind are now, generally speaking, better understood; and their religious rights are more generally respected.

In that first of arts, the healing art, immense improvements have been made. What better evidence can be required of this than is afforded by the fact, that that distressing and loathsome disease, the small pox, has been nearly banished from among men?

Never before were the advantages derived from external commerce so generally diffused. Take a view of the breakfast table of a day laborer. There is tea from China, or coffee from Brazil, sugar from the West Indies, pepper from the East Indies, and salt from Portugal. It may be that the table is made of wood brought from Honduras, covered with a cloth imported from Silesia; and that the laborer's cups and saucers were made in Staffordshire, his knives and forks at Sheffield, and that he stirs his morning beverage with a spoon made of silver from the mines of Potosi. Some six or eight countries, some of them distant from each other by nearly the whole circuit of the globe, have each contributed something to his repast; and some hundreds, if not thousands of men, and incalculable amounts of capital have been employed, either directly or indirectly, in producing the materials and bringing them to the place of consumption. Time was when the breakfast tables of Kings were less delicately provided. Queen Elizabeth used to content herself with a quart mug of beer, with part of a chine of beef, and such other knick-knacks.

The modern facilities for travel are wonderful. We are borne along in various directions on railroads and by steamboats, with an ease and rapidity which our forefathers would have tolerated an account of in fairy tales, but no where else. Some narrations of "royal progresses" in England, show that more fatigue and more danger attended a journey of one hundred miles in that country a century or two ago, than are now encountered and endured in traversing the whole United States, from Boston to St. Louis.

The sciences have made, in the last fifty years, more progress than they had made in the preceding fifteen hundred, and every science has become subservient to productive industry. Through modern machinery, improved modes of operation, and accumulations of capital, the

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labor of fifty men will now provide as many of the comforts and necessaries of life as could have been provided by the labor of five thousand in no very remote period of this world's history.

In no other country are so many of these advantages concentered as in the United States. Some nations may excel us in opulence, or in such wealth as is made up of pictures and palaces, though few, if any, have more capital in proportion to population, that is, more of such wealth as is or may be devoted to productive purposes. In some countries, owing to their having been longer settled, the rugged face of nature has been more effectually subdued by human industry; and in a few, but very few, greater progress may have been made in the application of machinery to the useful arts. But these are the only substantial advantages any European country has over our own. And these advantages are more than counterbalanced by the greater extent of our natural resources, and by the superiority of our political institutions.

And yet, in a country which ought to yield the means of satisfying every rational want and desire to hundreds of millions, a population of sixteen millions find it impossible to live in comfort. There are, indeed, thousands, it may be hundreds of thousands, with all the exteriors of comfort about them; but so there are in all civilized regions. The condition of the mass with us, may well excite the envy of the masses in other lands. But this is not the proper way of forming a just estimate of our condition. What *ought* to be the condition of a people having a territory of upwards of two million square miles, all lying within the temperate zone, producing corn and cotton, and every other necessary, and many luxuries of life; with inexhaustible mines of iron, coal, and most other useful minerals; with water power which may perform the work of millions on millions of men; with extensive hunting grounds yielding the choicest furs; with boundless natural forests, supplying valuable raw materials, which in some countries could not be brought to maturity in less than a century; with every facility for domestic intercourse which the longest rivers and largest lakes in the world can afford—a people with their northern Atlantic border in the immediate vicinity of the most profitable fishing grounds in the world, and their southern, in the very neighborhood of the rich products of the tropics, and with natural harbors on the sea coast, such as England cannot equal, except by expending millions in artificial constructions? What *ought* to be the condition of a people inhabiting a territory like this, and having but three or four years of war to every thirty or forty of peace? A people enjoying all the advantages of all the discoveries in science and improvements in the arts which the experience of six thousand years has given to the world—a people enjoying religious liberty in its fullest extent, and blessed with political institutions which may well challenge the world's admiration? Is the present condition of the American people such, or has it at any period of their history been such, as might naturally be expected to arise out of the great advantages, natural, religious, and political, which they possess?

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To account for the misery of the masses in Europe is no difficult task. It is only to point to the character of the political institutions of those countries, to their frequent wars with one another, to the comparatively narrow extent of their natural resources, to their all-consuming naval and military establishments, to their heavy national debts, their unjust systems of taxation, their royal and noble pension lists, their restrictions on the free employment of industry and capital, their tithes, their corn laws, and, to be short, to the masses of corruption in every form which are the accumulation of ages.

But why is it that the state of society in the United States so nearly resembles its state in Great Britain? We have no feudal nobility or feudal usages, no church establishment, no splendid throne, no tithes, no corn laws; we pay no pensions but to wounded, infirm, or superannuated soldiers and sailors; our standing army hardly numbers one man for each mile of frontier, and our ships of war, great and small together, scarcely amount to two for each State; we have no very heavy taxes, nor any that are very unequal in their operation. Yet, in the United States the many live and labor for the benefit of the few, as certainly as they do so in Great Britain. In the one country as in the other, the palace and the poor-house rise side by side. With us, as with them, splendid wealth and sordid poverty jostle one another in the streets.

There must be *some* cause for this. What it is, and where it lies, we leave to the reader to discover. It is not to be found in our political institutions. They rest on the impregnable basis of the equal rights of citizens. It is not to be found in any natural inequality in the faculties of men. The weakest and the worst, as well as the wisest and the best, are to be met with in all ranks of social life in the United States, and successively rising to the highest, or sinking to the lowest rank, with a rapidity which, but for its frequency, would excite unutterable astonishment.

In some way, a principle of artificial inequality has crept in among us, which acts as efficiently in producing artificial distinctions in society, as would laws of primogeniture and entail. It is idle to say we have no nobility. We have, it is true, no feudal or ecclesiastical nobility. These properly belong to past ages. It is with difficulty they sustain themselves in Great Britain, and they never could obtain footing in the United States. Yet we have the most numerous nobility of any country in the world, and perhaps the least respectable. The essence of nobility consists in the enjoyment of privilege. Title, without this, is nothing. *Emperor* meant originally nothing more than a commander; *Count*, a companion of the commander; *Marquis*, a commander of the marches; *Duke*, a leader; *Earl*, an elderly man; and *Baron*, derived from the Latin word *vir*, a man, signified no more, when first used, than a householder or landholder. Through long association of ideas of power and property with those titles, they now carry with them ideas of nobility. That certain titles in frequent use in the United States do not

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carry with them similar ideas, is owing to the prevailing notion that there cannot be a nobility unless it has the same outward insignia and like privileges with the nobility of Europe, especially that of England. But it ought to be recollected that the nobility of no two countries have precisely the same privileges, and that great varieties of names are used to designate the different orders. The most highly privileged class of the ancient Spanish nobility had no higher title than that of *ricos hombres*, or rich men, and *hidalgo* means nothing more, or originally meant nothing more, than son of a rich man.

No privileged order in the United States! What privilege can be greater in a country where credit is every thing, than the privilege of completely controlling that credit—taking it from one man—giving it to another—increasing it here—diminishing it there?

No nobility in the United States! What prerogative of the European nobility is equal to that of coining money out of paper?

The nature of the case is not altered by the fact that these privileges are shared among some thousands of men. Our American nobility are, after all, not much more numerous, in proportion to population, than the nobility of some of the smaller States of Germany.

Neither is the nature of the case altered by the fact that every man who has money enough may purchase a share in these privileges. Just so it was in France previous to the terrible revolution in that country, and in England in the corrupt reign of Charles the First. Patents (*i. e.* charters) of nobility were then openly sold to those who wished to buy them, and had money enough to make the purchase, just as charters of banking corporations (*i. e.* patents of nobility) are sold by our State Legislatures.

Titles are nothing. Stars, garters, and coronets are nothing. Even the English nobility look on these as mere bawbles. Privilege is every thing. And in a country and in an age like ours, what privileges can be greater than those of coining money out of paper, and *of not paying debts*, except in such way, and to such extent, as may be perfectly convenient to the privileged order? Such privileges as our American nobles enjoy, were, in ancient times, accounted branches of the Royal prerogative.

We have not only the most numerous nobility of any country in the world, but perhaps the most powerful. The privileges of the nobility of other lands are limited by laws, and the King on the one hand, and the people on the other, see that these laws are not transcended. Laws made to restrain our American nobles, have hitherto been found to be but little better than cobwebs. If a case comes before a Court involving any of the fundamental principles of this system, the boasted "independence of the Judiciary" is soon found to be mere independence of common sense and common justice. And when infractions of the law by any great number of banks are so glaring that even "judicial blindness" can be blind no longer, the State Legislatures are forthwith convened to shelter the transgressors from the penalties they have incurred.

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We have, indeed, a privileged order, a numerous privileged order, a most powerful privileged order, and the only kind of privileged order which can, in the nature of things, exist in the United States. Where the supply of land greatly exceeds the demand for cultivation, it is impossible to have a landed nobility, unless the tillers of the soil can be reduced to the condition of serfs, and chained to certain estates, as in Russia. This is impossible with us, and, therefore, it is impossible for us to have a landed nobility. It is equally impossible to have a military nobility in a country where every man knows the use of arms, and is fully aware of the evils of military Government. Equally impossible is it to have an ecclesiastical nobility in a country where the people are divided into different denominations, several of which are nearly equal in numbers and influence. A paper money nobility is the only one that could be established here, and that we have in all its excellence, or all its execrableness, just which term the reader prefers.

The members of this noble order will perhaps say that if they be such, great injustice is done to them in not treating them with the deference due to nobility in all countries. Perhaps so. But this may be owing to their having multiplied their numbers too rapidly. "It is unwise," says Lord Bacon, "to make a nobility too numerous, for thereby they become to be despised."

Such, probably, would be the fate of any nobility whose sole prerogative should consist in a right to cheat with impunity. A nobility that founds its privileges on *force*, is much more likely to be respected than one that founds its privileges on *fraud*. The Norman robbers that came over with William the Conqueror, are still respected in the persons of their descendants by all classes of society in Great Britain. All the world respects the ancient Romans, though they were *les brigands le plus determinés que la monde a jamais vue*—(the most determined robbers that the world has ever seen.) Every body has more respect for the open robber than for the sly thief, except, indeed, the subjects of the Emperor of Monomotapa, in Africa. As one of his titles is that of "Great Thief," it is to be presumed that successful fraud in his dominions is regarded with as much respect as successful force is in any other parts of the globe.

In denying that they are a privileged order, our American nobility only act true to the principle to which they owe their existence. Time was that "knowledge was power." That time has gone by. Time is that "money is power." Take away their estates from the English Lords, and what would their titles be worth, and what would become of their power? Through the privileges accorded to them, many of our American nobles accumulate fortunes in a few years, which, though not equal to those of the first rank of British nobles, surpass those of the nobles of some kingdoms of continental Europe. In our country, wealth has more power than in any other. The banking interest exercises an influence with us similar to that which the landed interest exercises

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in Great Britain. Men who are opposed to it, may, indeed, be elected to Congress, or to a State Legislature, but seldom without a severe struggle; and, after they are elected, they are exposed to dangers of corruption as great as any the members of the British Parliament were exposed to in the days of Sir Robert Walpole. The unsuccessful struggle the Government has now maintained for more than two years to deprive the nobility of the use of the public money, is a striking proof of their great power. In the courts of justice, they have, perhaps, a more decided ascendency than in the legislative halls; for most of the principal judges are members of this privileged order. And the Governors of many States, and the municipal authorities of many of the principal towns are mere instruments for the promotion of their purposes. Church and College seem to be almost as much under their sway as Court and Capitol. In fine, their influence extends everywhere, and operates with most force where least suspected. All ranks of life feel it. The paper-money banking system is as powerful in giving a tone to mind, morals and manners in the United States, as ever the feudal system was in stamping the character of a people during the middle ages.

There are men, however, who, though they do not belong to the privileged order, say they like it, because it affords every man at least a chance of becoming a nobleman. In this respect, our condition more nearly resembles that of Turkey than that of Great Britain. In Turkey, as in the United States, men are suddenly elevated from the lowest to the highest social station, and as suddenly deprived of power and property. In one country, this is effected by the caprice of the Sultan; in the other, by the operation of certain laws, the true character of which is concealed from the people. For our own part, we cannot say we admire such an over-changing nobility. It too often verifies the old proverb which speaks of the effect of "setting beggars on horseback." Our American noblemen, or at least many of them, have, with the wealth of British Lords, the minds, feelings and manners of hucksters, and will higgle for a shilling when worth millions. If we *must* have any other nobility than that which God and Nature makes—that is, a nobility of talent and virtue, give us the military, the feudal, the ecclesiastical, the landed, the titled, the hereditary nobility of Europe, in preference to the huckster-like nobility of the United States. "If I must have a master," said John Randolph, "let him be one whom I can respect, and not a mere clerk, with a pen behind his ear."

A military aristocracy would help to defend the country in time of danger. An ecclesiastical, would teach the people some moral, if not religious truths. An heriditary aristocracy would be likely to be inspired with some sentiments of honor, if not of generosity, and, if it did nothing more, would contribute something to the refinement of manners, and the advancement of the arts and sciences. But a paper-money aristocracy has not a single redeeming trait. Sordid in its origin, it is sordid in everything.

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One objection to it, and that not the smallest, is the manner in which means are raised for its support. The European plan on which certain estates are set apart for the exclusive benefit of the nobles, or pensions paid them out of the public treasury, is much to be preferred. The people have the satisfaction of knowing that what is left of their earnings, after deducting the nobility tax, will go to the support of themselves and families. Our plan leaves *our* nobles at liberty to take all if they can get it. The swindler who uses marked cards in a common gambling-house, does not enjoy greater advantages in the games played there, than do the leading men in the banking interest in the great game in which bank-notes are the cards, and all the property in the country the stakes.

The misery our system inflicts on the commonalty is indescribable, and yet it imparts but a comparatively small degree of happiness to the nobility. Their fortunes are as unsteady as the stock market. This they know and feel, and even in the midst of their most splendid revelries, a cloud creeps over their brow from a lurking sense of the danger that attends them. The same feeling pervades all ranks of society, and no wonder, for all must feel insecure where all kinds of business are little better than a lottery. The American countenance thereby becomes stamped with anxiety and solicitude in a manner which does not fail to strike foreigners on their first arrival among us.

There is much wealth in America, and yet but little happiness in any rank of society, because there is little content. The nobles are not content, because they know not how soon they will be reduced to poverty, and we, the common people, are not content, because we all want to become *ricos hombres*, or nobles. Who is likely to rest satisfied with what plodding industry will procure, when he daily sees instances around him of men no wiser and no better than himself, rapidly accumulating immense wealth without any kind of exertion useful to society?

In Europe, the order of rank and precedence is settled by long-established usage, or by laws which, like those of the Medes and Persians, alter not. But as all our nobility are but of yesterday, there is a continual struggle among them as to who shall be first, and who shall be greatest. The most successful speculators set the standard of genteel living. But, as in a country where all enjoy equal political rights, inequality in anything else will not be willingly endured, the men who are in class No. 2 in respect to riches, vie, in splendor, with those who are in class No. 1, and so down through all the classes, till we reach the very lowest in fortune. This contest in extravagance, which springs out of our bank-nobility system, produces deplorable effects in a newly-settled country, for accumulations of capital through economy ought, in such a country especially, to be an object of primary importance. Extravagance in Europe is principally confined to those who have something to be extravagant with.

Nothing can be more demoralizing than our bank-nobility system.

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"Give me neither poverty nor riches," was the prayer of Agur, "lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." As the whole operation of our banking-system is to enrich one class of men by impoverishing another, it would be difficult to devise any more efficient means of destroying that happy mediocrity of fortune which is so favorable to the practice of Christian and republican virtues.

From the artificial inequality of wealth which this system produces, and from the fluctuations of fortune that it occasions, spring many more of the vices of the times, than men commonly imagine. The Editors of the Southern Review remarked, some years ago, that the most frequent cause of intemperance in their part of the country was *debt.* Candid inquiries would probably shew that this is one of the most frequent causes of intemperance in all parts of the country. "Drown care in the bowl" is an ancient recipe; and, though it may be shewn that the remedy is worse than the disease, so long as the system continues that overburdens men with debt and care, so long will thousands annually become the victims of intemperance, all the praiseworthy efforts of the Temperance Societies to the contrary notwithstanding.

Nine times in ten, poverty and the love of finery are the causes which lead women into an unhappy course of life. The girl grows up, but at the time pointed out by nature for marriage, it is at least doubtful if she will have an honorable suitor. Through the competition that prevails as to who shall be first and who shall be greatest, the standard of living is higher than it ought to be in nearly all ranks of fortune; and few like to marry with a conviction that loss of caste must be a necessary consequence. The son must have a prospect of living in the style his father has lived, or he will hesitate about changing his condition. The embarrassments which attend the raising of a family in a country where all kinds of business are very precarious, makes it a matter of common prudence in men who have nothing but their industry to depend upon, to postpone marriage to a late day, if not forever. In the meanwhile, the girl falls a victim to the wiles of some cub of a bank director, or perhaps of the bank director himself, or of some one else who has been enriched by the system. The love of finery so natural to the sex hastens her destruction. That love is greatly strengthened by the manner in which she sees those women arrayed whose families have been enriched by successful speculations. If, in our country, the men are unwilling to endure any very great inequality in anything, more especially will not such women as are very fond of admiration patiently bear that the charms of others shall be set off to greater advantage than their own. The degradation of a great number of women is a necessary consequence of *all* nobility systems; but the bank-nobility system effects this in a peculiar manner, by causing a love of show to pervade all classes, and at the same time putting it out of the power of multitudes to gratify that love in a legal way. Happily, population does not press so closely on the means of subsistence in Ame-

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rica, as it does in Europe; and hence, notwithstanding the cause above mentioned, the number of women who are compelled to take to this unhappy course of life, is still few, compared with most other countries.

But we never should have done, if we should attempt to trace out the connection our bank-nobility system has with different crimes and vices. What we have said already, will be properly appreciated by those only who have minds to trace causes through their multitudinous operations to their ultimate effects. It is for such only that we write. And such men know that "modern treatises on crime and pauperism are, for the most part, only illustrations of the ultimate effects of positive institutions which operate unequally on different members of the community."

Again we say, if we *must* have a nobility system, give us any other rather than this. As is justly remarked by the venerable John Taylor, of Caroline county, Virginia, "A nation exposed to a paroxysm of conquering rage, has infinitely the advantage of one subjected to this aristocratical system. One is local and temporary; the other is spread by law and is perpetual. One is an open robber, who warns you to defend yourself; the other a sly thief, who empties your pockets under pretext of paying your debts. One is a pestilence which will end of itself; the other is a climate deadly to liberty.

"After an invasion, suspended rights may be resumed, ruined cities rebuilt, and past cruelties forgotten; but in the oppression of the aristocracy of paper and patronage, there can be no respite; so long as there is anything to get, it cannot be glutted with wealth; so long as there is any thing to fear it cannot be glutted with power; other tyrants die, this is immortal."

The nobility systems of other countries are part and parcel of their political institutions, and have their legitimate sphere of action in the different departments of Government and divisions of society. The American nobility system being unknown to the Constitution, can operate only by corruption.

It was introduced at a very early day, even before the recognition of Independence, by Robert Morris, an Englishman, who, in a time of public embarrassment which prepared men to snatch at any expedients, procured the passage of an act to incorporate the bank of North America. The system would, however, have acquired but little strength, but for Alexander Hamilton, another Englishman, a monarchist, as appears from his own declarations, and a devoted admirer of the British order of things. If he could have prevented it, a republican form of Government would not have been adopted. A President and Senate for life was his plan. But this was rejected. And then all that remained for him to do was to prevent our having a republican state of society. This object he accomplished, in procuring the adoption of the funding system and the incorporation of the first bank of the United States. It was the only way in which he could have gained his end. To the evils of all

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other kinds of aristocracies, landed, feudal, military, and ecclesiastical, the American people were wide awake. But of the nature of moneyed corporations they knew but little. Here was a loop-hole for aristocracy to creep in at, and true to its own insidious character it soon took advantage of the only opening left to it for entrance, and now occupies the length and breadth of the land.

As feudal privileges could not be more repugnant to the principles of the American constitution, than are the privileges our banking interest enjoy, the downfal of our Republican institutions might have occured at as early a day as was confidently expected by Hamilton, if our natural resources had been as limited as those of England. But, happily, we had a wide extent of uncultivated land, and as men were oppressed in the east they fled to the west. But they can fly no longer, or if they fly the banks pursue. Hardly has the settler erected his log cabin and gathered in his first crop of corn before he finds his little property mortgaged by State authority to establish some new bank or perhaps increase the capital of some old one. So far has this been carried that the public debt of some of our new States and Territories, is equal, man for man, to the public debt of Great Britain, and more difficult to bear, because the interest must be paid abroad.

This nobility system in disguise, can be disguised no longer. It has caused a silent warfare in society ever since its introduction among us, and an open rupture cannot now be prevented. Either it must give way, or our republican institutions must fall. They cannot co-exist much longer.

Virtue is the soul of a republic. But what virtue will be left among us if this moral canker be not eradicated?

Intelligence in the great body of the people is necessary for the perpetuation of republican institutions. But how are the great body of the people to find leisure to acquire intelligence, if in addition to laboring for the support of themselves and families, they have also to labor for the support of a nobility either titled or untitled?

Religion itself, so long as this state of things continues, must exert but a comparatively feeble influence among us. Before men can live as brethren and love as brethren, they must be brought into a condition more nearly resembling that of brethren.

We have said that an open rupture cannot be prevented. We ought to have said it has already occurred. "We are," as Mr. Webster says, "in the midst of a revolution, bloodless as yet." And bloodless we hope it will continue to be, though our opponents have already, on more than one occasion, had recourse to arms. *Our* cause is such that the only weapons *we* can use are truth and reason. The nobility systems of other countries having been established by *force*, and being supported by *force*, can perhaps be got rid of only by *force*. But our American nobility system being founded in *fraud* and supported by *fraud*, can be got rid of in no other way than by effectually exposing the nature of that

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fraud. It is said that the people of a certain part of Ireland, in order to vent their indignation against a certain bank, got together all such of its notes as they held, and publicly burned them! The American anti-bank men will not act after the fashion of their Irish brethren.

History affords many examples of nations struggling for their rights against priests and against kings, but this is the first instance of a people contending for its liberties against corporations. Monstrelet does, indeed, mention in his Chronicles, that the Paris corporation of butchers did, about the year 1400, govern that city, and thereby the Court of France, whence ensued a struggle between them and the landed nobility; and Sheridan describes the East India company as "deposing Princes for balances of accounts, and besieging towns for non-payment of notes of hand." But both these were only contests of privileged orders: in France between a corporation and the feudal lords—in Hindostan between a corporation and the nabobs; and the object, in both instances, was to decide which should have the privilege of plundering the people. The spectacle the United States exhibits is that of a long plundered people struggling that they may be plundered no longer.

The contest may not soon be decided, though it is the opinion of many that the banks, by stopping payment twice in the short period of two years, have already given the death-blow to the system. Be it so. Even then the death struggle may last for years, and the carcases of "the great monster," and of the multitude of "little monsters," must long infect the moral atmosphere. The greatest swindling system the world ever knew, cannot be got rid of without much effort and much suffering.

Let not the people feel too confident that the system has received its death-blow. Individual credit is exhausted, corporation credit is exhausted, and State credit is exhausted. Nothing now remains to be done but to exhaust the credit of the United States. This the speculators are preparing to effect, by procuring an issue of Treasury notes, under the plausible pretext of enabling the States to complete their internal improvements, but with the real intent of raising the price of stocks in the market. Their next move will be to induce the General Government to assume the debts of the States, and increase the aggregate debt to the highest possible amount. Then, with the interests of the General Government and of all the State Governments closely interwoven with those of the moneyed corporations, it may be possible to get rid of the system, but not without a "revolution," and that not one that will be "bloodless."

Highly important is the crisis. The American people have to wage a contest, not with their own nobility single-handed, but with their nobility backed by the money kings and many of the titular gentry of England, France, and Holland. So large an amount of State and bank stocks have been sold abroad, that it is probable the lords and bankers and brokers of the eastern hemisphere have as deep an interest as those of the western in raising the prices of certain stocks. Some mem-

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bers of the British House of Peers are said to be holders of American securities in the amount of millions. The orders for the General Government to assume the debts of the States were received in Wall street from Threadneedle street, in June or July last, duly authenticated by the sign manual of the President of the Bank of England. They have since been confirmed by similar orders from the house of Baring & Co., of which Lord Ashburton is the head. The New York journals devoted to the stock-jobbing interest, have duly responded to those orders, and the leading one among them has proposed that we should begin with a debt of *three hundred million dollars!* The British national debt was more than fifty years in reaching the amount it is proposed our Government should assume in one year! The foundation of the British national debt being, however, once firmly laid, it has gone on increasing, in some periods, at the rate of one hundred and fifty million dollars a year. It is now upwards of four thousand million dollars. But, if this system be adopted, where will be the limits of *our* national debt? No where but in the ability of Europe to lend, for there are no limits to the disposition of our rapacious nobility to squander. Then to support "American credit" abroad, must the faces of the American people be ground down by hard taxes, till their condition will be worse than that of the serfs of Russia. Then will our bank-nobility system be fastened upon us forever; or, if ever cast off, it will be by a resort to weapons of another kind than mere truth and reason.

The American people have to contend with a wily and a powerful foe. Yet to suppose that they will not ultimately be successful, is to suppose that the cause of humanity, which has been on the advance ever since the year 1000, is now to retrograde. Whoever contrasts the state of public opinion with its state only six years ago, will not despair. Then there was hardly a paper in the country in which the subject was discussed with any degree of freedom. Now there is not a State, and in some States there is hardly a county, in which the evils of the banking system are not exposed with more or less boldness, and in some with great truth and eloquence. If the leaders of the Democracy will only act in such a way as to shew to all men that they are governed by "noble purpose and enlightened view," the hour of deliverance may be nearer at hand than many imagine. Society now sometimes makes as much progress in a year as it did formerly in a century.

We must not be misunderstood, neither must our meaning be perverted. We are no agrarians—no levellers. It would be as impracticable to produce an absolute equality of condition among men as it would be to produce an absolute equality of stature; and if it were practicable, it would not be desirable. *It is*, on the contrary, *very desirable that an inequality should exist;* but it should be such an inequality as would spring up under laws affording equal protection to rights, and imposing equal responsibilities, and be solely owing to differences in physical or mental ability, industry, economy, enterprise, prudence, and those causes

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and circumstances which human legislation cannot control, and ought not to attempt to control.

Neither must we be supposed to be opposed to BANKING of all kinds. Banks, in some form or other, have existed at least since the commencement of the Christian era. Banks of *some* kind, we *must* have. But it is not necessary that they should be paper-money-issuing banks, with corporators exempted from the liabilities which are imposed on all others. There must be men to receive money on deposite, to act as agents between lenders and borrowers, and to deal in exchanges; there must, in short, be *bankers*. Place these bankers on the same footing with those highly useful members of the community, the butchers and bakers, and we ask no more. Deprive them of the prerogative of coining money out of paper, take away from them the privilege of never paying their debts except when perfectly convenient to themselves, and resort to proper measures for preserving the individuality of the citizens, and you will thereby abolish your "nobility system in disguise." Then our republican institutions will, not immediately, but in the course of no very long period, begin to produce their proper and natural effects. The advantages that flow from discoveries in the sciences and improvements in the arts, will not then be confined to a few, but be diffused among all. And, as our natural resources are boundless, our nation will exhibit a picture of prosperity which will excite the world's admiration.

NOVEMBER THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. C. E. DA PONTE.

More fresh the flowers, more blue the sky,
Where summer winds perpetual sigh,
  And streams forever run;
More soft upon the languid rose,
The dying hue of sunlight glows,
While every leaf more beauteous seems,
When crimsoned by the parting beams
  Of day's declining sun.

The wind scarce felt, yet gently heaves
Before its course the floweret's leaves;—
  Is it not sweeter there—
Where round the hill, and round the tower,
And round the lover's secret bower,
  It cometh to the ear?

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It cometh sighingly along,
It mingles with the half-heard song
  Of boatmen on the stream;
Or lover who, in murmurs low,
Sings, too, his hymn where waters flow
  In twilight's mystic beam.

Why is it that I cannot stray,
Where those delicious waters play,
  Through woods that never fade?
Or watch, come o'er the blooming lea,
Some lonely bird, who seeks, like me,
  A summer bower of shade?

Too happy in his eager flight,
To reach where bursts the golden light
  Of climes that breathe of spring;
Where all serenely smiles the vale,
Untouched by storms of winter's gale,
  Where he unharmed may sing—
And pour his melody to skies
Whose summer brightness never dies.

TRIAL BY JURY.

Trial by Jury is of such remote antiquity, that the time of its origin cannot be ascertained; but it is very probable, that its commencement with the Anglo-Saxon race was coeval with the formation of society itself. Be this, however, as it may, it has always been, from the earliest period of history to the present time, the most popular and constantly-cherished institution of that people; and deservedly so, for it is no less than the principle of representative government applied to the trial of criminal offences—to the arbitration of difficulties between man and man. Indeed, the more the subject is examined and reflected upon, it will appear the more evident that this simple and excellent institution was the natural progenitor of democratic representative government.

"Trial by Jury," says Cartwright, in his English Constitution produced, "as an element of the Constitution, was, consequently, antecedent to all law, and superior to all law, as no law can abolish it. It was even centuries anterior to lawyers by profession."

"History informs us that the German nations, numerous as a people, widely spread over the country, practised trial by jury; and that *Woden*,

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afterwards worshipped as a god, introduced it among those nations."—*Nicholsoni Præfat. ad LI Anglo-Saxon.*

It is alleged, that "in the first planting of Anglo-Saxon States in this Island, [England] by small colonies from the parent stock, those states appear to have *suspended* the principle of representation, not only in the making, but in the applying of their laws; practising for a while, both of them in person, that is, in Folkmote. It was not, of course, until an increase of population and territory rendered this personal practice inconvenient, that representative juries and Wittenagemotes came into use."

To the celebrated Alfred some writers very erroneously ascribe the merit of perfecting the system of trial by jury. It is probable that he regulated the boundaries of the shires, established shire courts, and transferred to them, from the jurisdiction of the courts of the hundreds, the trial of capital crimes and important civil cases. It is also generally admitted, that he imposed upon the inhabitants of each shire the duty of being its military and civil defenders, together with the obligation of being the mutual insurers of each other's property, so that all losses by incendiaries, thieves, or depredatory warfare, had to be made up to the sufferers by a general assessment. This regulation induced every man to be the defender of the vicinage and the guardian of his neighbor's property, and, of course, ensured the pursuit and prosecution of felons of every description.

But in the early or primitive era of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, the court of the hundred tried all cases, civil and criminal, that occurred within the limits of the hundred, the courts of which were formed as follows: Ten families constituted a tithing; and ten tithings, or, ten times ten families, constituted a hundred. In the forming of a jury, each tithing elected or furnished one juror as its judicial representative, thus making ten jurors for the hundred. But, in order to guard against the evil effects of any local prejudice or excitement that might be prevalent in the hundred, the remaining two jurors of the twelve had to be obtained from any three tithings of any adjoining hundred. And when it is considered that verdicts of guilt must be unanimous, this arrangement almost ensured impartiality; at least, the wisdom of man could devise no better means for its specific attainment. "The Saxons," says Selden, in his historical discourse on the government of England, "were careful of the credit and life of man; for no man's life or credit rested on the cast of twelve opinions; but first, twelve men inquired of the fame and ground thereof, and there was a second inquiry of the fact if the party traversed the vote of fame."

"The main point," says Cartwright, "to be kept always in mind, is, that trial by jury on a *representative* principle, in place of trials in Folkmote as inconvenient, is an element of the Constitution, essential to self-preservation, both as respects the individual to be tried, and the political aggregate of which that individual is a vital part."

The great object of the Folkmotes among the Anglo-Saxons was not,

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as Cartwright asserts, to try cases, but rather to elect public officers, and especially jurors, as agents or representatives of the people, to try and adjudge all cases, civil and criminal. This will appear self-evident to any one who considers, for a moment, the difficulty of a public meeting acting as a deliberative court of judicature. But that such meetings should elect persons to perform such duty is so perfectly consistent with propriety and common sense that it is a natural dictate. And when it is considered that the fundamental principle of Saxon polity—that the whole unwritten Constitution of England was simply this, that the people, of right, should govern themselves by representatives elected by themselves for all public offices, trusts and duties, there can be no doubt upon the subject. "Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors elected," says Blackstone, "all subordinate magistrates, their military officers, their sheriffs, their coroners, their conservators of the peace, their portreeves, and even their tithing men and borsholders." "The king himself," as the commentator acknowledges, "originally derived his office, his honors, and his power, immediately from the people by election." "Prior to the Norman invasion, the constitution gave the people every thing—the whole magistracy—the whole judicature—the whole legislature—all were of their own election." Indeed, it was not until after the establishment of shire courts, that the practice of drawing jurors came to be introduced. But, even then, they were drawn from the jurors that had been previously elected by the popular voice at the Folkmotes.

Moreover, it was upon the principle of representation that the rule absolute was founded, that all verdicts in criminal cases against the accused must be unanimous. For, as each juror was the representative of ten families of the hundred, consequently, if any one member of the jury did not concur with the rest, this was deemed, representatively, as the non-concurrence of ten families; and, therefore, it was held that no one could, with probable certainty, be pronounced guilty of the crime charged against him, while one tithing of the hundred had doubts of his guilt. This was not all; for, by a constructive parity of reasoning, as one dissenting juror was, individually, but as one person in the ten times ten, or hundred, yet, from this view of the case, was deduced the benevolent maxim to strengthen the moral courage of the juror: "Better is it that ninety and nine criminals escape, than that one innocent person should suffer punishment."

An Anglo-Saxon jury, in the days of the primitive excellence of the institution, could not be dictated to, or treated as a subordinate, by the presiding Alderman or Earl, antiently judicial officers annually elected, and who had only the power of chairmen in legislative bodies to preserve order and regularity in the proceedings, and to obtain the consent of the jury to his official acts; for the jury was emphatically styled *the country*, "whereas, the office of justice on the bench, notwithstanding the learning and eminence of moral character it requires, yet, for the ends and objects of trial by jury, is necessarily *inferior*, as being merely

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ministerial for declaring, on all trials in courts, what the law is, being thus an assessor or assistant to the jury, to whom it belongs well and truly to try, to judge, and to pronounce, whether the laws have, or have not, been violated or disobeyed." That it had been Saxon law that juries should not only assess damages in civil actions, but amerciaments also in criminal prosecutions, we see from the Magna Charta of John, confirmed by the Magna Charta of Henry III, and the thirty-two acts of Parliament confirmatory of those charters. In the original, the words are, "no amerciament shall be assessed, but by the oath of honest men of the neighborhood;" in that of Henry, "honest and lawful men of the vicinage."

It must be here observed that, prior to the Norman conquest of England, there existed no complex system of statute laws, feudal principles, and legal or professional technicalities, requiring learned solemnity or judicial legislation in order to enhance and to strengthen their elucidation. There was little else but the "Law of God impressed on the heart of every man that cometh into the world," the law of conscientious equity applied to the circumstances of the case, and the lex non scripta, or unwritten law, commonly known, and comprehending certain customs of immemorial usage, certain maxims of universal reason, approved experience, moral justice, and natural right.

In all trials, the juries were the judges, to the fullest extent of the meaning of the words, of the law, the fact, and the equity of the case. "Jurymen were the sole judges for trying a cause, while the justices of the bench were mere assistants to *declare* the law, but not to *interpret* it." The jury was not subjected to the arbitrary rule of Norman judiciaries—the despotic alternative of Hobson's choice—one thing or nothing; on the contrary, it was at liberty to exercise common sense, common reason, and common conscience, for these were common law; and the jury could find its verdict in such phraseology and admeasurement of justice as it conscientiously believed to be true and right. "It is the duty of the juryman, in the first place, *to try* the statute, or the judgment itself, by the test of the constitution and the eternal principles of reason and justice." For Blackstone says, "What is not reason, is not law."

It must be admitted, that Saxon trial by jury was one of the wisest and best institutions ever devised by the wisdom, impartiality, and benevolence of man, "being not only an arbitration between parties at issue, but likewise a guardianship of public liberty." A jury, properly elected and chosen, is a deliberative representative body, clothed with the power of the country to perform public duties of the highest importance to the whole people; an elective body of adjured arbitrators to adjust difficulties of the most interesting nature to private individuals; to settle the affairs of public and private right, of public business, and of private property, according to the strictest principles of justice and economy to all. Such was Anglo-Saxon trial by jury, cheap, peaceful and just; always popular, and productive of amicability. And although any party con-

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ceiving himself aggrieved by its adjudication could appeal to the Wittenagemote, or General Assembly of the State, yet there were seldom cases of appeal to the men of witten, or wisdom that mote. "The Wittenagemote, in its judicial capacity, did not apply the law, but merely corrected any erroneous decisions of those who did apply it."

All things considered, the "passionate attachment" in favor of trial by jury, ever evinced by the Anglo-Saxon race, is not to be wondered at. William the Conqueror, and his successors, swept away nearly all the constitutional liberties of that people, but their dearest institution could not be extirpated. He superseded the Wittenagemote, annually elected by the popular voice, and instituted an hereditary legislature of nobility; he established the feudal tenures of property; the lands became the king's; the people the king's subjects; the peace of the community the king's peace, and the laws of the nation the king's laws. "The nation (says Blackstone) seems to have groaned under as absolute a slavery as it was in the power of a warlike, an ambitious, and a politic prince to create; when the laws were administered in an unknown tongue; when the forest laws restrained all rural pleasures; and in cities and towns the case was no better, the company being obliged to disperse, and fire and candle to be extinguished by eight at night, at the sound of the melancholy curfew; when the ultimate property of all lands and a considerable share of present profits was vested in the king, or by him granted out to Norman favorites, who, by a gradual progression of slavery, were absolute vassals to the crown, and as absolute tyrants to the commons; and, to crown all, the king had always ready at his command an army of sixty thousand knights, or militia, who were bound, upon pain of confiscating their estates, to attend him in time of invasion, or to quell any domestic insurrection." He even introduced trial by battle to subvert trial by jury, but all was in vain; the Saxon race would adhere to their venerated institution; they would settle their difficulties by judicial arbitration; they would hold that no man could be rightfully deprived of life or limb, of liberty or property, but by a jury of his country. It was, in itself, the original social compact—the very first institution that man would naturally create on emerging from the solitary to the social state; it was an inheritance from father to son, and it had their ever-enduring allegiance; it belonged, it was indigenous to their nature, and it perpetuated itself with them; and now, at this advanced period of the world, with all the encroachments that have been made upon it, yet, if there be any one thing that more than any, or all other things, may be properly called the constitution of England, it is trial by jury.

As already stated, the Norman conquest extirpated the Anglo-Saxon government in England, changed the tenure of property, in short, subverted, or destroyed, every thing that was Saxon, except the people themselves and trial by jury, "always," in the words of Blackstone, "so highly esteemed and valued, that no conquest, no change of government

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could ever prevail to abolish it;" "the first born," says Sir John Hawles, "of our English freedoms." Well and truly has it been styled the "grand bulwark of an Englishman's liberties,"—"the palladium"—"the sacred bulwark of the nation;" for this noblest institution and only vestige of Anglo-Saxon polity triumphantly withstood the whole military force of the despotic Norman, the whole energies of the feudal system; it lived on in despite of the Norman princes; and, after a period of two hundred years, this natural exemplar of popular representative government brought into existence a popular representative body of legislators, then first known in history by the name of the House of Commons. Such is the simple virtue, the progenitive influence of trial by jury, that wherever it is established it will necessarily produce or extend representative government.

It is not a little remarkable that the very descendants of the military Normans became, in the course of a century, as much attached to this institution, as the Anglo-Saxon race. Hence, in the reign of king John, we find even the turbulent imperious barons demanding from their lord paramount the Magna Charta guarantee of trial by jury; so admirable in itself, that it had become a subject of vital importance to those who, even then, despised the people they derived it from.

The Anglo-Norman parliament being composed of two bodies of legislators, an hereditary House of Lords and a representative House of Commons, its legislation has never been so democratic as that of the Saxon Wittenagemote, composed of one house only, every member of which was elected by the people, and hence the difference between the parliamentary statutes and common law of England. The House of Lords and the King pretty generally domineered over his "grace's poor House of Commons," as they styled themselves, in the framing and passage of laws that were to be acted on by juries; and worse still, if possible, the Plantagenet line of princes had the appointment of judges, (formerly elected by the people,) and their removal, at pleasure; and as the courts of law had become the king's courts, and the judges were declared to be on the bench the king's regents, and the representatives of his august presence, the mimic monarchs, of course, assumed an awful degree of dignity, and usurped a great deal of authority. Parliamentary statutes in Norman French were submitted to the consideration of the jury; pleadings in Norman French were addressed to their ears, together with the technicalities and mysteries of the feudal system, to puzzle their understandings. Then the lord judges had to legislate the feudal system (the statute and common laws) into a harmonious whole, in order to enlighten, or bewilder the jury into a corresponding view of the case. Even in modern times it is recorded as having been the boast of Justice Pemberton, that, in the practice of explaining and amending, *he had made more law than the parliament.*

Between the parliament and the bench and the royal prerogatives, the

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encroachments on the province of trial by jury multiplied so greatly, that in process of time its equity jurisdiction was superseded and shut out by a vast mass of positive law and judicial legislation. Hence resulted the necessity of establishing courts of chancery in England, so profitable to lawyers, but so expensive, tedious and oppressive to the people, but which were neither known nor required in Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. It may be with truth emphatically stated, that from the Norman conquest of England to the present time, the whole history of statutory enactment and judicial supremacy has been a continued series of limitations and usurpations on the province of trial by jury—and this in the United States, as well as in Great Britain. But, notwithstanding these encroachments, and other changes and abuses respecting the organizing of juries, introduced under the feudal system of government, and more consonant thereto, still the institution has had its existence, preserved through many generations and many revolutions, and it still remains the political characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the most valuable legacy of England's antiquity. But its beautiful lineaments of representative symmetry are distorted or shrunken into another form. It is wholly a lottery, and not an elective representation of the people. Its conscientious jurisdiction is suppressed by too much legislation, its freedom is restricted by judicial dictation, and its twelve men sit in our courts as the subordinates of the bench, to shield it from responsibility—the mere shadow of that most excellent and venerable of all human political and social institutions, Anglo-Saxon trial by jury.

In the colonial settlements of England on the American continent, the colonists constantly manifested the predilections of their ancestry for this relique of the ancient constitution; and in the Declaration of Independence, it is prominently set forth as one of the charges against the British king, "the depriving us of the benefit of trial by jury." Besides, in the constitution of every State in the Union, it is emphatically prescribed to the several governments created thereby, that "trial by jury shall be preserved for ever inviolate." But it remains a matter of deep and abiding regret that our national independence was not extended to all British laws and judicial precedents. On the contrary, the whole voluminous, heterogeneous mass of complex laws, legal doctrines, and Royal (now State) prerogatives, together with the decisions in common law and equity, are of force, or looked up to as proper examples by the bar and the bench of every State in the Union. Add to all these vast accumulations of ages past and gone our own constantly increasing number of statute laws and decisions, and then some measurable idea may be formed of the difficulties of American jurisprudence. In another century, we should suppose that the laws will be so numerous that there will be a law, or a precedent in law, for every case that can occur in human events; and in this way, trial by jury may be superseded as wholly unnecessary. Already an extreme sense has obtained great force and celebrity in our courts of justice, far beyond common sense,

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good sense, or moral sense. It is technically called legal sense, and we are despotically governed by it, whether reason, conscience or right agrees with it or not. Men who are not well versed in legal lore, however well endowed by nature with intellect and virtue, however well informed in philosophy and improved by experience, are nevertheless not qualified to decide as jurors in important cases, until judicial wisdom enlightens them, and imparts a legal sense of the statutes, the facts, and the evidence.

How different is all this from Anglo-Saxon judicature! That people annually elected, at their public Folkmotes, their judges, their jurors, and other public officers. From the jurors thus chosen, a sufficient number was drawn by lot to serve in the courts of the shire. These courts were governed by law and conscience; but their laws were so very few, so very common, and so very good, that every body knew them, and they were therefore called common law, perfectly intelligible to the commonest of the common people; and, like all things of real excellence, they stood the test of time and experience. And what is very remarkable, the law writers, from the earliest ages of English history to the present time, have written the highest eulogiums in praise of the Saxon common law of England; and yet the whole could be comprised in a few pages.

The most odious injustice of the Roman tyrant Caligula was, that his laws were published or posted at such elevated positions that the people could not get within reading distance to peruse them. It is a singular resemblance which we, the citizens of a free republic, bear to the subjects of that despot, that our laws are hidden from us in such a multitude of books, and couched in such uncouth phraseology and technicality, that when we happen to read any of them, they are utterly beyond the comprehension of the people. In the commonest difficulties that occur between man and man, a lawyer must be consulted before either party can know his legal rights, his legal duties, and legal responsibilities. Add to this that it often ultimately requires volumes of reports to be consulted, long speeches to be spoken, and an elaborated judicial opinion to be delivered, before any conclusive knowledge can be arrived at. All other social evils are small in comparison to this; for can a people be subject to a worse one than that of being governed by laws of which they are ignorant, and of which they can acquire no adequate knowledge, unless they abandon all other pursuits, and study law alone? It is therefore, under all these circumstances, clearly necessary that one of the following modes of juridication should be adopted: either that all jurors be exclusively chosen by lot from the members of the legal profession, or that the whole vicious mass of English law, from the Norman conquest through all time thereafter, with all the judicial opinions and precedents, be totally excluded from our courts of judicature, and trial by jury restored to its primitive simplicity and jurisdiction, as it originally existed amongst the Anglo-Saxons.

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One of these two modes of jurisprudence is certainly demanded by the reforming spirit of the age, as a matter of common and indispensable justice to the people. But the latter one is in every respect more expedient, more economical, and more consistent with democratic republican principles, as well as infinitely more conducive to adjudications of exact and conscientious justice. It would be the greatest achievement of the age, the best improvement of jurisprudence, and the most beneficial to our social condition. Happily, we can find in American history, and in American polity, examples to show that the reforms herein advocated are not new or speculative theories. As regards the relative powers of judges and juries, we quote from Bancroft's Colonial History the following extract as part of the constitution, or "fundamentals," of West New Jersey, established in 1677: "Justices and constables were chosen directly by the people; the judges appointed by the General Assembly, retained office but two years at most, and sat in the courts but *as assistants to the jury.* In the twelve men, and in them only, judgment resides; in them, and in the General Assembly, rests discretion as to punishments. No man can be imprisoned for debt. Courts were to be managed without the necessity of an attorney or counsellor." This constitution contained other beneficent provisions, which we would quote with pleasure, but they are not pertinent to the subject of this article. We cannot, however, refrain from quoting the language of the Indian sachems in council to the benevolent framers of the constitution of West Jersey: "You are our brothers, and we will live like brothers with you. We will have a broad path for you and us to walk in. If an Englishman falls asleep in this path, the Indian shall pass him by and say, he is an Englishman; he is asleep; let him alone. The path shall be plain; there shall not be in it a stump to hurt the feet."

As regards the proper mode of electing jurors, we quote the following from Shipman on Government: "There is a provision for selecting jurors in some of the States well worthy of imitation. The law directs that, at the annual town meetings, the principal town officers and the civil authority of the town shall select and nominate a suitable number of persons, properly qualified, to serve as grand and petit jurors for the year ensuing. When approved by the public meeting, the names of the persons so selected are to be deposited in separate boxes in the custody of the town clerk. When a venire is issued for jurymen, the court directs from what towns they shall be taken, and the number from each, and thereupon the summoning officers to attend on the town clerk, who is directed to draw by lot, from the several boxes, in the presence of the officer, the number required, and the officer is directed to summon the persons whose names are so drawn, and no others. The jurors thus selected are always respectable, and in very few instances do the parties in court find cause of challenge." This resembles substantially the old Anglo-Saxon plan. The principal town officers merely put names for jurors in nomination, leaving it to the popular voice of the majority to

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elect or reject any or all of them. Such jurors are in fact the elected representatives of the people.

As to the total exclusion of the Normanic statutes of the parliament of England, with all the law authorities and books appertaining thereto, we urge this as a national right and duty. We say, let us carry out the principle of National Independence to its fullest extent in every thing, more especially as respects our judicatorial polity. Can we urge, in addition to the righteousness of such reform, more cogent argument than the pithy observation of Beccaria: "miserable is the condition of that country where the study of its law is a science?"

In fine, we say, let us have trial by jury in substance instead of shadow. Let us have it as it existed before its perversion and vitiation by Norman freebooters, Norman lawyers, and Norman judges, representing the royal presence of Norman kings. Let us have the restoration of the old Saxon common law—that universal code of universal principles of right—written by the finger of God upon the heart of man; but which the whole theory and practice of our law courts are but too well calculated to deface or obliterate. Let us have the electing of juries by the people, and let the whole of their ancient jurisdiction be restored to them. Let them, in criminal cases, be the sole judges of the law, the facts, and the evidence, as well as the admeasurers of the punishment, within the limits of the law. Let them, in civil cases, be, as they were in ancient times, arbitrators according to the facts of the case, and the dictates of reason and of conscience. Let us, in reality and in truth, instead of mere form, have trial by jury, and not trial by Normanic legislation, Normanic courts, Normanic judges, Normanic precedents, and Normanic lawyers. In short, trial by elective representation is, of all others, the highest blessing of representative government; and representatives to legislate, are not more essential to the people than representatives to adjudicate. Let both be equally elective, and then our government, in all its branches, will exhibit in theory, in practice, and in virtue, the great principle of democratic representation.

THE BANK MANIFESTO.*

On the evening of Tuesday, October the eighth—the day of the general election in Pennsylvania—a caucus of delegates from the banks of the city and liberties of Philadelphia assembled at the request of the Board of Trade. An ambassador from that body presented himself and delivered a speech, urging the stoppage of payment by all the banks. After he had retired a vote was taken, and five banks (the United States, the Girard, and three of minor importance,) voted that it was expedient

* Statement of the reasons for Suspension by the Banks of Philadelphia.

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to fail, and the remaining banks voted against a suspension. The crippled condition of the United States bank does not appear to have been fully disclosed to the meeting. On the following morning, about fifteen minutes after nine, (the hour for opening the banks,) expresses were despatched from the United States bank with *circulars* to the other banks, desiring them to suspend immediately. Panic-struck, the majority banks complied, with one exception—the Girard bank, the Schuylkill bank, and the two others, with joyful alacrity; and the directors of the Girard bank (endued, it would appear, with the Scotch second-sight) immediately commenced "relieving the people" by trampling on the law against small notes, bills, checks, &c., having had engraved checks upon them for one dollar each, signed by one of their clerks, and *not* to be paid on demand.

For a day or two there were smiles seen on the faces of the speculators, the stock-jobbers, the flour monopolists, and the numerous bodies of men whom our vicious banking system enables to live upon the labour of their betters. But soon dark clouds o'ercame their horizons. It was found that the people of Pennsylvania had prostrated Whiggery and Anti-Masonry. Then it was discovered that the New York banks, better managed and more mindful of their duties to their creditors, would not suspend! In vain did the advocates of suspension predict that the New York banks would fall on this day; then at the end of the week; and then next week. The National Gazette, the U. S. Gazette, the Philadelphia Gazette, and the Inquirer, prophesied falsely; nor were the efforts made by certain cliques to bring about the fulfilment of their predictions more availing. To add to their dismay, the letter of Governor Porter to the attorney general, and that officer's circular to his deputies, appeared. After the suspension of 1837, it was easy to tell the people of Pennsylvania that "our banks suspended because the New York banks suspended, and Philadelphia was in debt to New York;" but now the first step was taken in the city of Brotherly Love, and by the bank so long idolized by the Whig party. Some excuse must be made, and after a little delay a second caucus of bank delegates was held, to prepare an apology for doing what the first caucus had resolved ought not to be done. A director was found to officiate as *accoucheur* or chairman, two others as nurses or secretaries, and they have presented "to the citizens of Pennsylvania" a production now to be analysed. The heading informs us that it was adopted by delegates from the banks on Wednesday evening, October twenty-third, 1839. The internal evidence shows it to be the offspring of the United States Bank. But for the change last spring in the presidency of that institution, it would most probably have appeared in the shape of a *Letter to John Quincy Adams.*

It opens in a manner somewhat modest and crest-fallen. In 1837, the imbecile Ritner *occupied* the chair now *filled* by Governor Porter. The remonstrances of the plundered community were then treated with undisguised contempt, and they were given to understand that "*ball and*

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buckshot" were not the logic of kings only. Now the meek bankers "deem it their *duty* to explain to the citizens of Pennsylvania the reasons for" the suspension. They are told that it is a suspension "*for a time*," and they need not fear that it will be *eternal*.*

The next paragraph is merely an amplification of Mr. Biddle's doctrine in 1837, that "*our first duty is to foreigners*"—the plain English of which is, the foreign creditors and stockholders of the bank must get gold and silver; shinplasters and small bills are good enough for Americans. We are then told that the New York banks, after the suspension of 1837, were "*unfortunately*" obliged to resume too soon! It was *too soon*, because all the chartered banks in the Union were not ready to resume! I say *chartered* banks, because I presume the father and godfathers of this apology do not mean to say that all the banks in the Union should have waited till Dr. Dyott and his Manual Labour bank were ready. Let any man examine the expansions of the banks in Mississippi, and the Wild-Cat and Red-Dog banks in Michigan, and candidly say whether, if the New York banks had acted according to this theory, the last "*temporary*" suspension would not have outlasted the "time, times, and half a time" of the Book of Daniel. Carry the principle into other affairs of life. If a stage upsets, all the passengers are to lie in the mud until the most helpless of them is able to regain his feet!

Next, we are most gravely informed that after the suspension of 1837, the banks of Philadelphia "recollected that under similar circumstances the Bank of England had continued her suspension for upwards of twenty years." A very pleasant thing to recollect, *if it were only true* "*under similar circumstances!*" Are the banks of Philadelphia part of the government of Pennsylvania? Are their notes legal tenders for the payment of debts? Had the Bank of England lent money on pledge of *Vicksburg B.* and *R. R.?* or of *Stonington R. R.?* Let us examine this matter in detail, and inquire whether there was this *recollected* similarity of circumstances or not? We pledge ourselves, before we finish this paper, to prove the authors of this report to be either *regardless of truth* as men, or *most grossly ignorant* as bankers. Let them mount the horn of the dilemma on which they think they can ride easiest.

Under what circumstances did the Bank of England suspend specie or "cash payments" in 1797? The Bullion Report (section 3) tells us, "that the suspension of their cash payments, though it appears in some degree to have originated in a mistaken view taken by the bank of the peculiar difficulties of that time, was not a measure sought for by the bank, but *imposed upon it by the legislature*, for what were held to be urgent reasons of *State policy and public expediency*." And again, (section 4,) we are informed that "the circumstances which occurred in

* On the day of the suspension a notice was set up in the Philadelphia Exchange, acquainting the people that the banks had "*temporaily*" suspended specie payments. "*All the learning!*"

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the beginning of the year 1797 were very similar to those of 1793—*an alarm of invasion, a run upon the country banks for gold, the failure of some of them, and a run upon the Bank of England*, forming a crisis like that of 1793."

To contrast these "circumstances" with the circumstances under which the banks in the United States suspended in 1837, would be to insult the common sense of the reader. In Belsham's History of Great Britain, (volume x.) he will find a very full account of the causes of the crisis in England, traced from the year 1795. Full details are given of the exorbitant demands of the minister (Pitt) upon the bank, for money to carry on the war with France—some with law, others against the law. He may here learn how the Bank of England was called upon to pay the subsidy or loan to the Emperor—how the bank opposed these demands, but was always *bullied* into compliance. The closing paragraphs of Mr. Belsham's narrative we shall quote in full.

"The public apprehensions at this period of an impending invasion from France, and possibly also the secret suspicion of the critical situation of the bank, occasioned a run upon the company so great as to excite the utmost anxiety of mind amongst the directors on the subject. Each day alarmingly increased the *deficit*. On the twenty-fourth of February, the deputy-governor and Mr. Bosanquet had another interview with Mr. Pitt, in which, having now gone by far too great lengths to retract, laying aside their high tone of admonition and remonstrance, they in a manner threw themselves and the company at the feet of this despot-minister, 'requesting him to say how far he thought the bank might venture to go on paying cash, and when he would think it necessary to interfere, before the cash was so reduced as might be detrimental to the immediate service of the State.' Mr. Pitt, having thus brought the company, step by step, to the brink of ruin, replied in language very different from that of humble solicitation, 'that this was a matter of great importance, and that he must be prepared with some resolution to bring forward in the council for a proclamation to stop the issue of cash from the bank, and to give the security of parliament to the notes of the bank; in consequence of which he should think it might be proper to appoint a secret committee of the House of Commons to look into the state of the bank affairs.'"

In conformity to this intimation a board of council was held, an order published on the twenty-sixth of February, prohibiting the directors from "issuing any cash in payment till the sense of Parliament can be taken on that subject, and the proper measures adopted thereupon for maintaining the means of circulation, and supporting the public and commercial credit of the country at this important conjuncture."

"On the following day a copy of the order of council was laid before the two houses of Parliament, accompanied with a message from the King, stating 'that an unusual demand of specie having been made from different parts of the country on the metropolis, it had been found necessary to make an order of council to the directors of the bank, prohibiting the issuing of any cash in payment till the sense of Parliament could be taken.' In both houses general addresses of thanks for his majesty's gracious communications were voted, and committees of secrecy appointed to investigate the affairs of the bank of England. In the course of the debates which ensued, very severe censure and reproach were dealt out against those who had brought the country into this novel and perilous situation, of which no one could divine the issue. It was remarked, 'that when a minister presumed to plead necessity in justification of *an act of power so alarming*, he ought at least to have

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been prepared to show that the necessity had been occasioned by no fault of his own: on the contrary, it was his unparalleled rashness and obstinacy which had created the necessity altogether. Let him repay the directors the ten millions they had advanced in dependance upon his reiterated and faithless promises; let him refund the vast sums he had illegally and unconstitutionally remitted to the continent; and the difficulties they laboured under would cease. It was not that the bank was unable to satisfy their creditors, but *it was the continued demand of money to feed the expenses of this ravenous and disastrous war, which compelled them to be* UNJUST. The directors, in contradiction to their better judgment, were trepanned and inveigled by the minister into the disgraceful predicament in which they stood; and the fatal order of council at last imposed upon them was adopted only as the least of the evils to which they were subjected."

Such were the *circumstances* under which the bank of England suspended in 1797. About twenty-four years afterwards, the British Parliament compelled the bank to resume. This is not the place to enumerate the evils to which the people of England were subjected during this long suspension.

The apology proceeds to treat of our relations with England, the balance of trade, &c. &c., but takes good care to forget to tell us *why* England is "largely and habitually a creditor." To tell the people of Pennsylvania that the debasement of our currency below that of England is the main cause of the great importations of English goods, and the consequent balance against us, would not suit the views of the Philadelphia bankers addressing the people of a manufacturing State. Rather than tell them this truth—rather than let them know that piling of tariff upon tariff would not permanently benefit them without a reform of the paper system, they would prefer prattling of the opium trade with China, or any thing else that they think will divert public attention from the real cause of our pecuniary difficulties.

We then have a paragraph concerning the bank of England, giving us no information which we did not possess before. Amongst the consequences of the present condition of that bank, is one which will be anything but agreeable to the subscribers to the late loans for Mr. Jaudon's emergency. It is that "the stocks of this country sent by the State, or by the banks, or by individuals, are *wholly inconvertible!*"

Nothing could more completely exhibit the demoralization which the events of the last two or three years have produced in certain classes, than the flourish of trumpets which our Apologists think fit to make about the fact (if fact it be) that since the resumption one of the banks in Philadelphia had paid out "no less than $8,712,000." Well, what of it? Did the bank receive nothing for the money? Was not every cent of it due to its creditors? Had not the receivers of this money a right, *a vested right*, to the money. But the public cares nothing what amount this or that bank *has paid*. The question which interests the community is, "*how much is left* to pay us?" The bank is doubtless the United States bank; and as we now learn from Harrisburg that it has added another to the numerous violations of its charter by making no

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monthly returns since the year 1838, it will be left to the wisdom of the Legislature to ascertain this desirable information. The Auditor General of Pennsylvania having, on the 5th of October, made a demand for these monthly returns, has met with no reply!* Nor has any one written a letter to Mr. Adams, assuring him that "the bank is strong"—an assertion which was made in 1837, and appeared afterwards to be incorrect, the bank of the United States having, in three or four months, lost half of its specie basis. Perhaps, however, we must interpret the expression "strong" after the manner of an editor in Baltimore, who made the notable discovery some time since, that "the *less* specie a bank has, the *stronger* it is."

Having paid so many of their creditors, the banks profess to have found themselves in a dilemma—obliged "to adopt one of two alternatives—either to force the community, by sacrifices of its property, to pay its debts to the banks in gold and silver, to be shipped forthwith to England, or else to resort to a temporary suspension until the banks could have time to recover from the effects of their foreign troubles." Let us examine the first alternative. Passing over the absurdity of calling the debtors to the banks (about one individual in five hundred) *the community*, we may inquire why the banks should force their debtors to pay them gold and silver? When a customer of a bank gets a discount, he receives no gold and silver; if he claimed it, he would run the risk of having all his future applications rejected—"*not done.*" He borrows bank-notes, and ought to pay nothing better. Besides, the banks are obliged, by their charters, to receive their own notes in payment of debts due them. It therefore appears that this alternative is no alternative at all, the banks wanting both the right and the power to "force the community" in the manner proposed. Why the gold and silver *forced* from the debtors of the banks were to be "forthwith" shipped for England, is by no means clear. It would appear more correct if every bank would distribute the money *forced* from its debtors among its creditors at home; nor is it any clearer what the "foreign troubles" of the banks are, excepting, indeed, the troubles of Mr. Jaudon, *of which the banks in Philadelphia had not heard when they suspended*, and which could have had, therefore, no influence on their decision upon the question of suspension. A hypocritical pretence of preferring the suspension as being best for the "*interests of the State*," is now brought forward with a few *ad captandum* flourishes, that a child of ten years of age could see through, and must smile at. We are gravely told that they have been liberal contributors to "every loan wanted for the service of the State;" and they add, "nor is it an exaggerated estimate that four-fifths of the funds for the internal improvements of the State have been contributed by the banks." Well, admitting that the banks have taken loans, what have they done

* Since this was written, the monthly statements have been made from the bank.

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with the certificates from the State? Sold them *whenever they could get more money for them*, or pawned them when their own credit needed support. So much for the *patriotism* of the banks. The report of the Auditor General of Pennsylvania of 1837, is lying before us, and it is curious to observe how little of the State stocks was then held by the banks, which, according to their own accounts, originally owned four-fifths of it! The bank of Pennsylvania held $86,566 46 of Pennsylvania State stock on January 4, 1837, *and not a dollar* during the rest of the year. Twelve other banks in the city and liberties of Philadelphia held not a cent's worth during that year, if their own statements are to be believed. Their glowing affection for the State to which "they owe their existence," does not seem to have prevented their selling her stocks whenever it would "put money in *their* purse."

Having suspended, (for the real *alternative* of paying their honest debts does not seem to have crossed the minds of the authors of the suspension,) they most magnanimously desire it to be understood that they "would not cast the remotest censure on those institutions which pursue a different course." This is the *ne plus ultra* of impudence. They do not mean to hurt the feelings of those who are both able and willing to pay their debts! With equal propriety might the prostitute declare that, in walking the streets, she means to cast no censure upon the virtuous women of the community, and the criminal, about to draw the cap over his face, assure the sheriff and the clergyman who have *pursued a different course*, that he disclaims all intention of hurting their feelings by *his suspension*.

In conclusion, the banks "respectfully, but anxiously wait the opinion of the Legislature of Pennsylvania."

During the last suspension, the Senate of Pennsylvania contained a majority of Whigs and Anti-Masons, and the lower house a majority of Democrats. The banks of Pennsylvania then pretended that they suspended payment because the banks of New York set them the example. The Lower House passed an act *naming a day for the resumption;* the Senate rejected the bill, thinking that five-cent *plasters* were a "perfect currency." Every Democrat in the Senate voted for specie payments—amongst the rest, David R. Porter, now the Governor of the State. Comment is hardly necessary. The old and inveterate enemy of the people, the United States Bank, now lies at the feet of the Legislature of Pennsylvania. Shall she receive that mercy which will be mercy to the people—the *coup de grace*, or shall she be permitted to defy the laws, and bully the people with impunity, and be a curse and a scourge to our children and our children's children? This must be soon decided.

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MEDITATION IN A GROVE.

Father! I feel thy presence in this wood—
  In this deep solitude I know *Thee* near;
Thy spirit's unseen wings around me brood,
  While I am tending for thy worship here—
In this, thine unhewn temple, I rejoice
To catch the whisper of thy holy voice.

Father! I feel I worship not alone:
  These aged oaks, their shade which o'er me fling;
This breeze that lulls me with its gentle tone,
  And fans my forehead with its waving wing;
This placid lake, which giveth back each ray
That, through the leafy net-work, finds its way;

These simple wild flowers that around me bloom;
  Yon bird that sails on the blue depths above;
That orb whose light now breaks the forest's gloom:
  All seem to mingle in the prayer of love.
Lord! all thy works in earth, and air, and sea,
Join with the spirit-born to worship Thee.

The earth is thy vast temple, Holy One!
  The everlasting hills its altars are;
Its lamps the silver stars and golden sun,
  And nature's every voice a hymn or prayer
Of that glad worship which to Thee she gives,
Whose word created, and in whom she lives.

When this material temple shall decay,
  Its golden and its silver lights grow dim—
Its firm and rock-based altars melt away,
  And nature cease her Author's praise to hymn—
The soul of man, from earth and sin set free,
Through its eternal years shall worship Thee.

B. F. T.

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THE BIRTH-DAY TREE.

From the German of Stolle, by Mary L. Plumb.

It was long after harvest: field and garden fruits had been brought home to the cheerful dwellings. A few red and yellow leaves still hung on tree and bush, through which the unfriendly north-wind wailed most drearily. But the steward of the castle of Eichberg daily entered the garden of the castle, and closed the gate carefully behind him. He would steal secretly down the avenue and disappear behind a grove of yew trees. When he came out, his face was seen to wear a thoughtful expression; his manner was full of mystery; he shut himself up in his chamber, and pored over the leaves of a folio book.

"I will find it out!" said Lips, the footboy to Mistress Catharina, the housekeeper, who was burning coffee in the kitchen—"I will find it out! I will dig a hole under the wall behind the trees and creep in after him."

"And get yourself whipped and driven out! The steward is no friend of yours. Lips! Lips! you had better keep away."

"Well, Mistress Catharina, you will see," said Lips confidently, taking at the same time a roast potatoe out of the coals.

Just then in came Lisette with a pitcher of water; she set it down, and, throwing herself on a bench, exclaimed—

"Oh! I shall die!"

"For what?" asked Lips, quietly eating his potatoe.

"What is the matter?" asked Catharina.

Lisette drew a long breath and said, that, being near the garden and seeing the gate open, she went to shut it, but first looked in to see who was there—she saw the steward running wildly. He pushed passed her and ran to the castle.

"I'll find it out!" exclaimed Lips.

Presently Florian, the old and infirm coachman, came into the kitchen to warm himself by Mistress Catharina's good fire.

"Mr. Florian," began Lips, "you are an experienced man; you have served under the great Emperor Napoleon. What do you think of these mysterious garden promenades of the steward?"

"Nonsense," said Florian; "what do you kitchen boys know? Perhaps he hunts moles."

"Moles!" repeated Lips. "Who ever heard of moles after harvest? And I suppose he *shuts the gate* to keep them from escaping. Wind! Mr. Florian, wind!"

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"Satan's brat," muttered Florian, seizing the poker. But Lips sprang quickly out of his way, and, with a knowing air, said—"Mr. Florian, you may believe me or not, but I tell you the steward digs for *treasure.*"

"*For treasure!*" exclaimed Catharina; and Lisette, and even Florian looked astonished at the bold speaker.

"Yes, for treasure!" pursued Lips; but his argumentation was most prosaically broken. A pair of hands seized him by the ears and dragged him out of the kitchen; and the steward, to whom the hands belonged, observed—"Mistress Catharina, you must keep this boy more strictly at his work."

II

In an easy chair by the window reclined the fair invalid, Adeline. Her sweet face wore an expression of sadness, as she looked out upon the bright evening sky. At her feet sat her young sister, Pauline, striving with gay jest and story to enliven her. Brother Henry, the student, was reading at the other window. With sweetness, wit, and *naivete*, the good Pauline endeavoured to chase away the gloom of the invalid; but a mournful smile, which occasionally played about her face, was the only reward of her affectionate cares. The evening sun was fast sinking, and its last rays threw a rosy gleam on the Madonna-like brow of Adeline.

"How fair thou art," whispered Pauline, as she kissed the alabaster hand of her sister, who still sat immovable, watching the declining sun.

"The sun, too, must die," said she, after a pause, earnestly and sadly.

"Who talks of death?" said Henry, interrupting his sister; then closing his book, he came near her, and added in a reproachful tone—

"Adeline, I will consult the doctor"——·

"Brother!" said Pauline imploringly, at the same time redoubling her tender caresses; but Henry was gloomy and morose, and went on while he paced to and fro in the chamber—"Her folly will drive me out of the house; and because I speak the truth she cannot endure me!"

The nervous Adeline sank back in her chair. Pauline threw her arms round her brother's neck, and begged him to be silent.

"Oh! she is very ill!" said she, sobbing.

"Ill! ill! 'tis all imagination," said her brother as he left the chamber. Adeline grew paler at these words, for she was greatly pained. Pauline flew to her, and, by her tender care, succeeded in restoring her.

III

The next day the Baron Von Eichberg and the steward entered the castle-garden together, and, carefully closing the gate after them, walked silently down the principal avenue and behind the grove of yew trees.

"I have often," said the baron at length, "learned a lesson from the play of Nature; and I always watch it with pleasure."

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"Play of Nature!" said the steward. "I would to God it were so; but remember the chronicle, and think of Adeline's situation."

The baron stopped, and, looking at the steward, said, smiling,

"I always supposed you were an enlightened man."

"Well," said he, "enlightened men have believed thus as well as my insignificant self. And does not the great English dramatist say, 'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.'"

They walked on through a side alley towards the *family garden*—so called because every member of the family had here a spot of ground which was cultivated and arranged by themselves. A few steps brought them to the spot. The baron stopped surprised, and an involuntary exclamation escaped him. The autumn winds had stripped the leaves from the trees, and the branches stood bare and leafless against the clear blue sky. All but *one*—a delicate young cherry-tree—amid this desolation of nature, was covered with beautiful white blossoms.

"My God! 'tis strange!" exclaimed the baron, as he trod over the dry leaves to examine more closely this wonderful freak of nature. It was Adeline's birth-day tree.

"It is now forty years," said the steward in a melancholy tone, "since the tree of your lordship's aunt blossomed at this same time of the year. Not three weeks after, she was buried; your honoured grandmother's also. Indeed you will find in the chronicle many instances of the kind, as well as hear from the peasants that the blooming of a tree out of season always foretells the death of the possessor before the next new moon."

"Does any one know of this?" asked the baron.

"Not a soul," replied Felix.

"Such a thing often happens," said the baron; "but if Adeline should know of it in her present condition, having heard the chronicle, it might *naturally*"——A noise in the hedge interrupted him, and alarmed them both not a little.

"If we should be overheard," exclaimed the baron, springing towards the spot whence the sound proceeded. Felix followed him. They searched; but, finding no one, returned to the blooming cherry-tree.

IV

While the baron and Felix were in the garden, a council was held in the kitchen.

"I shall not remain here," exclaimed Lisette, "to die with curiosity."

"Nor I," said Christal, the milkmaid.

"Oh! patience! patience! children," said Catharina. "Lips is a persevering boy, and will find it all out; besides, I have promised him a cold capon if he succeeds, and I am sure he will earn it."

Just then the baron and Felix came out of the garden, and passed the kitchen window; they were in earnest conversation. The steward

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attended the baron to his carriage, shook hands with him, and turned again toward the garden. This pantomime was watched with intense interest by the party in the kitchen. As the baron drove off, Lisette, full of curiosity and rage, seized a long trencher knife and ran after the steward. He entered the gate and shut it behind him. She followed; but, suddenly encountering Lips with a wild terror-stricken face, she dropped the knife, and, with a piercing shriek, hastily retreated to the kitchen. Lips sprang after her, and, with wild exclamations, began dancing about the floor. All crowded round him with eager curiosity.

"Lips! good Lips!" cried Lisette imploringly—"out with it, out with it!"

But Lips continued to jump and dance about the kitchen, unheeding their entreaties. Catharina, however, took a more effectual way to banish the enchantment from his feet: holding up the promised capon, she said—"Tell us, Lips—or"——

That seemed to bring Lips to his senses; with a very mysterious expression of face, he began—

"Swear!"

"We swear," cried they with one voice.

"Not to betray what I shall reveal."

"Not to betray what you shall reveal."

"You know Adeline's birth-day tree. It is all white with blossoms like a tablecloth, exactly like a white tablecloth."

Various were the exclamations and lamentations at this intelligence. Lips continued: "Remember, you have all sworn; I do not know what I should get, if you should betray me. I contrived to follow the baron and Felix into the garden and hide behind the hedge. I heard them coming, but the bushes were so thick I could not see. I succeeded in breaking some away, and looked through. They were standing looking at the blooming tree. The dry leaves rustled as I broke the branches, so that they heard me. They both hastened towards the hedge; but I slipped away, hid me behind the water-trough, and lay there in the wet until they left the garden. Then I climbed as quickly as I could over the wall. Oh! if they had found me! The women were loud in their comments upon this strange intelligence. All concurred in predicting, with many tears, the certain death of the lady Adeline; they went on to talk of her shroud, and how she would look in her coffin—a conversation which the reader may as well be spared.

V

Again the evening sun was pouring its warm radiance over the autumn scene; again sat Adeline by the window watching it declining. She was lovely and serene, and seemed gradually recovering. Her mother gently approached and kissed her forehead.

"How is my dear daughter?" she tenderly inquired.

"Oh, well," whispered the maiden, affectionately embracing her mother. Then, after a pause, she added mournfully: "And yet how soon I must leave you!"

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"You imagine your illness more serious than it really is," said her mother in a soothing tone, as she seated herself near her.

"Deceive me not," said Adeline; "I am very ill—but," added she fervently, "God will help me—will he not?"

"He will indeed, my sweet daughter," replied the Baroness Von Eichberg, wiping the tears from her eyes.

Just then in came Pauline; she was followed by the baron and the doctor.

"Well, my fair patient," said the physician, "how are you to-day?"

"Better—God be thanked!" said the baroness, and Adeline smilingly confirmed her mother's answer.

The doctor began the usual examination, which was so satisfactory that he began to jest about the young lady's ball dresses for the ensuing gay season.

All seemed rejoiced at his favourable opinion except the baron; he stood lost in thought, looking sadly and abstractedly upon the glowing sunset. He was at length aroused from his reverie by hearing the physician speak of a strange patient, to whom he had been called a few days before.

"He is," said the doctor, "a young man not thirty years old, an Englishman, and immensely rich. His misanthropy closely verges upon insanity; but I was surprised to find him, physically, entirely well. As soon as I entered his apartment, he began to ask about different kinds of poisons and their effects. He says the present race of men are so corrupt, that he intends to rid the earth of them by poisoning the air and the water. To find out a poison for this very useful purpose, is now his zealous study; and he wants my aid—for this reason he sent for me."

"He would prevent the necessity of a second deluge," said the baron, smiling.

"He must be a monster!" exclaimed Pauline. "Doctor, are you not afraid to go to him alone?"

"Not at all," said the doctor. "On the contrary, his misanthropy is the result of his excessive benevolence. His faithful servant informed me that the brave Sir William (so he is named) had spent his whole life in endeavouring to do good to his fellow creatures; that his kindness has been abused; his benevolence rewarded with ingratitude—until he had lost all belief in the excellence of human nature; and that to exterminate the race, has now become a darling project with him. The gloomy temperament of his nation has helped to nourish this strange idea."

"Where does he lodge?" asked Pauline.

"On the mountain road," answered the physician. "Would you like to see this monster? I am convinced that the sight of your charming face would put an end to his misanthropy; at least to his hatred of the fairer portion of the race."

Poor Pauline blushed at this compliment, but added timidly—"On the mountain road; the water-pipes that supply us come from the moun-

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tains. Perhaps Sir William will begin his misanthropic experimen upon them."

Here the baron laughed heartily.

"Be not alarmed, dear Pauline," said the doctor consolingly; "it is to be hoped he will not carry it so far."

They conversed for some time about the stranger. At length the doctor took leave of the ladies, and the baron accompanied him out of the room.

"I have the best hopes," said the doctor when they were in the antechamber, "of the speedy restoration of the Lady Adeline; but I must beg that she be carefully guarded against any agitation or excitement. In the present state of her nervous system, the effect might be very prejudicial."

"Dear mother," said Pauline coaxingly, "we are again alone; do let me bring in poor little Emily—she begs so to see her dear Adele."

"Oh! pray, do," said Adeline; "surely it will not hurt me."

"If she will be quiet," said her mother. "She is generally so noisy, it would disturb you. You may bring her in; but as soon as she becomes troublesome, I will send you both out."

Pauline ran out, and soon returned, leading by the hand Emily, the pet of the family, a child of four years old.

"Come to me," said Adeline affectionately. "What! will you not give me one kiss?"

But the child, contrary to her usual manner, stood frightened and timid at a distance, looking sadly at her sick sister.

"Come, you were so anxious to see your dear Adele; come to her," said Pauline, caressing the child and drawing her chair nearer.

No sooner had Emily touched the pale, cold hand of the invalid, than she drew back, weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, darling?" asked Pauline tenderly.

"Oh! dear sister, Addy!" cried the child, sobbing loudly.

"You are certainly going to die! your birth-day tree at the country-seat is all in blossom!"

White as a lily, Adeline sank back at these words.

"Emily!" cried her mother, and endeavoured to remove the unlucky prophet of calamity from the room. But the fright had palsied all her limbs.

"Oh! my sister! my sister!" cried Pauline weeping, and sank a the feet of the pale and motionless Adeline.

VI

It was noon on the following day, and the family were collected round Adeline's bed. A death-like silence reigned—broken only by the weeping of her brother and sister. Henry was loudest in his grief. He was kneeling by the side of the couch; he could not now help acknowledging the fearful reality of Adeline's malady, which he had before

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attributed to fancy. The fright of yesterday's discovery—the sign of the near approach of death, given in the tree so mysteriously blossoming—had such an effect on the nervous feelings of the sick girl, that even the physician began to despair of her recovery. He sat thoughtfully by her side with his finger upon her pulse. She lay in a feverish slumber. At length he rose, beckoned to the baron, who stood stupified with grief, and they left the apartment together.

"My art can do no more," said the doctor when they were alone. "This unhappy fantasy of the tree has taken complete possession of her, and, if we cannot get rid of it, we must prepare for the worst. I cannot assure you of her life a week longer."

"And is there no help?—none?" asked the baron, who could no longer control his agony.

"There is *one* way," said the physician slowly and thoughtfully.

"And that?" asked the baron eagerly, seizing the doctor's hand.

"Is a means somewhat strange," was the reply. After a pause, he added—"My lord, will you give me *carte blanche?*"

"Only save my daughter."

"Then give me the key of your park in the country." The baron looked astonished; but when the other quietly repeated, "The key of your park," he complied in silence.

The sick girl awoke. How beautiful, how very beautiful she was! Illness had destroyed none of her loveliness. The approach of death gave a touching solemnity to an expression of meek resignation that increased it tenfold. She seemed already an angel. But, oh! the vanity of woman—green and flourishing even on the verge of the grave!

"Mother, dear mother," said Adeline softly, "you will not have all my hair cut off like Clementina's before she died of the brain fever?"

"Do not talk thus!" answered her mother sobbing; "you shall not die—you shall stay with us—shall she not, Pauline?"

Pauline could only answer by her tears.

"Clementina calls me!" said the maiden. "She is an angel! Ah! she was one in this world—and, next to you and Pauline, my dearest friend. It will soon be a month since she left us. Oh! mother, one wish"—and she stretched out her hand feebly—"let me have a coffin like hers. The coffin lined and bordered with blue satin, my shroud of white satin, and put on me the blond veil—my birth-day gift from the General's lady—and flowers,—oh, yes! many flowers! I shall sleep softly as she does."

Henry, deep as was his grief, could not contain his displeasure at these words, which he thought unsuited to his sister's situation. "Adeline, do not be silly," cried he in an angry tone. She looked up meekly in reply to his reproof; but the baroness said, "My daughter, I conjure you dismiss these thoughts, which tend to retard your recovery. As to your birth-day tree, I assure you what has been told you is not true. Will you not believe your parents?"

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"And if it does bloom," said Henry impatiently, "why let it bloom—what is the harm? Adeline, you are a sensible girl—have had a good education—would you be the slave of a vulgar superstition?"

"I would not, indeed," replied Adeline softly; but your trembling voices bespeak your fears too well."

"Then you will be a victim to this folly!" cried Henry, and full of vexation and anger he left the chamber. Adeline felt his unkindness; for her tears dropped like pearls upon the silken coverlet.

"Oh! forgive him!" cried Pauline; "he means well, though he speaks so harshly."

"If he only knew," said Adeline, "how certain I am of the approach of death since my tree has bloomed—how the idea has pervaded my whole being—how involuntary is my belief,—oh! it is no superstition; it is no folly—it is the voice of God; he calls me to himself!"

In vain were the remonstrances of the mother and sister. The invalid listened meekly, sorrowfully, without gainsaying; but the belief that her death was near, remained in her mind unshaken.

VII

When the doctor left the baron's house, he hastened to his own dwelling, ordered his carriage immediately, then went to his chamber, opened his bureau, and took out a purse of gold.

"It is a venture, indeed," he said to himself, weighing the louis d'ors in his hand, the hardly earned fruit of a whole month's labor, "and God only knows if it will avail; yet, if life can be saved, the price is not too dear." He put the gold in his pocket, threw his cloak over his shoulders, and then went out and took his seat in the carriage. After an hour's drive, he came to a handsome house surrounded by a garden; he alighted and asked for Master Janak. He was ushered into a parlour where sat the person he wished to see.

Their conference was long; it seemed about something the doctor wished greatly to procure, but with which the possessor was unwilling to part.

"You shall be well paid, very well paid for it," said the doctor.

"It may be," answered the other; "but it is not for sale."

"Bethink you," continued the physician—"I will count you for that one, five louis d'ors; you can spare it me for that?"

"I am sorry to refuse—it is a fair price; but I cannot let it go."

"Must I go, then, disappointed?"

"You might have it, if *one* thing were possible."

The physician drew the roll of gold from his pocket. "Here are thirty louis d'ors—take them."

"If you offered me a *hundred*, I could not."

"A hundred! not for a hundred?" repeated the physician with a trembling voice.

"Think it not caprice," said Janak; "be assured I would close the bargain with pleasure, were it not for one circumstance. We are alone;

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I will trust to your discretion, and explain all to you." Here a long and earnest conference followed.

"And there are none besides yours in the country?" asked the doctor when the other had finished his communication.

"None, so far as I know," was the reply; "however, you can inquire; I cannot be certain."

"Time presses," said the physician, while he traversed the apartment thoughtfully. He seemed to debate with himself. At last he stopped before Janak.

"Cost what it will," he said in a decided tone, "I must have it—life, human life, hangs upon it!"

"Life?" cried Janak terrified—"upon my"——

"You have in hand a hundred louis d'ors," interrupted the physician. "You shall not lose the place; I am not without influence among high families. I will do all in my power; if I fail, you have the additional sum of one hundred louis d'ors! Now, no denial."

Janak in vain besought him for one day's consideration; but the doctor pleaded so earnestly, so plausibly, that half consenting, half compelled, the bargain was closed. Now you are fast!" cried his visiter,—"In two hours I will be here again."

He stepped into his carriage, murmuring at the dearness of his purchase, and drove back to the city.

VIII

"Ah, my dear doctor," cried Sir William, who was seated before a massive folio, "welcome, welcome!—no specific yet? Here I have been the whole day turning over these cursed biographies of famous poisoners; but they are all bunglers, smatterers; there is no thoroughgoing plan, no system. Doctor, I saw this morning more clearly than ever what miserable, mischievous, wicked, malicious wretches are the whole race of men. Here for an hour, under my window, the idle vagabonds of the street have been carrying on their devilish riots. Heaven only knows what they were about; but their mischievous, malicious dispositions were clear as the day. If one could give the other a sly thump, the whole devil's brood of them burst out a laughing; the laughter went through my very bones. How fearful was the thought of the increase of such a race! My dear doctor, how far are you advanced in your search?"

"The vastness of the undertaking," replied the physician, "as well as the danger we run from the police, demand the utmost caution. Precipitation can only injure our enterprise; we must approach the goal step by step."

"Very true—very right," observed Sir William; "but further"——

"It would also be unadvisable to work upon the mass before we have made the experiment on a smaller scale."

"Quite right; but, my dear doctor, the specific"——

"I think I have discovered one."

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"Oh! glorious doctor!" cried Sir William, eagerly embracing him, "what is it?"

"It will require, indeed, a trial beforehand; and I wish you to be present to witness the manner in which the poison works."

"With the greatest pleasure. *Nota bene*—I do not intend to be its victim myself."

"Never fear; for the specific has the advantage over all others. The prussic acid is the most deadly of all known poisons, and is found in the kernels of the peach, plum, cherry, &c. The idea occurred to me that the acid also existed in the *blossom* of these fruit-trees in a more concentrated form. I examined the blossoms; but found my expectation disappointed as often as I made the trial. I thought no more of the matter until my acquaintance with you renewed the subject in my mind, and, by more diligent search, I found what I sought."

"You found it, my darling doctor, in the blossom of the tree?"

"Not in the natural blossom which the spring produces, but in the *artificial*—that which is forced upon nature."

"But how is that possible?" asked Sir William astonished.

"It is very easy. By a chemical agent I have discovered the sap of the tree is so increased and strengthened, that it bursts into bloom almost at once without regard to the season of the year. This forcing of nature is productive of the most wonderful effects. The prussic acid exists in these flowers in its strongest form; their scent is death."

"Excellent!—but, my dearest doctor," interrupted Sir William.

"Let me come to an end. This scent possesses the property of contagion, and can be made to infect the natural and healthy blossoms in the spring, so that by means of a single tree a whole country can be poisoned. The other means of spreading it through the air must also be considered. If fortune favors us, we can be done with Europe next spring."

"Wonderful man!" cried Sir William in admiration; "the human race is not worthy of labors so sublime even for their destruction. But for us to whom this undertaking belongs, where shall *we* find an antidote?"

"He were a poor poisoner," said the doctor, "who thought not of that. It has been in my cellar, in well sealed flasks, for a year past."

"Victoria!" cried the Englishman clapping his hands.

"As for the trial," continued the physician, "it is this: I have, in the park of the country-seat of the Baron Von Eichberg, some trees with the *artificial* blossoms, yet so inferior are they that their scent has no effect upon a person in sound health that does not come too near. The baron's family shall be present, and see the miracle with their own eyes."

"But if the scent has no effect," interrupted Sir William, "how can we judge of the strength of the poison?"

"Among the members of the baron's family," replied the doctor, "is a beautiful, but delicate and nervous, young lady; I beg you to observe

her strictly, and see what effect the first scent of the cherry-blossoms has on her. In her, whose nerves are exquisitely susceptible, you may see the influence of the poison. She will probably die on the spot; but her death will be attributed to her disease; whereas *we* might be suspected in the case of a healthy person—perhaps might be brought into conflict with the police.

"I understand, my good sir; and when shall we make the trial?"

"To-morrow at noon, if fortune favors us. Yet one thing: I am extraordinarily pressed for money; could you accommodate me for a few weeks with seventy louis d'ors?"

Sir William opened a drawer in his bureau and threw out gold and bank-notes on the table. "Take all you want," said he; "your discovery is worth thousands to me!"

"I need only seventy," answered the doctor, counting out the sum. "In a few weeks I will repay you. Now, farewell, and be ready to-morrow; I will call for you before noon."

IX

On his next morning's visit to his patient, the doctor met the baroness in the ante-chamber. When he asked after Adeline, her eyes filled with tears. "I have given up all hope!" she said. "Who can strive against a dark fate that has ruled our family for centuries? It calls for another victim!" She wept bitterly. "Day and night," pursued she, "my daughter thinks, talks, dreams of nothing but the tree of death; she is persuaded that the next new moon, according to the old saying, is the end of her term of life."

"How comes it," asked the doctor, "she spoke not to me about the tree?"

"She feared," replied the baroness, "you would call her belief superstition."

The doctor said no more; but passed into the sick chamber. Adeline was reclining on the sofa; Pauline, with tearful eyes, was sitting beside her with a book in her hand, from which she had been reading to her sister.

The wonted questioning began. The sisters observed, however, a singular abstraction in the physician's manner. An expression of thoughtfulness clouded his generally cheerful countenance. Many even of Adeline's answers were apparently unheeded; and he sat looking over his own prescription a long while, till the expectation of the young ladies amounted almost to apprehension.

"You find me somewhat absent to-day," said he at length apologizingly; "but the singular phenomenon I have witnessed has tasked in vain my learning, as a naturalist, to account for it. You haveboth doubtless heard the story of trees blossoming in harvest, and probably thought it fabulous. Now, I assure you, I saw it yesterday with my own eyes. Lady Adeline's birth-day tree is in full blossom."

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In vain Pauline, by eloquent looks implored the doctor to be silent. He was apparently too much absorbed to notice her. Adeline, who found her impressions thus confirmed, grew paler, and grasped the cushions to prevent herself from falling. The physician, who seemed not to observe the emotion of his patient, took a paper box from his pocket, and, from it, presented her with a twig full of blossoms. "I have brought you this as a specimen," said he.

Adeline took it with a trembling hand, looked at it in long, in mournful silence, then handed it to her sister. "See, Pauline," said she softly, "my death flowers!"

Pauline dropped the fatal branch. The doctor, who seemed still occupied with his paper box, took from it another twig. "I must ask pardon," said he, "for my mistake; this is the branch from Lady Adeline's tree. You perceive it is much handsomer than the other."

"And where is this from?" asked Pauline quickly, snatching it up from the floor.

"Indeed, my dearest Pauline," answered the doctor, "I cannot tell you exactly from which tree that was broken. See, I have another," holding up a third specimen; "it is of quite a different sort."

"How!" cried Pauline with deep emotion, as if life and death hung upon her words; "are there *other* trees blossoming in our park?"

"That is the mystery," said the doctor pensively. "If it were only the Lady Adeline's, it might be explained by the fact that the tree was diseased; but I yesterday counted no less than a dozen in full bloom, and it set me to thinking to ascertain the cause. Ah, our knowledge is nothing, after all, but patchwork."

"Adele, my Adele!" cried Pauline, and tears of joy burst from her beautiful eyes; "you are saved, my Adele, my sister!" and she sank half senseless into her arms.

"I shall stay with you, Pauline!" answered the sick girl, weeping on her sister's bosom. They remained long clasped in a silent embrace. The good doctor wiped away a tear unobserved before he spoke again. "But, ladies, I do not understand why this singular and rather sad phenomenon of nature should create such joy in you?"

"Ah, my dear doctor," cried Pauline, who was first to recover from her ecstacy, "I could kiss you for the good news!"

"Indeed! then do so, my pretty Pauline."

"Adeline shall live many new moons yet!—the other trees are in blossom—the chronicle threatens nothing; it is not *alone* her birth-day tree!" and she clapped her little hands for delight. Adeline leaned forward and whispered to the doctor, while her eyes were fixed searchingly upon him,

"You are surely not deceiving us?"

"My dear young lady," replied he, "you have strength to walk; a short drive cannot hurt you this delicious morning. How say you, will you go and see the blossoming grove with your own eyes?"

"Oh, that would be charming!" cried Pauline. "Dearest Adele,

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come, come!—the good doctor would not advise any thing that could hurt you; we will wrap you up warmly. Only look at the bright blue sky!"

"Doctor," said Adeline, "you will answer for my safety?" and she gave consent to accompany her sister to the country-seat.

"Victoria!" cried the physician; and Pauline flew to communicate the good news to her parents.

X

"Stay here quietly," said the doctor to Sir William, as he placed him behind the grove of yew trees; "through this small opening you can see the effect of the poisonous flowers without being observed yourself."

"And, dear doctor, you think the young lady will really die?" asked the Englishman somewhat anxiously, while he held his snuffbox continually to his nose to protect himself from the poisonous scent.

"Undoubtedly," was the reply; "weak nerves are most susceptible."

"I am not sure that mine are of the strongest," said Sir William. "Doctor, I feel very far from well."

"Imagination," observed the doctor.

"I assure you," said the young man, "those cursed flowers are beginning to effect me; we should have brought a little of your antidote with us."

"I pledge you my word," said the physician, "the flowers have *no* effect upon you. Keep quiet, the baron's family will soon be here."

"The poor child!" sighed Sir William to himself. "Doctor, good doctor," he said, after a pause, in an earnest, gentle voice.

"Well?"

"It is a pity—one so young"——

"How!" cried the doctor in seeming astonishment; "do you draw back? What matters it if a nervous maiden dies a few months before her time, when, according to our sublime plan, all Europe will soon be a solitude?"

"Very true, indeed," answered the young man.

The rolling of wheels was heard. "They come!" cried the physician. "Keep quiet, Sir William." He went to the park gate. The Englishman stood with beating heart looking through the opening among the trees.

XI

Adeline passed down the avenue between her sister and the doctor, feeling as if she were in a new world. Her dark hair was parted on her forehead, contrasting sweetly with its marble whiteness; a delicate flush was on her cheek, and a gentle smile played about her mouth; but her bosom heaved with anxious expectation—all seemed to her a happy dream; her unlooked-for restoration to health, her deliverance from the

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horrible anticipation that had haunted her. She could scarcely even now believe the doctor's words; a vague anxiety oppressed her until they passed the yew grove and stood before the blossoming trees. Then she saw with her own eyes that not only her birth-day tree, but many others were white with blossoms; and the bright sun shone down upon the little grove as if it were a day in spring. The dark spell that had subdued her was broken! All was clear; there was no delusion; the death sentence was revoked; the revulsion of feeling was too great for her to bear! She tried to lift up her hands in thanksgiving to heaven, but her strength failed her, and she sank senseless into the arms of the physician.

At the same moment, a rustling was heard in the grove. A handsome young man (despair and horror in his face) rushed out. "I am her murderer!" he cried, and threw himself breathless at the maiden's feet.

"Away!" cried the doctor to the baron, who, petrified at this double accident, was at a loss what to do. He obeyed mechanically. Adeline was borne to the carriage; the baroness and Pauline followed in great alarm.

"Return to the city immediately, and let the young lady have rest," said the doctor; "in half an hour I will be with you. Now for my other patient."

He hastened back to the park as the carriage drove off. The young man was speedily restored to consciousness. "Is the angel dead?" asked he eagerly; "is there no help for her?"

"Heaven be praised—none!" was the reply; "the poison worked admirably; but she never complained. I would scarce have credited it myself."

"Then I will die, too," cried Sir William, and threw himself again on the ground. The doctor beckoned a servant to his assistance; they lifted the young man into the carriage, and drove back with him to the city.

No sooner was the park empty, than an old man came out of the gate house towards the grove as fast as age and infirmity would permit him to walk. He had a stick in his hand, and his whole demeanour bespoke the utmost impatience and anger. It was no other than Florian, the old coachman, who had seen Adeline carried away in her swoon, and was resolved to wreak his vengeance on the untimely blossoms that had, as he supposed, caused all this suffering. He began to beat among them with his stick; but was surprised to perceive that every stroke brought the blossoms in a thick shower to the ground. In a few moments, the cherry-trees stood as bare as any other trees in the park.

"See," he exclaimed, looking with great satisfaction at his own achievements, "what worthless trash they were! No brave cherry-tree lets its blossoms fall thus, as if they were only glued on. But I have done my duty." He went out muttering, and closed the gate after him.

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XII

"Well, the new moon is happily over," said the doctor one day to the baron.

"God be thanked! and you, my best friend," replied the father, embracing the physician; "my Adeline is now in perfect health."

"Excellent!" said the doctor; "and my patient, Sir William, has risen like a phœnix from his fever, and is quite cured of his poison mania.

"He visits us daily," said the baron, "and seems to take great interest in Adeline. He is a noble young man."

"Indeed!" cried the doctor; "he told me not a word of that. And Adeline?"

"Oh, she always welcomes him with a smile, and frowns upon Pauline if she speaks of the conquest of Britain."

"Admirable! A pretty romance will grow out of my cures: betrothment—marriage—baptism of children—new generations!"

"In which romance," cried the baron, grasping the physician's hand, "*you* play, wonderful man, the noblest part! Now the new moon is over; tell me, dear doctor, how you managed to create a spring in the midst of desolation."

"First of all," said the jovial physician, "we will, an it please you, drink a glass of Pedro Ximenes to the health of the young pair. Now," and he made room on the sofa for the baron, "I will tell you all about it; though, in truth, there is not much to tell.

"The malady of your daughter, so much aggravated by an idea that had taken possession of her mind, I saw was only to be removed by an appeal to her imagination. As luck would have it, I learned that the famous gardener, Janak, had with much trouble brought a cherry-tree to blossom. I resolved to purchase it, cost what it would, and decorate with the flowery twigs the trees round the Lady Adeline's birth-day tree. It was evident that, if other trees bloomed, the fatal saying, verified by the chronicle, could not apply to her; but a serious obstacle lay in my way, The gardener refused to sell the tree. I offered for it, five, ten, twenty louis d'ors, all in vain. At length he confessed, to my no small dismay, that he had cultivated the tree with great pains for a present to the prince on his birthday. The place of court-gardener was then vacant; Janak was one of the candidates, and hoped, by means of the cherry-tree, to recommend himself to the prince, who was a great lover of such rarities. I was in despair; for, without the tree, I saw no method of saving your daughter's life. I renewed my solicitations; and at length obtained it at the enormous price of one hundred louis d'ors, with the promise that I would use my utmost influence to secure him the desired place. The bargain was closed. I had but one-third of the stipulated sum, all my present wealth! How was I to procure the remainder? I did not wish to apply to you; but bethought me of my rich patient, Sir William. The idea then entered my brain of undertaking his cure at the same time; thus, as the saying goes, 'hitting two birds with one stone.'"

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The doctor then related his conspiracy with the young Englishman,

and explained his mysterious appearance and behaviour in the park. "I did my best," he concluded, "to combat in both patients with an unhappy fantasy. God has given me success; the cure is complete."

The baron listened in wonder and admiration; he embraced his friend again, and gave thanks to Heaven with a full heart. "But come," he cried, "come and see the girl yourself; tell her of all—now the fatal day is past." They proceeded to the baron's house without delay, and entered the drawing-room unannounced. Adeline, blooming as a rose, was seated by the window, working at a pearl necklace. Sir William and Pauline were helping her arrange the pearls.

"What is all this?" asked the doctor, looking over the young man's shoulder. The lovers both looked up, blushing and embarrassed. "Let me feel your pulse, Lady Adeline," said tho doctor. She reached out her small, white hand timidly.

"Is it my hand or yours that trembles so?" asked the physician. "I cannot tell; Sir William, do you my duty for once, and tell me if the young lady has fever." The young man obeyed mechanically. "But, my dearest sir," cried the doctor suddenly, "you must have a higher fever than she has! I must confess I did not look for this; I hoped to find my patients recovered."

William and Adeline seemed not to understand the doctor, who spoke as if in deep earnest. But Pauline could scarce restrain her mirth at the comical scene.

"What are you laughing at, my pretty Pauline?" asked he. "Do you not know that you owe me a kiss? I am come to claim the debt."

It was now Pauline's turn to blush. She looked as if she would gladly have escaped; but the doctor was resolute. Then, with a smile, he took the lovers each by the hand, and, turning to the baron, said,

"I give them up to you, my dear friend, restored to health in body and mind; how it stands with their *hearts*, it is not for me to decide."

Sharp were the rebukes the good physician had to encounter, when his patients found out how he had cured them. But it needed little intercession to restore him to favour.

XIII

It was a lovely morning in the spring of the following year, and preparations for a day of rejoicing were rife about the country-seat of the Baron Von Eichberg. The gates and trees were hung with garlands of flowers; the people were in their holiday attire. Old Florian managed every thing. There was no time to be lost; for scarce had the sun appeared above the mountains, when the approach of a carriage from the city was hailed with loud and universal acclamations. Two gentlemen on horseback accompanied the carriage; one of whom was conspicuous for the ease and grace with which he managed a noble looking horse. The rider was the good doctor, and the horse was a present from Sir William, tried to-day for the first time. The other

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horseman was Henry, now a student of medicine at Leipsig, who had left his studies for a time to be present on this happy occasion. This occasion was no less than the marriage of the young pair who were seated in the carriage, the handsome Sir William and the charming Lady Adeline.

It was a lovely day! The hamlet bells, the shouts and songs of the peasants, made the hills echo with festive sounds, and sent happiness to the hearts of the united family, added to the welcome of the spring, sunshine, and the fragrant breeze. The doctor's humour, Pauline's naiveté, Henry's declamatory earnestness and pedantry, Emily's artlessness, and Florian's imperiousness, with the quiet happiness of the youthful lovers, and the heartfelt gratitude of the parents, added to the joyous season and the beauty of the day, formed a picture of enjoyment which the writer of this tale wishes all his readers could have witnessed and partaken. The dinner table was spread in the park under the green canopy of trees. Spite of his modest remonstrances, the doctor was compelled to occupy the place of honour between William and his fair bride. The meal passed off delightfully, seasoned by sprightly conversation and pleasant jests. When the dessert was brought on, old Florian, with a military air, stepped forth and asked audience for a delinquent. It was granted; and Lips, in holiday apparel, came up to Adeline, offering her a basket covered with flowers.

"Aha! 'tis our miner!" cried the doctor laughing, while Adeline removed the flowers and uttered an exclamation of surprise at seeing the basket full of rich ripe cherries, a great rarity for that early season. All were eager to know whence they came; the mystery was soon explained. The gardener, Janak, who, through the doctor's exertions, had succeeded in obtaining the appointment he wished for, had refused to accept the enormous sum offerred for the cherry-tree, and had insisted upon returning the louis d'ors. The Doctor, who felt that he could not conscientiously receive them, had, with them, established a fund for the relief of poor gardeners. Janak, nevertheless, felt himself still indebted to the physician, and embraced every opportunity of showing his gratitude to him and his good will to the family of his friend. The cherries were his gift; Lips had begged to be the bearer, that his peace might thereby be made for sundry misdemeanors.

"Yet he must be punished," observed Sir William; "prying and eavesdropping should not be allowed to pass with impunity. If it please you, dear father, it seems proper to me that you should give the boy his dismissal upon the spot. That he may not be without the means of earning his bread, however, I will take him into my service as groom."

This exceeded Lips's boldest expectations; but, in the midst of his joy, his presence of mind did not forsake him. He came up to Sir William, kissed his hand, and sang out, to the great amusement of the company, "*Rule Britannia.*"

The eating of the cherries, which were found delicious, turned the

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conversation upon the subject of the unnatural cherry blossoms of last year.

"I should have certainly died before the new moon," observed Adeline.

"And Heaven knows," said Sir William, "what outrageous thing I might not have done in my misanthropic spleen."

Here brother Henry rose and thundered forth a tremendous philippic against superstition. "Long live sound reason," he cried in conclusion, and the glasses clashed together.

"It is well, my son," said the baron, standing up. "Long live reason; and let us hereby learn not to combat superstition and fantasy by angry opposition, but by prudence, moderation, and wisdom, as the example of this our worthy friend has taught us, without whose assistance we should in all probability have had to mourn the loss of one of our number, instead of meeting here in joy. Deeply, my children, let the lesson sink into your hearts; it must never, never be forgotten; and though our friend's best reward is in his own heart, he will not disdain this day to accept our united wishes for his happiness. *Long live our wonder-working doctor!*"

The happy family, one and all, repeated the wish. Lips, at a signal from Florian, flew off like an arrow, and instantaneously the peals of trumpet and kettledrum drowned the merry huzzas. "Fire!" shouted Florian, and a louder uproar commenced: the church and castle bells joined their harmonious chime. The family crowded round their benefactor; Pauline flung her arms around his neck suddenly, and gave him the long-owed kiss. The joy was too much even for the doctor's fortitude: his tears flowed without restraint; but all were smiling around, and the pure blue heaven above looked smilingly down upon the little heaven below.

Oswego, N. Y.

LIFE'S NOONDAY MUSINGS.

Why do I turn, my early youth, with lingering glance to thee,
And with a trembling hand unseal the founts of memory?
Why do I mourn in silence deep o'er years that long have flown,
And heavily but vainly sigh to think that they are gone?

Is it because my lip and cheek no more with beauty glow?
Because no longer ringlets fall around a brow of snow?
Because the spirit-speaking flush, the bloom of life has past?
Is it these things that shadows deep across my pathway cast?

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Not so: with tranquil glance I gaze upon this altered face;
No sorrow for these perished charms finds in my heart a place.
Careless I mark each girlish grace, one after one decay,
And smile to think my joy in them as transient was as they.

Time has not, with unsparing hand, borne health nor strength away,
Nor quenched the eye's clear glance, nor turned these raven locks to grey.
He has not bowed the frame to earth, nor made the hand grow weak,
The voice, less joyous than of yore, can yet of mercy speak.

The good, the glorious, the fair, one after one have died,
But those that make the world to me, yet linger by my side.
The intellect of ages gone I yet can make my own,
With pleasure view the artist's touch, or list the poet's tone.

My anxious spirit, wherefore mourn o'er thy departed years;
With blessings such as thou hast named, what cause hast thou for tears?
Why should'st thou mourn on looking back upon life's early day?
Why not rejoice that thou hast trod so far thy devious way?

Ah! while with tranquil glance I view the outward flush depart,
With anxious care I note the bloom fade slowly from my heart;
The buoyant hopes, the spirit bright, that ne'er foreboded ill,
The thoughtlessness of coming change—would these were with me still!

I sigh to think that time has borne the glow of heart away;
That dread of coming years should dim my morning visions gay.
Oh 'tis in early youth alone our lips can truly say,
"Sufficient is the present ill unto the present day."

My troubled, restless spirit, lay these anxious cares aside,
They spring from this: thou can'st not trust thy God to be thy guide.
Thou dost not in his love confide, or thou would'st truly feel
A depth of joyful confidence that *youth* could ne'er reveal.

Oh Thou, the finisher of faith, create it in my soul,
Forgive the murmurs, hush the fears, that o'er my spirit roll;
Grant me, with perfect joy, to leave *all* that is dear with Thee;
With such a trust as earth ne'er gave that thus it best shall be.

Sept., 1839.

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NEW YORK CITY *vs.* NEW YORK STATE.

It may not perhaps be forgotten by our readers, that in an Article in our last October Number, while speculating upon the manifest approaching dissolution of the "Whig Party," we anticipated, in the very midst of our universal triumphs in the elections throughout the rest of the Union, the probable *loss* of the approaching election in the State of New York. It will also be remembered that this admission did not, in the least degree, affect the general grounds on which was based our prediction, that that party, as a great whole, was on the eve of a political "dissolution"—its opposition being broken down, its prospects utterly hopeless, and a great proportion of those popular masses which it has been so long able to delude, being already either transferred to their proper home in the Democratic ranks, or so far loosened from their unnatural adhesion to the Federalism which has constituted the nucleus and heart of the "Whig Party," as to be manifestly already in a state of rapid transition.

We retraced the political history of the last two years. We exhibited the Administration almost hopelessly prostrated by the whirlwind of disaster of the panic year of 1837—the Whigs every where victorious and exultant—the former powerfully, but at immense disadvantage, struggling in the great conflict of argument, against all the plausible topics of partisan appeal, afforded in abundance to the latter by the actual condition of the country, of which the whole responsibility was naturally cast upon the "experiments" of the Administration, and the innovating destructive principles of the party which supported it. Then succeeded the gradual explosion of one after another of the Whig delusions of the times—the demonstration, by the test of experience, of one after another of the Democratic arguments—the hard-fought reconquest by the Administration, step by step, of its lost ground—the steady recovery of the before panic-stricken public opinion—the reconversion of one after another of the old Democratic States, and the unexpected accession of others long deemed irreclaimably Federal—the still progressive multiplication of majorities, extended and confirmed by all the elections of the present year—the signal failure and recoil of the grand party demonstration of the last session of Congress, founded on the New York defalcations—and finally the fruitless exhaustion of all the old, threadbare topics of abuse, not less unjust than virulent, which had so long constituted the armoury whence were drawn all the principal weapons of the opposition with which the Administration had been so fiercely and unremittingly assailed. In view of this state of the two parties which have divided the country, in connection with all their past history throughout the terms of the late and

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present Administrations, the conclusion which we have stated appeared irresistible, namely, that the opposition, as of late years organized, was to be regarded as fairly broken down, and the "Whig Party" as necessarily on the eve of a complete *dissolution*.

Yet was it still in the midst of all these evidences of the overwhelming triumph of the Administration throughout the Union—evidences of a more powerful ascendency than the Republican party has ever yet possessed—that we declared the "great uncertainty" we regarded as resting upon the coming election in the State of New York; referring distinctly to these two probable causes of the defeat we anticipated for the Democratic party, namely, the "great sectional interests involved," and "*what appears to us the confused condition of the public mind in the State at large on the principles at stake.*"

Now, it is by no means for the purpose of laying claim to any peculiar credit of prophetic sagacity that we here refer to our opinions entertained and published at a time when they seemed so little in harmony with all the apparent probabilities. But since it is our object to perform the necessary, though but little agreeable, task of explaining the causes of this defeat in the State—this, to many, unexpected exception to the general course of Democratic victories elsewhere—we may be permitted thus to show at the outset, that our explanations are no after-thought of commonplace apology for a defeat; and that there is no affectation in our expression of a feeling a little stronger than indifference, even though we may not call it positive satisfaction, at the result; the grounds of our confidence in the correctness of the views before expressed, in relation to the present state and prospects of our general politics, remaining entirely unaffected by it.

As a general rule, we are free to confess that we prefer the suffrages of the country to those of the city. It is on the former that the main reliance of our party has always rested. The farmer is naturally a Democrat—the citizen may be so, but it is in spite of many obstacles. In the country a more healthy moral atmosphere may be said to exist, untainted by the corruptions and contagions of the crowded city, analogous to its purer breezes which the diseased and exhausted denizen of the latter is from time to time compelled to seek for the renovation of his jaded faculties of mind and body. In the city men move in masses. They catch the current opinion of the hour from their class, and from those public organs of the press on which they are accustomed to depend for their daily supply of superficial thought—for their morning dose of mental stimulus, in those flaming appeals to their passions, their interests, or their vanity, which it is the vocation of the latter daily to administer. They have little leisure to reflect calmly and independently for themselves. They are like men in a troubled crowd, swept hither and thither by the current of the huge mass, with a force which the individual can rarely nerve himself to stem. Individuality in fact loses itself, almost of necessity, in the constant pressure of surrounding example, of the general

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habit and tone of society, and in the contagious excitements which rapidly chase each other in their successive sway over the multitudinous aggregate of minds.

In the city, too, men live more for artificial, deceptive "appearances"—for a petty pride of silly fashion—for a mean ostentation of wealth and luxury, in all its relative degrees—in a constant state of jealous sensitiveness to their position in those classifications which naturally arise out of the dense, heterogeneous mass of men that compose the population of a city—in a perpetual, even though unconscious, habit of self-comparison, of an upward looking envy, and a downward looking contempt. And how injurious must be the influence of the all-pervading social atmosphere thus generated, to all true independence and elevation of character—to all mental freedom and fearlessness—to that proud democratic dignity of manhood, to that noble love and respect for the equal human nature and human rights of the humblest of our fellow men, alone worthy of the American Citizen—it cannot be necessary for us to expatiate upon. Well, indeed, notwithstanding their unquestionable industrial utility, as vast labor-saving machines, did Jefferson term all great cities, in view of their deleterious moral character and influence, "festering sores on the surface of the body politic."

In the country, on the other hand, man enjoys an existence of a healthier and truer happiness, a nobler mental freedom, a higher native dignity—for which a poor equivalent is found in that superficial polish produced by the incessant mutual attrition, and that more intense life, if we may so speak, excited by the perpetual surrounding stimulus that belong to cities. He is thrown more on himself. Most of his labors are comparatively solitary, and of such kind as to leave his mind meanwhile free for reflection. Every thing around him is large, open, free, unartificial, and his mind insensibly, to a greater or less extent, takes a corresponding tone from the general character of the objects and associations in the midst of which he lives and moves and has his being. He is less dependant on the hourly aid of others, in the regular routine of his life, as likewise on their opinions, their example, their influence. The inequalities of social distinctions, the operation of which is attended with equal moral injury to the higher and the lower, affect less his more simple and independent course of life. He is forced more constantly to think and act for himself, with reference to those broad principles of natural right, of which all men alike, when unperverted by artificial circumstances, carry with them a common general understanding. And to live he must labor—all the various modes by which, in great congregations of men, certain classes are ingeniously able to appropriate to themselves the fruits of the general toil of the rest, being to him alike unknown and impracticable. Hence does he better appreciate the true worth and dignity of labor, and knows how to respect, with a more manly and christian sympathy of universal brotherhood, those oppressed masses of the laboring poor, whose vast bulk constitutes the basis on which alone rests the

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proud apex of the social pyramid. In a word, he is a more natural, a more healthy, a more independent, a more genuine *man*,—and hence, as we have said above, the farmer is naturally a democrat; the citizen may be so, but it is in spite of many obstacles.

We have here briefly, in passing, alluded to the reasons for our preference of the political support of the country over that of the city; and to the causes of the fact that, as a general rule, the former has always been found to be the true home of American democracy; while in the latter, and in their circumradiated influence, has usually been found the main strength of that party by which, under one form and name or another, the progress of the democratic principle has, from the outset, been so bitterly and unremittingly opposed. And hence the frequent saying of General Jackson, that in the cities and towns his opponents were all powerful, but that at the first country cross-road, there his land began. How generally true this is still at the present day, our readers do not need to be here told.

Throughout all the late contest between our two parties, commencing with that of General Jackson's first election, this natural bias of the cities and towns against the Democratic party—the general truth of which is not invalidated by particular exceptions—was promoted by the fact that it was the Paper-Money Credit System which constituted the chief force in the field against it. This fact necessarily involved in the struggle the whole commercial system of the country which was almost wholly administered and controlled through the former. In the cities this being the paramount influence, and comprising not the mercantile community alone, but extensive other classes, professional and laboring, more or less directly connected with it, it embraced of course a large proportion of those classes whose natural instincts and sympathies, as well as their substantial interests, ought more properly to have attached them to the Democratic party, and would have done so, but for this peculiar conjunction of causes, and the overpowering pressure of influence upon them from above, by the great mercantile community, on whose patronage depended their daily bread.

A consideration of the general ideas and facts here referred to makes the more remarkable the contrast between the results of the late New York election in the city and in the country. How happens it, that while in every other quarter of the Union we see the manifestations of a popular movement so powerful and so grand, in favor of the policy of the Democratic party, yet in the *Country* of Mr. Van Buren's native State, where a few years ago our party was so overwhelmingly in the ascendant, the progress of that movement is found to be, though sensible, yet comparatively so feeble and slow,—while, on the other hand, in the *City*, more naturally the home and stronghold of the antagonist principle to that movement, it has been seen to sweep on to so decisive and satisfactory a victory? Whence this unnatural contrast? Had the converse of the fact been the case, its explanation might have seemed obvious

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enough, as we observe it in the two sister cities of the great commercial emporium of which we are speaking, Philadelphia and Boston. Had both city and country gone against the Administration, by however small a majority, the contrast of the exception it would have presented to the general course of public opinion throughout the rest of the Union, would still have been less remarkable than their present attitude of opposition to each other,—the city strongly, purely, and zealously democratic, and the country arrayed on the side of a system of opinions, of which the farmers ought certainly to be the very last amongst whom we should look for the peculiar supporters and pastisans.

It is of this anomaly that we desire to render an account, not less for the satisfaction of the Democratic party elsewhere, than for the benefit of that portion of our friends in the State of New York itself, to whom the lesson afforded by their late election particularly addresses itself. We cannot, with any degree of consistency, allow it to pass unexplained, little agreeable as it may be to repeat some necessary truths, which, however wholesome, may not probably be very acceptable to many both personal and political friends.

May it not be possible that the city election was unfavorably influenced against the Whigs by fraud, their opponents having entire possession of its municipal organization, through the Mayor and Councils, with a majority of the inspectors of election in every ward? Or may not a considerable portion of the probable Whig votes have been kept from the polls by violence and tumult by reason of that deep feeling, on the part of the rude "lower classes of society," which has evidently been excited with a peculiarly strong democratic enthusiasm on the present occasion? Unfortunately for both these pleas of extenuation, which defeated parties are so often apt to use, the Whig press itself of the city was compelled to bear a most unusual testimony to the perfect fairness and order of the election, under the administration of the Democratic public authorities, and to its completeness as a satisfactory test of the genuine public opinion of the community. And this is in fact the first election within our remembrance at which the defeated party has been forced, not only to admit this fact, but even to volunteer its admission.

The truth is simply, as has been already strongly stated by the Democratic press of the city, that the victory in the one has been due to the frankness and freedom with which the broad democratic principles involved in the general policy of the Administration were put forward before the people; and the defeat in the other mainly to the different course that was pursued by the great body of the party press and party leaders, namely, that of compromise, non-committalism, reserve, "moderation"—the effect of which was, so far to blend together the shades of the dividing lines between the two opposing systems of opinion of the two parties, as to make it not easy for the common sense of common people to distinguish them apart. Hence the "confused state of the public mind" to which we ascribed in advance the probable loss of the

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election in the State. Hence the absence of that deep popular enthusiasm, in behalf of strong principles broadly defined and strongly brought out in bright relief, to which our general course of Democratic victories of the present year is to be solely ascribed.

A portion of the Democratic press and politicians of the State have retorted upon the city, that it was to the needlessly strong and "ultra" promulgation of principles, on the part of the latter, that the defeat in the former was attributable. And to a certain extent the remark may not be entirely incorrect.

The leading issues on which the election was contested in the city were comprised in the famous "pledges" required by Tammany Hall from the Democratic candidates for the Legislature. These were—the Independent Treasury, with the Specie Clause, as its vital principle; uncompromising opposition to the bestowal of any more bank charters, or to the renewal of any old ones; the prompt suppression of small bills under the denomination of five dollars; and opposition to the incurring of debt by the State for the construction of works of internal improvement. Here were broad and strong propositions, all of a soundly democratic character, all in harmony with the general principles involved in most of the leading measures that have formed the topics of political discussion during the past several years. They naturally seized powerfully hold of the public mind in the city. They worthily roused its attention, its enthusiasm. Here was no wavering, no double-dealing, no party management. All was open, bold, and genuinely, radically democratic. The effect is before the world.

It should be borne in mind that the public mind in the city had been gradually prepared, by a long process of deep agitation on fundamental principles during four or five years past, for the reception of this strong regimen of "radical" opinions. It was there that had commenced the movement which has now swept over the whole land, north, east, south and west. It was there that first appeared the incipient fermentation of that purifying leaven of "Locofocoism" which is now fast leavening the whole lump. In New York city the trammels of the old, and sadly abused, system of party management and party "usages," had been to a great extent cast off, and the limbs of its now free Democracy, formerly so hampered and cramped as to have become almost paralyzed by the long process, had begun to recover their healthy native vigor. In the country, unfortunately, to too great an extent, this was not the case.

There is no other possible means by which a majority thus demoralized by a long system of party *mis*-management, can recover its pristine energies, and with them re-establish the crumbled fabric of its ascendency, than by going for a few years into minority, there to undergo, at the same time the process of just punishment for the past, and of necessary purification for the future. If that majority has been but a false professing democracy, sustained by corrupt means, and by the mere discipline of party organization, then this process of decline by its own

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internal decay must be fatal. The disease is in that case a mortal one, and no human skill or power can arrest the progress of cancerous mortification, or avert its certain result of dissolution. But if, on the other hand, it was indeed, as it professed itself, a true democracy, however perverted and cramped in the freedom of external developement, and however overspread by superficial disease, yet full of all the healthy and self-purifying vigor of the democratic principle at its heart, then is its malady, violent and convulsive as it may seem, but a transient and trifling one. The necessary course of its progress must be precisely what we have seen in the city of New York—*first*, a secession of a small fraction of the large majority, led, possibly, by a single bold, strong and commanding mind; *secondly*, a fierce persecution of that small fraction by the leaders of the dominant majority, for the hateful radicalism of their new-fangled "destructive," "jacobinical," "agrarian," "insane," "Robespierrean," principles, accompanied with a consequent general social panic of abhorrence of the said principles and their partisans; *thirdly*, the gradual progress of the opinions of the new party, stimulated by persecution, until they have made such encroachment upon the former numerical majority as to throw the power into the hands of the common enemy, who has meanwhile been standing coolly by, fanning the flame of discord, and exulting in the arrival of the moment to profit by it; *fourthly*, the complete ascendency of the latter for a time, while a vehement internal struggle is still in progress between the old and the new school, between which the democratic party is now distracted; *fifthly*, the consummation of this latter process of fermentation, the complete ascendency of the new school, accompanied by the acquisition of many honest converts from the opposite party, and, necessarily and happily, by a considerable defecation of its own old unwholesome particles, which are soon seen to collect as a distinct scum upon the surface, and to pass off, under the name of "Conservatives," or any other they may choose to adopt; and *finally*, the complete, decisive, and glorious reinstatement of the democratic majority in power, purified, reinvigorated, renewed, and, let us hope, penitent from the punishment it has so well deserved and so severely suffered, and wise with the experience which has been the precious jewel in the head of its adversity.

In this mere general statement of the natural steps of this necessary periodical process, our readers will of course readily recognize the actual facts of the history of the Democratic party in the City of New York through the past five years. In the State at large, the development of the process has not quite kept pace with its rapidity in the former. The majority was retained in the State, the compactness and order of the system of party organization continuing unbroken and undistracted, long after the city was plunged into the midst of all its confusion. The natural consequence is that the process has also reached its necessary consummation sooner in the one than in the other. In this idea is contained the full explanation of the late election.

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The party leaders and the party press, in the State at large, have never yet come boldly forth with the same free and strong avowals of pure democratic principles, that have already, for some time, been familiar to the public mind of the city. They have still clung too fondly to the flesh-pots of Egypt. They have not yet overcome their ancient timid reverence for their banks, and their credit system, and their paper money. There has been too much of compromise and concession of principle in their efforts to compose their party divisions; too much postponement of agitation of topics of dissension, which must come sooner or later. There has been too much of stifling of opinion under the uniform discipline of party management; too much sacrifice of "the truth, and the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," to petty motives of seeming expediency; too much trimming of sails to shifting breezes of temporary popularity; too little confidence in their own principles, and in the eventual rectitude of the popular judgment. Witness, for example, the disgraceful spectacle presented at the last session of the Legislature, of the politicians of both parties vieing with each other in restoring to the banks of the State the privilege of issuing small bills!—retracing one of the most important steps in the progress of sound doctrine in relation to the currency, achieved by the long labors of past years—taking back the whole justly odious system of paper currency to the arms of the so-called Democratic party—repenting, recanting, repudiating, one of the most important doctrines of the party to which they still professed undiminished attachment.

Such an act was suicidal. It was performed in the Legislature with all the indecent haste of a weak timidity, to cast off the burden of an apparent temporary unpopularity, which was said to attach to the law restricting the issue of small bills, because the farmers found them to be replaced with floods of the small trash issued by the banks of other States. But that was not the true remedy for the evil. On the passage of that act we foresaw a severe and inevitable retribution; and the confused state of the public mind, the distrust of the professed democracy of the party which could be so inconsistent with itself, with the consequent loss of the recent election in the State, are but the natural consummation of that well merited retribution.

In this point of view, then, we assent to the assertion of not a few of our friends in the country, that it was to the strong and "ultra" principles set forth by the more radical democracy of the city, that the loss of the State is to be ascribed. It was so—not because those principles were not all perfectly sound and just—not because they were not calculated to call forth the strongest assent of the popular judgment, and the warmest fervor of popular enthusiasm, if only fearlessly proclaimed, and thoroughly agitated in discussion—but because the Country, through the fault of its too timid politicians and presses, was not prepared for them.* Its long dis-

* In fact, even with reference to the Independent Treasury, it was not till within a few weeks before the election that the Democratic press of the country began

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ordered digestion was not equal to the strong and manly food which alone would suffice to satisfy the healthier constitution of the City Democracy. Yet it is no subject for regret to have lost an election thus. Better far a present defeat encountered for the truth's sake, than a hollow and insecure victory at the expense of the compromise of our convictions, at the sacrifice of a part of the truth, and of all our fearless candor in its conscientious avowal. It is true the New York pledges were and are a part of the general creed of the Democratic party; and when the country Democratic papers abstained from publishing them, and even repudiated a part of them as the extravagant ultraisms of a few political fanatics of the city,—and when the Whig papers paraded them in their columns, as arguments against their opponents, who shrank from their honest acknowledgment—the latter were right in their accusation, the former were wrong in their feeble and timid denial—a course which was directly calculated to make them produce the worst effects on the public mind that the Whigs could desire. The better course would have been to follow the fine example of the democracy of the city—to be foremost in the avowal, and earnest in the discussion of them; fearless in their conviction of the soundness of their own principles, and in their confidence in the ultimate approval of them by the sober second-thought of the people. They may depend upon it that they would then have produced the same effects in the country which they, and they alone, have produced in the city.

Our readers will therefore be at no loss now to understand, and believe in the sincerity of the remark, that we look upon the results of the late election in the State of New York rather with positive satisfaction than regret—setting aside a few drawbacks of comparatively trifling reasons, chiefly of a personal nature, which could have made a different result somewhat more agreeable. The very defeat in the State has served to bring out, in stronger relief, the true moral value of the victory in the city; and by pointing so unequivocally to the opposite respective causes of the one and of the other, to afford a lesson to ourselves in the true philosophy of democratic party-politics, of far higher and more permanent usefulness than could have attached to the most overwhelming triumph, obtained at the cost of the compromise of a principle, or of an equivocating timidity in its avowal.

Collaterally with the main cause of this result in the State, as stated above, and directly connected with it, is another to which we cannot avoid an allusion. We refer to that decay, which had undeniably taken place, of the popular confidence in that general system of party administration, well organized and centralized, through which a number of the old leaders of the Democratic party in that State had, almost from time

fairly to discuss it, in the true spirit and essence of its policy. And we have been assured by authority entitled to the greatest reliance, that had but a couple of months longer been allowed for its discussion, a result no less decisive might confidently have been anticipated from it, than has been witnessed in Indiana, Tennessee, and the rest of the Union.

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immemorial, conducted its government. That system was old and exhausted. To say this is to say nothing more than that it was no exception to the universal law of all human things and human institutions. It is impossible to restore the vigor of young health to a worn-out constitution; especially when to the natural influence of time may have been added that more rapid and fatal retributive decay consequent on the *too high living* to which the very seeming excess of robust health is too often apt to tempt men. The abominable system of legislation, which so long prevailed in that State, in the distribution of special privilege of monopoly of all sorts, and especially those directly involving pecuniary interests, could not result otherwise than in the complete ruin and downfall of the party practising it. The purest party conceivable could not but have become corrupted and demoralized by it. It could not but generate likewise a thousand administrative abuses; and connecting itself directly, in intimate and pervading alliance, with the general party organization through which the whole political action of the State was made to work, it could but result in the effect above adverted to, of ultimately destroying the popular attachment to that system of centralized organization, and to the individuals by whom it had been directed and managed. The people were tired of it, and wanted a change. Life offices, especially of pecuniary emolument, are hostile to the genius of our institutions, and naturally and justly odious to all the feelings, and habits of thinking, of our people. And this general remark is not less true of schools and classes of men, reproducing always the same thing under a slightly varied form, than of individuals.

It was in the disastrous year of 1837, that occurred the general catastrophe and crash of this huge fabric—this vast arch which spanned the State, and of which the key-stone was at the capital—and great was the fall thereof,—a fall long before confidently predicted and foreseen by some of the first men of the State, and of the party itself. Now, there was then but one way in which a party so situated could have retrieved itself. It was by breaking up the whole into its original elements, and beginning anew from the foundation, to reconstruct on the deeply and broadly laid basis of a strong, pure, and bold democracy. To attempt to raise again the old fabric now prostrate, to mend and modify, for the purpose of giving it a partial adaptation to the progress of the times, was a worse than idle task.

Have the leaders of the party in the State pursued, since 1837, the course here indicated as the only safe and wise one? Few will venture to answer the question in the affirmative. At the time when the Administration at Washington was taking that high and bold stand in favor of the independence of the Treasury, and of the currency of the Constitution, which has now so triumphantly rallied its then broken and disorganized party, few will venture to say that it received a cordial sympathy and support from the great body of the old political leaders of that party in the State of New York. Many individual exceptions might be cited to

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this, as to the former remark—and there is no question that the mass of the "rank and file" of the party welcomed, with an enthusiasm long unknown, the Message of the Extra Session; but the general remark, though we make it not without some personal regrets, remains unaffected by these exceptions, and undeniably true. Nor could the pernicious influence of this course, which was at first pursued, be at all remedied by any subsequent changes of opinion and language, the true democratic sincerity of which must, of necessity, always remain subject to a certain degree of popular distrust, fatal to all hopes of a restoration to their former party ascendency, by those who had once thus forfeited it, and neglected, irrecoverably, the only opportunity of retrieval that has presented itself.

We pass by one or two other minor causes which were not without their influence in coöperating to produce the general result, to bestow a brief allusion upon one, from which we anticipated the worst effect at the time of its occurrence. We refer to the course pursued by the leaders of the party at the last session of the Legislature, in using the party majority which they had been able to retain in the Senate of the State—the least democratic branch of its government, from its four years tenure of office—to thwart the pleasure of the present majority of the people, represented by the new Whig administration, and attested by the large popular majorities of the two preceding annual elections, in a matter the least worthy of an application of constitutional power of so very equivocal a character—*the dispensation of office.* The terms of a large number of the offices held under the appointment of the Governor of the State, with the consent of the Senate, expired at about that period. Now even though the Senate might consider itself justified in refusing to allow the Whig Governor to remove from office any of their own friends whose terms had not yet expired, yet such offices as fell in, in the course of time, expiring by their own limitation, it was certainly but fair to allow the Whig administration to fill quietly with its own friends, according to its pleasure. The State could receive no detriment from the occupation of these subordinate offices by a few Whigs, and such a course would at least have been generous and manly, even if not absolutely required by justice, and a true regard to the democratic genius of our institutions. How long would have been the expressions of righteous indignation which would have rebounded from the Democratic papers of the State, had the case been reversed—had it been "my ox gored by your bull." But the Senate adopted the rule of refusing its assent to all such nominations, availing itself of a law by which the former incumbents, *ex necessitate rei*, held over in the possession of their offices till the entrance of a successor. There can be but little doubt that if such an application of this law, and of the constitutional participation of the Senate in the appointing power, had been foreseen by the people who framed the one and conferred the other, its possibility would never have been permitted. There are few political abuses for which we are disposed to have less indulgence than that of the dexterous use of legal forms to oppose or

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parry that which, after all, should be regarded as the one great governing power in the State, to which all should yield an honest and *bona fide* assent, the will of the majority. Especially is it unworthy of a party, on which are incumbent all the high moral responsibilities incident to the name of Democratic, ever to have recourse to such petty expedients for such petty ends. It is inconsistent, and, as far as its influence extends, suicidal. In the present case, too, it was calcalated too plausibly to favor the common opposition charge of an indecent appetite for the "spoils of victory," and could not but appear to the people a very unsatisfactory foretaste of the spirit which was to animate the reconstruction of that old system of party administration, of which two pretty decisive elections had proved that it had had quite enough.

In fact, what need would there seem to be of going any farther in quest of an explanation of the late defeat of the Democratic party of the State of New York, than a glance at this simple spectacle—a Whig Governor and Assembly, elected by large majorities (temporarily misled, it is true, yet still positive in the constitutional expression of their present opinion and will)—these bodies sustained by the moral force of two successive annual elections—a "Democratic" Senate holding over in office by virtue of the very anti-democratic constitution of that body—and that Senate now emulating the eagerness of the Assembly to repeal the law restricting the issue of small bills by the banks of the State; now refusing its assent to a proposition by the other body to repeal a law by which, in the old palmy days of party pride of place, a lucrative office, in most other States annual, was bestowed upon an individual by an indefinite tenure, and to substitute a term of three years;* now straining the forms of its official power certainly as far beyond the intended spirit of law or constitution, as it was at variance with the fundamental principle of its own avowed political creed, for the miserable object of keeping a few individuals in office! We know full well that there were a great many soundly and strongly democratic members in that body, who participated in the course here condemned. We think, however, that they made a fatal mistake equally of duty and of policy; sacrificing too much to the excited feelings of party opposition, to a natural and worthy desire to stand faithfully by their friends, and to the object of conciliating, and retaining in the party ranks, a few individuals of their number, who were certainly not worth such a price thus paid for them. The ideas

* The office here referred to is of course the State Printer—held by the present incumbent, by virtue of a law, the repeal of which required the concurrence of all the three departments of the Legislature. It is personally due, however, to that gentleman to state, that this was merely an application of the same principle already adopted by the Senate of refusing to the Whig party, in possession of the two other branches, the privilege of substituting their friends in the places of the actual incumbents of the State offices; and that it was generally understood that on the recovery of the control of the Legislature by the Democratic party, that gentleman intended voluntarily to resign the office, so as to remove all obstacle to any alteration of the law that might be deemed proper, or to the appointment of any one who might be selected by the Legislature to fill it.

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here stated may probably be condemned by many to whose views on such subjects we cheerfully concede a much higher weight of authority and value than we pretend to claim for our own; but as our candid opinions, no reasons of this nature shall interfere with the free and frank expression of them.

We confess, indeed, notwithstanding a few personal considerations, that we cannot regret that the political retribution, so naturally provoked by such a spectacle as we have here drawn in feeble lines, has so promptly succeeded the act. There is now a decided Whig majority in the Senate—a majority which they will doubtless retain for several years, notwithstanding that we are sure of completing next year the recovery of the more popular branch of the Legislature, nearly accomplished, in spite of all these disadvantages, at the late election. That body will doubtless immediately make a very clean sweep of all the offices within their reach, and will be prepared next year, on the re-entrance of a Democratic State administration into power, to play the same game of party manœuvre, in which its natural aptitude to learn has had the benefit of so excellent an example for its instruction.

Those who were led, in the excitement of party struggles, to suggest, perform, and approve, this very impolitic piece of party policy, will do well, in our opinion, to ponder now its retributive consequences. The Whigs have retained the State by a small majority. Let them reflect, not only on the moral influence of such a course upon the disinterested mass of the people, but on the exasperation it was calculated to produce among a large part of their opponents—the advantage, to an Opposition, of the *prospective* dispensation of patronage—the zeal in political exertion to which it is wont to stimulate a great number of aspirants for each individual official favor—the benefit they conferred on the Whig administration, by relieving it in advance from all the odium of its probable bad appointments, and from all the discontents of applicants disappointed by the disposal of those favors which unfortunately can be enjoyed by but one at a time—let them, we say, reflect calmly upon the influence which these considerations must have produced upon the late election, and we doubt not that they will find in them, as we do, a sufficient explanation of the small majority by which the Whigs have succeeded in retaining possession of the State.

The statistical result of the late election, comparatively with those of former years, may be thus exhibited, the figures denoting the respective majorities:

	STATE.	COUNTRY.	CITY.
1837, -	15,213 Whig.	12,340 Whig.	2,873 Whig.
1838, -	11,895 "	10,515 "	1,380 "
1839, -	3,697 "	5,579 "	1882 D m.,

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For the years 1837 and 1839, we have taken the vote on the State Senatorial tickets; for 1838 that on the Congressional ticket, on which the aggregate majority was somewhat larger than on the Senatorial ticket.

The successive decrease of the Whig majority in the House of Assembly is about in the same ratio with the popular vote. The aggregate vote of the present year we have not, at the present date, seen stated. If we suppose it to have been somewhat less than that of last year, which was about 375,000, it will be seen that the Whig majority in the State at the late election but little if at all exceeds *one per cent.* of the whole number of votes cast.

Without more than a passing allusion to the great decrease of this majority within two years, exhibited by the above figures—a steady progress of which the next similar step must secure a considerable Democratic majority at the Presidential election of next November—the point to which we would direct the reader's attention is the much greater rapidity of this process of reaction apparent in the City than in the Country. In the Country the Whigs have succeeded in maintaining their ascendency, though at the cost of a large reduction. In the City, on the other hand, the Whig majority of nearly three thousand in 1837 has been converted into a decisive Democratic majority of nearly two thousand, of the soundness and permanency of which not a doubt can be entertained. In the observation of this contrast between the two, viewed in connection with the causes which it is easy to assign for it, is to be found a lesson in the philosophy and the morals of party politics, which we trust will not be lost either upon the rest of the Union, or upon our friends in the Empire State itself. That our opponents should yet be able to command so large a popular vote, must certainly appear to the Democracy of the rest of the Union a very extraordinary phenomenon; of which the explanation is only to be found in a state of things which it is not perhaps very easy for us to make fully intelligible to readers unfamiliar with the late history of parties in that State—though from our central position of observation we have felt it incumbent on us to attempt it.

We feel not the slightest doubt of recovering the State next year, by a decisive majority, in all its branches except the Senate; and we trust that the new Democratic administration which will then come into power, will return from its present temporary purgatory, thoroughly purified by the process—renewed in strength like Antæus from his contact with his mother earth—and wise with all the precious lessons in the *morals of party politics* with which their late experiences have been so richly replete.

The course to be pursued to effect this consummation, is sufficiently indicated by the general direction of the above remarks. No other, in our opinion, will avail; and certainly the idea is not to be tolerated, that while almost all the other States of the Union are crowding, with an enthusiasm unprecedented in our political history, around the Democratic banner so nobly upheld by the administration which is directed by one on whom

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of old she bestowed the title of her "favorite son," the great Empire State alone should prove false to herself, to the true cause of American liberty, and to her ancient almost proverbial political faith. We cannot, in general terms, more clearly and strongly express our views of the present duty of the Democracy of the State, than we find them stated in the following remarks of the Albany Argus, taking their terms in the full and broad sense in which they will be received by all who have imbibed the spirit of their political creed, at the pure source of the actual writings of the great Apostle of American Democracy:

"Let it not be forgotten, that the PRINCIPLES OF THE DEMOCRACY, as promulgated by JEFFERSON, and never departed from without danger—as also the great issues before the people—*for* the separation of the Government from the Money Power, and *against* a National Bank and an oppressive State Debt—are founded on Truth and Justice, and will assuredly prevail in this State, as they have done and will continue to do in other States. Let, then, the Democracy of the State be true to themselves, and to their cause; and let them bear continually in mind, that (in the language of Jefferson) 'these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment: they should be the creed of our political faith, the letter of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of terror or alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to Peace, Liberty, and Safety.'"

Two elections that have succeeded that of New York afford a striking confirmation of the general views above stated—those of Michigan and Massachusetts. In the former, the unfavorable result has long been anticipated—and not only anticipated, but regarded as necessary for the purification of the Democratic party itself, which had yielded to the demoralizing influence of the possession of power.

We are assured, by the best information from the former State, that the just unpopularity which has there been visited upon the local dominant Democratic party, by reason of their miserable maladministration of the government, in incurring an enormous foreign debt, and undertaking an extravagant system of internal improvement, is quite independent of that true attachment of the people to Democratic principles which will be manifested next year at the Presidential election, as it would be at this moment, were the occasion presented. There is probably no State in the Union which has been more completely overrun with speculators than Michigan; and there certainly is no other in which so fatal a proposition would have been even seriously listened to in its legislative halls, as that which last winter but narrowly escaped becoming a law in this State, namely, *to make real estate a legal tender in the payment of debts, and at a valuation to be appraised by the owners of neighboring property!*

In Massachusetts, on the other hand, the Democratic party has, for years past, waged its unremitting struggle with the old Federalism which has so long maintained an overwhelming supremacy in the State, in a manner and spirit nobly worthy of its cause. It has appealed directly to the popular heart by strong assertions of pure and uncompromising

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democratic principles. It has by this means steadily made its way, gaining yearly fresh accessions from the ranks of its opponents, and winning a large proportion of the ingenuous and unsophisticated rising generation, who have come upon the stage comparatively free from the ancient prejudices and habits which have so long produced the strange effect of alienating a people essentially democratic—at least in its agricultural population—from the kindred Democracy of the rest of the Union. Most of the Whig papers have sought a refuge from the various inferences forced upon them by the astounding result of the late gubernatorial election in the old Bay State, by ascribing it mainly to the obnoxious "Fifteen Gallon" law. It is remarkable, however, that the Massachusetts papers themselves made scarcely an allusion to that explanation of their defeat, until the lesson was taught them by the Whig press of New York; ascribing it to various causes, among which was most prominent the superior zeal and activity of the Democratic party. Some of them have even repudiated the idea that the election was materially influenced in favor of the latter by that law. We might also refer to the fact, that in the two districts in which congressional elections were simultaneously held, no less remarkable a diminution of the former Whig majorities is observable, than in the vote for Governor—elections manifestly entirely free from the influence of a local law of that nature. In the city of Boston, for example, which last year gave a Whig majority of about twenty-seven hundred, a candidate so respectable and popular as Mr. Abbott Lawrence could not obtain, at the present election, a majority much higher than twelve hundred. And the important fact should be borne in mind that the aggregate Whig vote of this year falls very little short of that of the last—not more than about a single thousand, in a total vote exceeding a hundred thousand: Judge Morton's popular majority being due to the immense increase of the positive Democratic vote; and thus disproving entirely the assertion that it was to the apathy of the Whig party, or to any cause seriously weakening the integrity of its former numerical strength, that the result is to be ascribed.

But one more remark upon the fine Democratic victory in the city of New York, and we will close this already too protracted article. This expression of the public opinion of the great commercial Metropolis of the Union cannot but carry with it a peculiar weight, at the present period, and in connection with the topics of party division upon which the election has turned. There is no question raised of the fairness and purity of the election; nor can the fact be denied, which is obvious on a comparison of the votes of the several wards with those of previous years, that *an extensive change of opinion among the mercantile class itself* has largely co-operated with other causes, to produce the result. A still greater falling off in the Whig vote would doubtless have been apparent, had it not been for the influence of the appeals which the party press of the city was still able to address to their old conservative timidity, on the texts of the strong radical pledges of Tammany Hall. But

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for these it is extremely probable, as is stated by some of our friends, that the Democratic majority would have exceeded four thousand, instead of, as now, falling a little short of half that number. Still, however, a smaller present majority on those pledges—or even a defeat—is better than a larger one without them.

Now when it is remembered that all the questions at issue were mainly *of a commercial nature*—of the public revenue, of currency, of banking, and of internal improvements—when it is remembered the "credit system" of which the merchants have so long been the devoted partisans, was directly involved in the contest—and that it was the Administration which has so long been overwhelmed with denunciation for an alleged hostility to commerce and to credit, that was on the one side a party to it, against those who have always professed to be the peculiar champions of both—the full moral value of such a victory at such a period will be apparent. We have always repelled, and a thousand times refuted the charge of hostility to commerce, or to a healthy, natural and legitimate credit. We have always maintained that our false "Credit System" was the car of Juggernaut to the true commercial interest, and that the merchants who adored it were the very first to be crushed beneath the periodical revolutions of its wheels. We have always insisted that the Democratic policy of re-establishing a sound and stable currency—the only sound and stable currency possible—addressed itself directly to the promotion of the real permanent interests of commerce; and that the merchants themselves would ultimately arrive at the recognition of this truth by the very force of their sufferings, which they were most falsely persuaded to attribute to the reforming efforts of that policy. Now, it is manifest that precisely this result is in process of consummation in the city of New York. The fallacies of the abused "Credit System" are rapidly losing their charm for the ears of the New York merchants. It has been a frequent admission with them of late, that "the Locofocos have not been far from right in their theories, after all." The late developments of experience have shed a stream of new light upon the questions about which they have been so furiously and foolishly contending for so many years—light new to them, though familiar of old to the tyros in the democratic school of political economy; and which they might have found shining from every page of a luminous work which has long served as a text-book to the latter, though the prejudices and passions of the former sealed their eyes in obstinate blindness to its truth—we refer to Mr. Gouge's much vilified but never answered "*Short History of Paper Money and Banking in the United States.*"

Nor can we doubt that the example and testimony of New York will be productive of a powerful effect abroad. The commercial Metropolis does unquestionably exert a very important influence of a certain kind upon the rest of the country—not upon the proper Democracy of the Union, which consists mainly of its agricultural population—but upon the cities and towns, in which the mercantile is in general the dominant interest. The same convictions will work their way, spreading more

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and more widely, whose effect is now beginning to make itself so apparent at the commercial centre and heart. And as we now hear the testimony from many of the West India islands, in which the late experiments of emancipation has worked so safely and successfully—the testimony of the planters and white population of the islands themselves—that no considerations would induce them to return to that state which formerly they were so blindly zealous in defending against every attack of adverse opinion; so do we anticipate the day as now not far distant, when the mercantile class generally throughout the country—in common with all others, excepting the remnants of the present tribes of money-brokers and currency speculators—will look back with astonishment at the infatuation which has of late years possessed them in behalf of a system of banking and currency, in truth the most fatal to their own true prosperity and happiness that the most ingenious hostility of the worst enemy could have devised.

On the subject of small bills, having heard the general consistency of our system of opinions in relation to it called in question, we feel constrained here to add a brief explanation of them, although to the attentive observer of the views heretofore expressed in the pages of the Democratic Review it may not perhaps be necessary.

In the present state of the facts upon which we have to judge and act, we are uncompromisingly hostile to "small bills," and in fact to all paper money for the daily common currency of society—except when it may *bona fide* represent specie, dollar for dollar. We hope to see the day when the use of paper shall be confined to the larger transactions of commerce; though we have no desire to bring this about by any process, direct or indirect, of compulsion—believing that when left to itself, without any of the artificial influences of legislation, the vigilant intelligence of society will ultimately arrive at this result, on deliberate conviction of its practical superiority in every point of view over our present, or any possible, paper-money "currency."

It may appear to some a departure from our cardinal principle of *Liberty*, as opposed to the opposite principle of the artificial regulation of *Law*, to advocate the compulsory prohibition of small bills. And we are by no means surprised at the confusion existing in the minds of a large portion of the Democracy of the State of New York on this subject; who, having suffered a great deal of annoyance from the floods of small bills of the adjoining States, with which they were deluged while their own banks were prohibited from issuing them, have conceived, it must be confessed, a strong aversion to the law of prohibition. Such a state of feeling is rather partially in harmony, than at variance, with the spirit of Democracy, the natural instinct of which is the abhorrence of partial and unequal restrictions.

Were the whole business of banking—involving the emission of paper promises to pay, to circulate as "money" among the community—entirely open, as it ought to be, and free from all legal interference,

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excepting the necessary penal legislation against fraud, then indeed should we be prepared to withdraw all opposition to small or large bills. Individuals or associations might be at perfect liberty to draw, and offer to whosoever might be willing to take them, as many promissory notes, from a mill to a million, as might seem good to them—provided only that the latter is allowed an equal liberty of option to accept or refuse them; and that no factitious character of a *quasi*-legality, no apparent stamp or endorsement of State sanction, be given to them, whether by a special charter, or by any other contrivance of similar effect. Give us the whole principle of freedom, and those who are now most determined in their hostility to small bills will be the last to oppose its application to that, or to any other feature of the paper-money system. If the friends of paper money are right in their assertions of its great convenience and advantage, the sagacious instinct of a commercial society, and a population eminently predisposed to every form of enterprise and credit, will soon decide the question in their favor; and the two mutually acting forces of competition and combination will soon so regulate the system as to yield its maximum of advantage at the cost of its minimum of evil. The friends of a sound currency—that life-blood of the social system—ask nothing better than such an experiment, fairly tested—confident that it would soon lead, by the shortest, safest, simplest route, to the result of an universal *voluntary* specie currency, for at least all the ordinary, hand-to-hand transactions of the community.

But so long as the present pernicious system is artificially sustained, and governed in its movements, by Law and Law alone, the question we are considering presents itself in a totally different point of view. So long as paper-money is made, by a system of legislation which has all the effect of compulsion, the actual practical *currency*, the virtual legal tender, of the community—and so long as the demoralization and infatuation on the subject in the public mind, engendered by the system itself, continue to make the community, as a whole, deaf to the daily practical as well as theoretic demonstrations of its fatal influence—so long must the friends of a sound currency labor to mitigate the existing evil, even through the uncongenial means of legal restriction. Created and sustained by Law, it is only by Law that its powers of mischief can be reached and regulated. It will go very far to break the shock of its periodical convulsions, and to protect the mass of the people least able to protect themselves in this matter, if we can supersede with specie all the smaller denominations of paper which now form the bulk of the actual "currency" in circulation among us. It behoves us therefore to labor for that end zealously and untiringly, undiscouraged by accidental difficulties by popular prejudices, or party majorities; though always freely holding out to our opponents the offer of this compromise, namely, to allow them the full benefit in this particular of the invaluable principle of *perfect liberty*, if they will only consent to extend the same principle to the whole general subject of which "small bills" constitute but an incidental part.

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THE VERDICT OF THE PEOPLE ON THE NEW JERSEY CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION.

When the annunciation of the daring and unparalleled fraud, committed by the Governor and Council upon the elective rights of the people of New Jersey, was made to the Union, the eyes of millions were turned towards her, and the free citizens of her sister States waited with deep and unbroken interest to hear her voice upon the subject, and to see how she would redress her wrongs, and sustain, before this "great Republic," the character for high patriotism and holy love of liberty, which was her heritage.

The first opportunity that offered for speaking out her sentiments upon the subject, occurred in October last, at her annual election for members of the Legislative Council and General Assembly of the State. To present briefly the results of that election—to show, from the official returns, that she has vindicated herself before the country; that she has set the seal of condemnation upon the conduct of the unprincipled clique who conspired to deprive her of her Constitutional rights, is due to her own character, to the country whose honor is identified with her own, and to the cause of truth and free principles.

We shall do it by facts and figures—facts which are undeniable, and figures which cannot lie.

It is proper, in the first place, to remind the reader that in New Jersey the Governor is not elected by the people, but is chosen annually by the two houses of the Legislature in joint meeting; and that one of the peculiar features in the political organization of parties in the State is, that while the three counties of Sussex, Warren, and Hunterdon, which, in 1838, gave a majority of 3,528 votes in favor of the Democratic candidates, have but twelve representatives in both branches of the Legislature, to wit: three in Council, and nine in the Assembly; the eight counties of Burlington, Cape May, Gloucester, Mercer, Middlesex, Morris, Passaic, and Somerset, which, in the same year, gave together an aggregate majority of 2,480 votes for the Whig candidates, elect thirty-two members to the Legislature, to wit: eight members of Council, and twenty-four members of Assembly; and these alone, with the strong Whig county of Essex, give that party the ascendency in the Legislature, elect thereby a Whig Governor, and are able, against the will of a large majority of the people of the State, to control all the patronage and power of the Government.

This state of things has been brought about partly by the management and fraudulent legislation of that party. For example, three years

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ago, upon their coming into power during the memorable era of "panic," they cut off the lower part of Hunterdon county in which nearly all the Whig strength of that county lay, added to it a portion of Middlesex where the parties were about balanced, took a Democratic township from Somerset and another Democratic township from Burlington, and formed of these materials the new Whig county of Mercer, thereby gaining three members for their party in the Legislature, and increasing their comparative strength in Somerset and Burlington, where they were weak. But they did not stop here. Old Democratic Hunterdon, though still left with 24,000 inhabitants, was reduced in its representation in the Legislature from six to four members, while Burlington, Somerset, and Middlesex, containing but a little more than double that population, were allowed to have fifteen members.

The object of these remarks is merely to show that the ascendency of the Whig party in the Legislature of New Jersey, and the election of a Whig Governor, is not, and never can be, under the present system of Whig tactics, any test of the views of the people of that State, in reference to measures of National or State policy; and that even when, by the popular voice in that State, the frauds of charlatans and demagogues are rebuked by large majorities, they may still maintain the undisturbed ascendency in the State administration.

The members of Congress are, by the existing laws in New Jersey, chosen by general ticket—by the majority of the people of the whole State. At the election in 1828, the Democratic candidates were elected by an average majority of 128 votes. They were denied their certificates by the Governor and Council* on the ground that the Whig clerks of Middlesex and Cumberland had neglected or refused to send up the returns from the two Democratic townships of South Amboy and Millville, and that they had no authority to count any votes except such as the county clerks chose to send up. They, therefore, deducted from the

* The Democratic members, however, present themselves to Congress with the following certificate from the Secretary of State, than which the people of the Union will be curious to see a better, or more authentic, produced. This certificate, it is worthy of remark, was presented and filed in the Clerk's office of the House of Representatives before the evidence of the Governor's members had been received. Though this fact may appear of slight consequence to a democratic Clerk and House of Representatives, it will be recollected that, upon the strength of such priority alone—obtained for the purpose by express—did Mr. Secretary Burrows undertake to foist the minority Whigs from Philadelphia county upon the Legislature of Pennsylvania, taking the ground that the correct and legal returns could not be acknowledged or presented to the Legislature as evidence, because subsequently received at his office.

NEW JERSEY.

State of New Jersey, ss.

I, James D. Westcott, Secretary of State of New Jersey, do hereby certify that, upon a careful examination of all the returns made by the several clerks of the respective counties in said State and filed in my office, and also of returns of votes given in the townships of

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whole number of votes given in the State, the votes of those two townships, which gave, together, a Democratic majority of 358 votes, and thus ciphered the certificates into the pockets of their partizans.

But the party leaders, and these certificate men themselves, perceiving that the ground taken by the Governor was utterly untenable in law, as it was irreconcilable with good conscience, set up the pretence that the majority against them was the result of illegal votes; claimed that the Whigs had an actual majority in the State, upon a fair poll; and, by this pretence, sought to justify the Governor. Many of their leading men publicly declared that if, at the next succeeding election, this did not appear to be the fact, their candidates ought, and would, surrender all claim to the contested seats; and, by way of bolstering up their affectation of confidence, the Governor's members proposed to the members elected by the people, that they should resign, and have a new election—an offer they well knew they had no right to propose, or their opponents to accept.

Thus stood the question in New Jersey when the period for the annual State election again came round in October last. The issue was broadly and distinctly put to the people. The Whigs were called upon by their leaders, every where, to sustain the Governor; were told distinctly that to do this before the country, they must show that they had the majority in the State. At no election which ever occurred was there so total an absence of all local questions calculated to create division; at no former election had both parties been more united and intent upon one common object. The Whigs had taken the precaution to pass a new election law, the effect and intention of which was to exclude large numbers of the poorer classes of voters from the right of suffrage; and they brought into play, more profusely than ever, their usual appliances of money

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South Amboy, in the county of Middlesex, and of Millville, in the county of Cumberland, verified by the affidavits of the several township officers of election in said townships respectively, which townships returns were not included in the returns of the clerks of said counties of Middlesex and Cumberland, and which were directed to be filed by the Governor and now remain on file in my office, of the election for members to represent this State in the House of Representatives of the Twenty-sixth Congress of the United States, held on the 9th and 10th days of October, 1838, it appears that

Philemon Dickerson had	28,453 votes.	John B. Aycrigg	28,294 votes.
Peter D. Vroom	28,492 "	John P. B. Maxwell	28,383 "
Daniel B. Ryall	28,441 "	Wm. Halstead	28,326 "
William R. Cooper	28,456 "	Charles C. Strattan	28,396 "
Joseph Kille	28,427 "	Thomas Jones Yorke	28,321 "
Manning Force	28,314 "	Joseph F. Randolph	28,427 "

and by which it appears that, at said election, Philemon Dickerson, Peter D. Vroom, Daniel B. Ryall, William R. Cooper, Joseph Kille, and Joseph F. Randolph, received a majority of the whole number of votes given in the State of New Jersey for Representatives of said State in the House of Representatives of the Twenty-sixth Congress of the United States.

In testimony of which, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal of office, at the [SEAL.] city of Trenton, in said State, this 25th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1839, and of the Independence of the United States the sixty-fourth.

JAMES D. WESTCOTT.

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and means to corrupt, intimidate, and brow-beat the independent voters of the State. All the odds were, therefore, in their favor.

Well, what was the result? In every possible aspect in which it can be viewed, that result exhibits a majority, not of one hundred and twenty-eight, as in the preceding year, but of very nearly *two thousand votes against them.*

We propose to present tabular statements exhibiting this result in three distinct aspects:

1. The result of the poll as actually taken.

2. The result, taking the majorities of 1838 as the data in those counties where but one ticket was run.

3. The result, taking the majorities of 1838 as the data in those counties where, from the excess of admitted majorities, it may be fair to infer that there was not a true test of party strength, and making an allowance for gain in those counties where there was no struggle, proportioned to the gain in counties where each party brought out all its strength.

1. And first, the following table exhibits the actual majorities given in each county on the Legislative tickets, in Oct. 1839, and on the Congressional ticket, in 1838:

	1839.		1838.	
	Dem. maj.	Whig maj.	Dem. maj.	Whig maj.
Bergen,	351	–	225	–
Passaic,	–	106	–	254
Essex,	–	1,015	–	1,561
Morris,	–	154	–	224
*Sussex,	1,033	–	1,639	–
*Warren,	2,375	–	955	–
*Hunterdon,	2,226	–	934	–
Somerset,	–	168	–	150
Middlesex,	–	76	–	268
Mercer,	–	245	–	289
Monmouth,	515	–	228	–
Burlington,	–	325	–	525
Gloucester,	–	273	–	505
Atlantic,	230	–	162	–
Salem,	144	–	36	–
Cumberland,	–	29	–	–
Cape May,	–	125	–	265
	6,874	2,516	4,179	4,041
	2,516		4,041	
	4,358		138	

* But one ticket run.

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Actual Democratic majority at the polls, in 1838, . .	138
Actual Democratic majority at the polls, in 1839, . .	4,358
Democratic gain, on this principle of calculation, .	4,220

Second table.—The result, taking the majorities of 1838 as the data in those counties where but one ticket was run.

	Dem. maj.	Whig maj.
Bergen,	351	–
Passaic,	–	106
Essex,	–	1,015
Morris,	–	154
*Sussex,	1,639	–
*Warren,	955	–
*Hunterdon,	934	–
Somerset,	–	168
Middlesex,	–	76
Mercer,	–	245
Monmouth,	515	–
Burlington,	–	325
Gloucester,	–	273
Atlantic,	230	–
Salem,	144	–
Cumberland,	–	29
Cape May,	–	125
	4,768	2,516
	2,516	
Democratic majority at October, 1839,	2,252	

Gain since 1838, on this principle of calculation, 2,114.

If the Whigs object to the actual results in those counties where two full party tickets were run, and contend that, in six of them, to wit, Essex, Sussex, Warren, Hunterdon, Atlantic, and Cape May, the majorities were so far undisputed, as that the utmost strength of their party was not brought out, we are willing to take the majorities of 1838 in those counties, claiming, on our part, a gain in these counties, since 1838, equal to our average gain in those counties where each party fought confidently for victory. Those counties were—

Passaic, where the Democratic gain is . .	148
Bergen, " " " . . .	126
Morris, " " " . . .	70
Middlesex, " " " . . .	192
Mercer, " " " . . .	121

* Majorities of 1838.

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Monmouth,	"	"	"	287
Burlington,	"	"	"	200
Gloucester,	"	"	"	232
Salem,	"	"	"	108
Democratic gain in 9 counties,				1,484
Somerset, where the Whig gain is			18	
Cumberland,	"	"	" 29	
Whig gain in 2 counties,			—	47
Democratic gain in 11 counties,				1,437

Thus it appears that the Democratic gain in the eleven strongly contested counties is 1,437. These counties give an aggregate vote of 37,522, and the actual gain exhibited is a little over four per cent. Allowing, therefore, a like average gain only in the six remaining counties, where it is alleged the contest was not such as to bring out the whole Whig strength, their aggregate vote being 19,413, at 4 per cent. will exhibit a gain of 776 votes, and the account will stand thus:

	Dem. maj.	Whig maj.
Bergen,	351	–
Passaic,	–	106
Morris,	–	154
Somerset,	–	168
Middlesex,	–	76
Mercer,	–	245
Monmouth,	515	–
Burlington,	–	325
Gloucester,	–	273
Salem,	144	–
Cumberland,	–	29
*Essex,	–	1,561
*Sussex,	1,639	–
*Warren,	955	–
*Hunterdon,	934	–
*Atlantic,	–	162
*Cape May,	–	265
Estimated Democratic gain in the last 6 counties since 1838,	776	–
	5,314	3,364
	3,364	
Democratic majority,	1,950	

Now, by one of these three tests the Whigs must abide. We show, and our statements are taken from the official returns—1. That taking

*Majorities of 1838.

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the actual returns of all the counties in the State at the last October election, the Democratic party have a majority of 4,358 votes.—2. That taking the majorities in those counties where the Whigs run no regular opposition ticket, at what they were in 1838, the Democratic majority in the State is 2,252.—And 3. Giving them the full benefit of their majorities in 1838, in all the counties where they pretend they did not this year get out their whole strength, and only adding the average gain in those counties which the strongly contested districts exhibit,—and the Democratic majority is still 1,950 votes. And even throwing away our unquestionable right to claim in districts *not* strongly contested, a gain proportionate to that actually found in the districts that *were* strongly contested, the Democracy of New Jersey still have a majority of 1,174.

This, then, is the result of the election held last October in New Jersey, notwithstanding the operation of a new election law, framed expressly to exclude from the right of suffrage a large class of Democratic voters; notwithstanding the desperate efforts of that party to exhibit a majority in favor of sustaining the measures of the Governor and his Council; and despite of all the frauds which they practised and the corruption they attempted.

If the grossest fraud ever practised upon the rights of a free people shall not receive its fitting rebuke from the House of Representatives, it will surely not be because the people who were its victims failed to vindicate their rights before the country, in the only mode recognized by law.

The people have spoken in fitting tones. Will those tones be disregarded by the body whose very existence is based upon the rights of the majority so flagrantly violated in this remarkable case? We think not.

In the face of the facts now given, superadded to those already detailed in our former article, will these defeated candidates attempt to seat themselves in a body to which they do not belong? Can the parchment of a Governor supersede and extinguish the sacred rights of the people in the election of their own representatives? We think not.

These members affected a becoming sense of their position, and of the duties of a representative, when they proposed to their opponents a second reference of the matter at issue to the people at the recent election, though they did not as properly appreciate the great constitutional obligations which protected the solemn right of election, by a different guaranty than the convenience or the necessities of disappointed partisans; and now, that their own remedy has been applied, that their own proposition has been decided, that their cause has been tried once more, that the merits of their case have been again discussed before the tribunal to which they sought an appeal;—now that they have been again disappointed, defeated, overwhelmed by the indignant expression of the popular will, upon what ground of personal honor, or public probity, can they presume to rest their claims?

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SONGS OF THE PASSIONS.

To the Editors of the Democratic Review:

GENTLEMEN: It is some time since I have troubled your readers, and I have no doubt that my forbearance has been to their relief. Upon reflection, the theme which I somehow unfortunately selected, does not seem now, event to myself, of a nature to interest, and still less to call forth, the power and voice of Song. Perhaps constancy to one idea is not my virtue; that question, however, I ought not to undertake to decide; at any rate, your readers may congratulate themselves on this last infliction.

The following pieces were originally published in another form, when I had no idea that they would extend to a series. I send them to you now, that, if you please, they may be published in the same work with their fellows, to which, be they good or bad, they are required to make up the series.* Y.

No. VI.

I SHALL NOT SEE THY FACE AGAIN.

I shall not see thy face again,
  But sleep shall bring thy form,
In all thy radiant beauty, back,
  With all thy spirit warm:
And from the fountain of my thoughts,
  So shall thine image rise,
That not e'en absence shall avail
  To tear thee from mine eyes.

I shall not hear the music
  Of thy voice, when it may be
That the roses of thy lips pour out
  Their perfumed melody;

*The pieces previously published in the Democratic Review which our correspondent wishes to be considered as forming part of a series of Songs of the Passions, are—"STANZAS," Vol. 3, September, 1838, page 50;—"THE UNFORGOTTEN," Vol. 3, November, 1838, page 268;—"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER," Vol. 5, January, 1839, page 60;—"STANZAS," Vol. 5, March, 1839, page 310;—"I MET THEE AND THY BROW WAS CALM," Vol. 5, June, 1839, page 589. They should, of course, be numbered in the above order.

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But the secret spirit of my heart
  Shall tell me thou art near,
When the zephyr's breath is murmuring
  To the blossoms of the year!

I shall not soon forget thee—
  For the places where we met
Bear the shadow of thy loveliness,
  And whisper of thee yet;
And the light of spring and summer skies—
  The heavens—the earth—the sea—
They are beautiful; and beauty will
  Recall the thought of thee!

No. VII.

NAY, TELL ME NOT THAT HE IS MAD.

Nay, tell me not that he is mad,
  Who drains the poisoned bowl,
And revels in the frantic joy
  That steals away the soul;
For I a deeper poison drink,
  Whene'er I meet thine eye,
And feel that though 'tis death to look,
  'Tis worse than death to fly!

Thou art a vision of my night—
  A mystery—a gleam
Of some far brighter world, revealed
  In thee, as in a dream;
I pant for thee! my spirit longs
  As morning for the light,
As doth the thirsty summer day
  To drink the dews of night.

No. VIII.

THE BEAUTY IN THY FORM THAT DWELLS.

The beauty in thy form that dwells,
  And in thy gentle face,
Too human for the skies, too pure
  For any meaner place.
If words would speak its subtle flame,
  The unuttered accents die;
For earth no language hath to speak
  Thy beauty, but a sigh!

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SKETCHES OVER THE SEA.

No. III.

STOCKHOLM.

The situation of Stockholm is the most picturesque that can be imagined. Built, as its name imports, upon islands, (the termination *holm* signifying island,) and upon the narrow strip of land which divides the Malaren from the Baltic, it is a city of the waters—a second Venice—or, as it is sometimes called, the Venice of the North; but with this difference, that the Venice of the Adriatic lies upon low, flat islands, while the Venice of the Baltic is built upon hills in the midst of the sea. Rocks of granite rise out of the water, some of them as naked as at the creation, and the rest covered with trees, or crowned with buildings. The interior of the city does not altogether correspond with the unrivalled beauty of its situation. Though there are many public buildings, bridges, squares, and monuments, which are in the best taste; though their fine churches, noble quays, and the grandest of royal palaces, give to the city an air of magnificence, the private houses are, in general, of very ordinary appearance. In the central part of the town, as in the nucleus of all European cities, the streets are narrow, crooked and dirty; but in the other quarters, straight and broad. The royal palace is an immense quadrangular pile, of simple and chaste architecture, in the centre of the city, and conspicuous from all quarters. Europe can boast of few edifices of any kind, whose architecture is so noble, and whose general aspect is so impressive. When seen from the water, the effect of its massive white walls is very imposing, and the palaces, spires and towers of the city, clustering around the vast old pile, form no inapt illustration of the constitution of the country—the monarch being the centre of the system, of which the people are, however, an important and inseparable part. The population of the town is about 80,000, including the persons of all descriptions in the employment of the government, and the nobility drawn hither by the court. The people are well dressed, orderly, and civil, and a more respectable population in appearance it would be difficult to find. From the port, the city looks like an amphitheatre, rising before you from the quay, street above street; and whichever way you move in the town or its environs, you have some new prospect to admire—a prospect of hill, valley, island and water; on one hand, "the Salt sea," as they call it, with its burden of shipping, and on the other, the lake, alive with steamers, boats, and water-crafts of all kinds. Though the Baltic washes the quays of the city, it is only after having passed myriads of islands like those that gird the whole eastern

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coast; so that the open sea is eighty miles distant. Here, as at Venice, boats are in constant use, not like the gondola, but broad, open boats, rowed by women, who wait at all the quays, and who seem to have the exclusive privilege of conveying passengers by water. I have often admired their quiet, modest deportment, sitting in their boats, waiting for employment, and employing the intervals in knitting, or some such woman's work. Nothing can be more agreeable than a row about the waters of Stockholm. I have dreamed away many an hour, floating among the islands, amid the most pleasing pictures of scenery, natural and artificial, rapidly succeeding each other, and exhilarated by the clear, elastic atmosphere of a northern summer. Conceive the beauty of a bright, sunny day, in the Malaren, the sky without a cloud, or a moonlight scene, the light falling softly on the masses of foliage, and the intervening waters, all so still as to seem to sleep.

Crossing the bridge near the palace a day or two after my arrival, I met an open carriage and four, with postillions and outriders: a fat old lady occupied the back seat, and, as the carriage passed, all the people turned so as to face it, and stopped; the women curtsied, and the men took off their hats, and bowed. Such, it seems, is the etiquette to be observed towards any of the royal family, and this was the Queen, the wife of Bernadotte, once Mademoiselle Cléry, the merchant's daughter of Marseilles.

The King, her husband, was at the time indisposed, and did not go out. In his busy and eventful life, he has seen hard service enough to bend a man of fewer years; but years alone are sufficient to bow him down, at the age of seventy-five. Of all the French commanders of the Republic and the Empire, he has been the most permanently fortunate; he still retains the highest place to which his fortunes ever lifted him; and he alone, of all that numerous and giant progeny to which the French revolution—prolific mother!—gave birth, is still in the possession of sovereign power.

Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte was born at Pau, in the Lower Pyrenees, the 26th of January, 1764. Originally entering the ranks as a private soldier, the extraordinary demands of the times, and his own wonderful fortune, led him, by rapid promotion, to the rank of colonel, general of brigade, and general of division in the Republican armies; afterwards ambassador to Vienna, and then minister of war. The revolution of Brumaire found him almost at the head of the French generals, and the only one who was thought at the time at all capable of making head against the usurpations of Napoleon. From necessity or policy, however, he gave in his adherence to the Consular Government, and after the peace of Luneville, was appointed minister to America, but was prevented from going thither by the renewal of the war. On Napoleon's assumption of the Imperial dignity, Bernadotte was created marshal of the Empire, and he commanded in the Imperial armies at the battles of Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram. In 1806, he was created Prince of Ponte-Corvo. Such he remained till August, 1810, when, by a concurrence

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of most extraordinary circumstances, such as happen scarcely once in an age, he was chosen Crown Prince of Sweden, and succeeded to the throne.

It might be difficult to tell all the motives which led the Swedish diet to this choice. In the German campaign of 1806, fifteen hundred Swedes were taken prisoners on the Trave, to whom he showed great kindness, which, together with his conciliatory administration in Swedish Pomerania, made him remembered in Sweden. An enlarged and liberal policy would have placed the crown upon the head of the King of Denmark; for the contiguous position, the similarity of language, the community of blood and religion, and the necessities of their own separate weakness, should seem to demand the reunion of the three crowns; but a Danish alliance has been hateful to the Swedes ever since the revolt of Gustavus Vasa, and the old grudge was too strong for considerations of political expediency. Besides the family of Denmark, there was no other royal family into which it seemed suitable or expedient that the crown of Sweden should fall. The star of Napoleon was then at its culminating point. It was blazing in the zenith. His countenance was a great object, particularly with a secondary state, like Sweden, and it was thought that the choice of one of his marshals would secure it. Bernadotte was one of the first of his marshals, and he had been bred a Protestant, a circumstance of great importance in the eyes of the strict Lutherans of Sweden. All these motives together, and perhaps others that will ever be kept secret, induced the King, Charles XIII., to propose, and the diet to choose Bernadotte to be his successor, on the single condition of his embracing the Lutheran religion.

Bernadotte came into Sweden in October of the same year, and was received by Charles XIII. as a son, and by the majority of the Swedes as the Prince and Heir Apparent of their choice. It was his aim, as it was his policy, to make himself popular among them, and he has so far succeeded as to make them look upon him with respect, and even attachment, as a sincere and well-intentioned Prince, but without any of that enthusiasm which would follow a popular one. He looks and acts the King, but he is not a great man, though he was a successful military commander. Though educated in the midst of republican France, he does not understand the rights of the people; though he owes his crown to the choice of their representatives, he has no just conceptions of their power, or the authority of their collective will; though he affected to make himself a Swede in all things, he has never yet learned their language; though he sought their sympathy, and adopted as his motto, "The people's love is my reward," (Folkets Käslek min belöning,) by his latter controversies with the Norwegian Storthing and the Swedish press, he has done much to alienate their affections from himself and his family. It was quite impossible, moreover, for a man of forty-six to change the habits of his former life, so as to assimilate them to the far different ones to which the natives of the country were accustomed. It was equally impossible for him to pursue, as a Swedish prince, the victo-

rious course which he had begun as a French marshal; and the reconquest of Finland, which had seemed in the eyes of the Swedes as a natural consequence of his election, was found to be as distant an event as it had seemed under the late dethroned King. Nor was the countenance of Napoleon secured, as had been expected. Bernadotte had never been his favorite, and it was moreover impossible that any Prince should receive his countenance, and yet preserve his own independence unimpaired; and in two or three years an angry controversy arose between them. In 1812, he entered into a treaty with Alexander of Russia, having for its object a common cause against the French, in which, instead of the restoration of Finland, Alexander engaged that Norway, with which he had nothing to do, should be transferred to Sweden. In pursuance of this treaty, Bernadotte took the field in 1813, at the head of 30,000 Swedes, against his old companions in arms, fought the battles of Gross-Beeren and Dennewitz, and co-operated with the allies at the battle of Leipsic. After the passage of the Rhine, he refused to take any part in the campaign against the French, and turned his forces against Denmark, for the purpose of compelling the cession of Norway, which he obtained January 14th, 1814, by the treaty of Kiel. For taking arms against France, he has been censured severely. It must, indeed, be owned that his situation was very painful, compelled to choose between his countrymen by birth and his countrymen by adoption; but it seems to me no fair judge can censure him for the choice he made, always supposing that there existed a necessity for his interfering in the war at all. When he accepted the call of the Swedish nation, he assumed all the duties of a Swedish prince; he was bound to consult Swedish interests as much as if he was the real, in place of adopted son of the king; and in any conflict between his new duties and his old allegiance, from which, in fact, he had been released by the formal act of the Imperial Government itself, he was bound, as a man of honor, to abide by his engagements to the Swedish people, and to stand or fall with them.

On the death of Charles XIII. in 1818, Bernadotte succeeded quietly to the throne, and was crowned both in Sweden and Norway. He has pursued an even, noiseless course; encouraging the industry and developing the resources of the country; striving to counteract the vicious system of monopoly, exclusive privilege, and commercial restriction, which has weighed heavily upon Sweden; he has sought to gratify the vanity of the nation, by seizing occasions of honoring and commemorating the great deeds of his heroic predecessors; but after all, he does not seem to have taken strong hold of the hearts of the people. In spite of all he can do, he is still a foreigner among his own subjects. He was a great and victorious military commander, but a great and victorious military commander is not therefore an able and politic prince; but he may have established his family upon the throne of the North, and built up a dynasty as lasting and as brilliant as the heroic dynasty of the Vasas—the glory of Sweden for ages—which his own has supplanted. There are those who imagine that the death of Carl Johan

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will be the signal for calling in Gustavus Vasa, son of the dethroned king, who is now in Austria; but it seems to me, from the limited observations I could make, that the crown prince Oscar has the advantage, even of his father, of having been brought up in the country, of speaking its language, of having won the hearts and identified himself with the interests of the Swedish people.

In considering the political condition of the countries over which Carl Johan bears sway, it is necessary to distinguish between Sweden and Norway. The constitutions of these two kingdoms are widely different, but scarcely more so than the political opinions and the spirit of the people. The constitution of Norway is the most democratical in Europe, and one of the most curious phenomena of our day: established in 1814, it has taken firm root in the country, got hold of the pride and the affections of the people, and become a firm, compact, political establishment, sufficient to resist the sovereign. The history of the controversy throws great light not only upon the principles of Carl Johan, but upon the political condition of the two kingdoms. Until 1818, Norway had been governed by the king of Denmark, as an absolute king, but in conformity to ancient laws. In January of that year, in consequence of the treaty of Kiel, he issued his proclamation, releasing his Norwegian subjects from their allegiance. Upon this, the Norwegians, not choosing to be transferred from one king to another without their consent, declared themselves independent, formed a constitution, which they proclaimed on the seventeenth of May, and called a prince of Denmark to the throne. By this constitution the government is monarchical indeed, but so extremely limited that the whole real power is in the hands of the nation, and is exercised by a legislature, consisting of two houses, chosen by the people, and styled the Storthing, upon which the sovereign has only a qualified veto. Bernadotte resolved to coerce the Norwegian nation, by force of arms, into an acknowledgment of the transfer, and advanced upon Norway with a Swedish army. The new king of Norway, too timid or too weak to defend himself, resigned his crown in the following October, and the Storthing thereupon entered into an arrangement with Bernadotte to confer the crown upon him, on condition of maintaining the constitution they had established. He accepted the condition on the fourth of November, and took the oath of fidelity to the constitution. But he chooses to consider his title to Norway as derived from the treaty of Kiel, and the new constitution as a grant from himself on the fourth of November; while the Norwegians maintain that their constitution exists, by their own will, from the seventeenth of May, and that the title of the king to his crown is derived from the compact of the fourth of November. In this paltry spirit, the king has kept up a dispute with the people of Norway for many years; they persisting in celebrating the seventeenth of May as the anniversary of the constitution, and he interfering by every means in his power—once by military force—to prevent the celebration, but always in vain. The constitution of Norway has proved, in its working, vastly too democratical for the lovers of high

monarchical authority; and so the history of the Storthing, for the last few years, has been a history of disputes with the executive government—the latter making earnest and repeated attempts to grasp a greater authority than it now possesses, and the Storthing steadily and resolutely resisting every one of these attempts. But this is a great subject, into which we have not time now to enter. There is little in the history of Europe for the last twenty years more interesting and encouraging, to every philanthropist, to every American, to every lover of popular government, than the history of Norway from the establishment of her democratical constitution.

Sweden has had for ages a diet—a general assembly of the States of the Kingdom—consisting of four houses, the nobles, the clergy, the burgesses, and the peasants. The houses of the burgesses and the peasants are representative bodies, chosen, the former by the inhabitants of the towns, and the latter by the small landed proprietors, of the class of peasants. All peasants owning land which pays taxes are electors, and eligible to the house of peasants. The kingdom is divided into districts or *hereds*, for each of which a representative to that house is elected. The house of the clergy consists of representatives chosen by that class, together with the bishops. The house of nobles consists of the head of each noble family in the kingdom. A law may be passed by a majority of the chambers, although the fourth dissent; and when all agree, the king has still an absolute veto. The diet meets regularly every five years, but may be called together at any time by the king. Whatever may be the nominal authority of the diet, it is in reality subservient to the crown, for four-fifths of the three upper houses are dependant upon it. But if the diet were independent, it would have in its hands the destinies of the kingdom, for its control over the public officers is direct and decisive; and any of the judges of the highest court may be removed by a standing committee appointed by the four houses. But in the present composition of the diet, the people cannot control the crown. The only independent house is the peasants', and its concurrence is not necessary to any legislative act, if the three others but agree. What then can the peasants do, to break up the present abuses which paralyse the country?

Although the resistance of the house of peasants, according to the present working of the constitution, might be nearly fruitless to arrest any bad measure, or its efforts to promote any good one, yet a strong opposition has at times manifested itself there; and there are members of that house who have distinguished themselves by their manly and eloquent speeches in defence of popular rights. But there is an incubus upon the heart of the Swedish nation, which almost stops its pulsations, and which must be removed before the body politic can breathe freely. It is the vast, old system of exclusive privileges—exclusive privileges to the nobility, to the clergy, to guilds and corporations, and to individuals. It is amazing how industry is fettered—how the liberty of moving and acting is restrained, among a people boasting of its freedom. Scarcely

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an art, a trade, a profession, is free to all. A Swede can scarcely move without a passport, or engage in any business without a royal license. The people are split into clans, having little connection or sympathy with each other; there is no middle class, strong in numbers and character; and the nobility are therefore entirely separated from the peasantry, and consequently supercilious and exclusive, though they are generally poor, and dependant upon official employment for their support. Though the elements of a free government do certainly exist among this people, which at some time or other will grow into a popular constitution—popular in practice as in theory—it is far enough from it now. I cannot think that the spirit of a free people yet exists among the mass of the Swedes. The peasant elector is the proprietor of a small farm, but he is poor; he is accustomed from infancy to the restraints and privations of a vicious system; his life is uniform, his labors constant, his necessities pressing, and his life has been too quiet in a remote part of the world, free from the agitations which in other countries have awakened the peasant to a sense of his rights and his wrongs, for him to think a great deal of the administration of a government which suffers things to go on in the old way, and in which, moreover, he feels himself to have a share indeed, but a share that is quite insignificant, and a voice that is scarcely heard. He has been taught the common rudiments of education, and every Swede can read—but reading, as the example of Sweden proves, is not of itself sufficient to make a freeman. Even the inhabitant of the towns, the burgess, the man to whom Europe owes her regeneration after the night of the middle ages, is not here the bold resolute man he then was. Their numbers are too few; they have not sufficient wealth; the towns are too small; and the burgess, accustomed to the supercilious deportment of the nobility, and infected himself with an appetite for the most trifling distinctions and titles, is hardly firm to look upon himself as a partner in the government.

The judicial system, if the courts were all opened to the public, would be excellent; but there is a *Hered* court, for each of the two hundred and sixty-four hereds or districts into which the country is divided, sitting three times a year, over which a *heredhoving* presides, assisted by a jury of twelve men, elected for two years by the peasants; and corresponding local courts for the towns. Above these are the *Lagman's* courts, in which a lagman presides, assisted by a jury; and over all are the *Hof* courts, of which there are three in different parts of the kingdom. But on petition to the king, the judgments of the Hof courts may be reviewed in the Council of State.

The guards about Stockholm are a fine-looking body of men, well appointed and well disciplined. The military force of the kingdom consists of three descriptions of troops—the enlisted troops, the *indeldta* troops, and the landstrum. There are only about six thousand enlisted troops, all of whom are stationed in the capital and its environs. The indeldta soldier is a military colonist, and upon this description of force

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the defence of the country chiefly rests, by land and sea. Each district is obliged to furnish small farms and cottages for a certain number of men, who are trained to arms, constitute a standing force, and may be embodied at any time, but who are permitted to marry, and, when not called into active service, support themselves on their little farms. It is only when called out that they receive pay from the State. The number of indeldta troops is about twenty-seven thousand men; the landstrum is a sort of militia, and numbers about sixty thousand: so that the whole military force of Sweden is nominally less than one hundred thousand men. The Swedish soldier, all history shows, is brave, resolute, and yields readily to strict military discipline. Patience and discipline are attributes of the northern nations. For Sweden, a poor country, abounding in natural defences, its military system is well devised, and would doubtless prove sufficient, except, perhaps, in case of a sudden invasion by a large Russian force, in winter, from the Aland islands, the point where Sweden is most vulnerable. For their defence by sea, the Swedes rely less upon heavy ships of war than upon a numerous flotilla of gun-boats and small vessels, acting with ease among the innumerable islands which form the best bulwark against hostile fleets. Under competent leaders, the Swedish troops are capable of as much as any others, and, when brought to coöperate with more numerous forces, as during the operations with the allies in Germany, under Bernadotte, form a valuable auxiliary; but alone Sweden can scarcely ever again venture upon offensive war. Her star began to decline at Lützen, and though it floated like a meteor at times under Charles XII., it set in blood and darkness on the fatal field of Pultowa.

The currency of the country is almost exclusively of paper. The first bank was established in 1657, and for a time its business was conducted upon the just principles of banking. But it was a government institution, and in the urgent necessities of the State, the temptation to over-issues was too strong to be resisted. Vast issues were made from time to time, as one exigency succeeded another, without a sufficient basis, or any adequate means of redemption: depreciation began, as a necessary consequence, till at last the notes fell to one-third the same nominal amount in silver. At this rate of three for one, the rate of depreciation is now permanent, and new issues are made every day at this fixed rate. The consequence has been that gold and silver have nearly disappeared. Scarcely any coin is to be seen, except small pieces of copper; and the country is suffering under the curse of a universal paper currency, bank notes being in circulation of the smallest denominations—some even as low as six cents. The enormous loss upon the depreciation of the original issues fell, of course, upon the people, while the government, the unjust author of all this mischief, reaped the advantage of the fraud, if any real and permanent advantage can accrue from a departure from the eternal canons of right to individuals or nations.

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* In the proper place, in the body of the work, a note stating that these verses originally appeared in Blackwood's Magazine for May, 1818, was accidentally omitted in making up the form.

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